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CONTENTS OF N^o XXXV.

ART.	PAGE
I. 1. Civil Wars and Monarchy in France in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By LEOPOLD RANKE. Translated by M. A. GARVEY.	
2. History of the Protestants of France, from the Commencement of the Reformation to the Present Time. Translated from the French of G. DE FELICE, Professor of Theology of Montauban	3
II. Testamentum Novum Graece et Latine. CAROLUS LACHMANNUS, recensuit; PHILIPPUS BUTMANNUS, Ph.F., Graece lectionis auctoritates apposuit	41
III. 1. Gesta Dei per Francos. Per JACOBUM BONGARSIIUM.	
2. Itinerarium Regis Anglorum Richardi, et aliorum, in Terram Hierosolymorum. Per GALFRIDUM VINO-SALVUM.	
3. Chronicle of Geoffrey Villehardouin, Marshal of Champagne and Romania.	
4. Les Poesies du Roy de Navarre. Par M. LEVESQUE DE LA RAVAILLIERE.	
5. Memoirs of Louis IX., King of France (commonly called Saint Louis.) By JOHN LORD DE JOINVILLE, High Seneschal of Champagne. Translated by Col. JOHNES.	63
IV. 1. A Treatise on Electricity in Theory and Practice. By AUG. DE LA RIVE, Ex-Professor in the Academy of Geneva, &c. &c.	
2. The Soul in Nature; with Supplementary Contributions. By HANS CHRISTIAN OERSTED. Translated from the German by LEONORA and JOANNA B. HORNER. Hans Christian Oersted. Et Mindeskraft, læst i det Kongelige danske Videnskabernes Selskabs Møde, den 7 ^{de} November, 1851, af G. FORCHHAMMER.	
3. Magnetical Investigations. By the Rev. WILLIAM SCORESBY, D.D.	
4. Lectures on Electricity and Galvanism, in their Physiological and Therapeutical Relations. By GOLDING BIRD, A.M., M.D., F.R.S.	
5. On Animal Electricity: being an Abstract of the Discoveries of Emil du Bois-Reymond. Edited by H. BENICE JONES, M.D., A.M. Cantab., F.R.S.	
6. Elements of Electro-Biology, or the Voltaic Mechanism of Man; of Electro Pathology, especially of the Nervous System, and of Electro-Therapeutics. By ALFRED SMEE, F.R.S.	101

CONTENTS.

ART.	PAGE
V. Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, jun.	123
VI. Des Intérêts Catholiques au XIX ^e Siècle. (Catholic Interests in the Nineteenth Century.) By COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT	170
VII. 1. The Strikes: their Extent, Evil, and Remedy, being a Description of the General Movement of the Mass of Building Operatives throughout the United Kingdom. By VINDEX.	
2. Census of Great Britain, Population Tables, vols. 1 & 2	187
VIII. 1. The Works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, illustrated chiefly from the Remains of Ancient Art. With a Life, by the Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, Canon of St. Peter's, Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster.	
2. The Odes of Horace, translated into unrhymed metres, with Introductions and Notes. By F. W. NEWMAN, Professor of Latin, University College, London	202
IX. 1. The Frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk, comprising Travels in the Regions of the Lower Danube, in 1850 and 1851. By a British Resident of Twenty Years in the East.	
2. Réponse à quelques Journaux relativement aux Affaires de Turquie par Rustem Effendi et Seid Bey, officiers de l'Armée Ottomane, en Mission à Liege.	
3. Montenegro and the Slavonians of Turkey. By COUNT VALERIAN KRASINSKI.	
4. Circulaire adressé aux Ministres et Agents Diplomatiques de S. M. l'Empereur de Russie, par M. le Comte de Nesselrode. Extrait du 'Journal de Saint Petersburg' du 31 Mai. (21 Juin.)	
5. The Eastern Question in relation to the Restoration of the Greek Empire. By an Inquirer.	
6. Documents concerning the Question of the Danubian Principalities, dedicated to the English Parliament. D. BRATANO.	
7. Russian Turkey: or, a Greek Empire the eventable Solution.	
8. The Turks in Europe: a Sketch of Manners and Politics in the Ottoman Empire. By BAYLE ST. JOHN	227



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Our maps show us that to approach the city of Tours we must make our way to nearly the centre of modern France. That city is a very ancient city. Its walls and turrets frowned defiance on assailants from the neighbouring plains as far back as the time when the power of old Rome was ascendant in Gaul. One memorable event in the history of France, of Europe, and of the human race, has relation to that locality. Thus far did the migrating nations under the command of Attila penetrate westward in the fifth century. But there, the multitudinous hordes from the steppes of Central Asia, and elsewhere, subject to the will of that chief, received a signal repulse. The course of the barbarian invader was thus turned in another direction, and Europe was saved from falling into the hands of races incapable of the kind of greatness since realized in this quarter of the globe.

Two centuries later, a second memorable struggle gave historical interest to another spot on the French territory, not far from Tours—viz., to the open country stretching off in the direction of Tours from Poitiers. The Moslems, who had taken possession of Northern Africa, and of Spain, from the Straits to the Pyrenees, crossed those mountains, and extended their conquests over the provinces now known as forming the South of France; menacing the Europe to come with the predominance of Arabian ideas as to religion, and of Oriental ideas as

to government. Charles Martel was then nominal King of France. Eudes, duke of Aquitaine, was among the turbulent nobles who had drawn their swords against that monarch, and whose lands were now wrested from them by this new power. One stormy evening, Eudes made his way, accompanied by a few fugitive companions, to the royal camp, and was admitted to the presence of Charles. He deplored the feuds that had taken place between them, and the ruin which threatened their common country, and urged the king to turn his good sword without delay against the invader. Charles, who was as much the child of the tent and the battle-field as any Arab that might cross his path, collected his forces, and confronted the enemy not far from Poitiers. One solitary chronicler of the time has given us an account of this battle, and even his description is restricted to a single paragraph. From him, however, we learn, that the Moslems distinguished themselves, after their manner, on that day, displaying a marvellous celerity in their movements, and great skill and courage when they threw themselves upon the ranks of the foe. But in this encounter, neither their tactics nor their bravery availed them. The Franco-Germanic lines were not to be broken. They stood, says our authority, 'like an immovable buttress, like a wall of ice, against which the light-armed Arabs dashed themselves to pieces, without making any impression. The Moslems advanced and retired with rapidity, but were mown down by the swords of the Germans. The Moslem general himself fell under their blows. Meanwhile, night began to fall; and the Franks lifted up their arms, as if to petition their leaders for rest. They wished to reserve themselves for the next day's fight, for they saw the distant country covered with Saracen tents. But when on the following morning they formed for battle, they perceived that the tents were empty, and discovered that the Saracens, terrified by the dreadful loss they had sustained, had retreated in the middle of the night, and were already far on their way.* The Moslem sword lost its prestige northward of the Pyrenees from that day. The disciples of the Prophet learned to restrict their ambition to the provinces southward of those fastnesses. Thus France proved, in two memorable instances, the great rampart of European faith and freedom.

And from that time to the present, the history of France has been closely interwoven with the history of Europe. We say interwoven, because the relation has ever been one of mutual influences. The influence of France on the other states of Europe has been great; but the influence of other states upon France has been also great. She has her place in the history of

* Isidore, bishop of Beja, in Portugal, cited in Sismondi's *History of the Fall of the Roman Empire*.

European progress, as always sharing in it, and at times as contributing largely towards it. The present position of that country is such as to dispose thoughtful men to look with some anxiety to the probabilities of its future. The true prognostics of that future must be sought, not in the narrowness of the immediately present, but in the breadth of the past. National character may develop, it does not change. Here, eminently, what has been, is that which will be. Nations, indeed, do not always run the exact course which even a sound philosophy may imagine as awaiting them. Unforeseen circumstances do sometimes prove more potent than natural tendencies, and frustrate the calculations of the most reasonable. But these are rare exceptions. The tendencies of race, and of those conditions of race which result from climate and country, act with the force and steadiness of law. It is scarcely more true that the boy is father to the man, than that a nation in a certain stage of development gives assurance of developments of the same kind in a more matured form in later ages. Nations grow, in common with other existences having life. And to grow, is simply to augment and expand the past, not to lose it. There is an identity of nature between the seed and the product, though the changes which the process may exhibit be manifold and marvellous.

In this view there is hope for France. Her character is not before us in any one of her special manifestations, nor in any particular reaction called forth by such manifestations. It rests on ground much broader and more permanent, and what this ground is, it is the business of philosophy to determine. The defects of French character in the past may attach to it in the future, but so will its virtues, and it is these last that have grown stronger as social science has advanced. In the characteristics of French history there is beyond a doubt much to occasion disappointment and sorrow, but there is much also, if the subject be largely viewed, to inspire hope. Such is our impression, and we wish to state the grounds of it.

One hopeful fact especially observable in French history is, that its errors are rarely errors as to principle, they are nearly always errors of *exaggeration*. The ideas and feelings which become alternately dominant in that country are almost invariably just and noble in themselves, but seem to be ever tending towards injustice and deterioration through excess.

We scarcely need say, for example, that the feeling in favour of the *aristocratic* element in political society, which is so conspicuous in the history of France, is not in itself an unreasonable feeling. In the times which succeeded the fall of the Roman

empire, everything pointed towards the centralizing power of a great monarchy as being the form of power which could alone ensure order and safety. But wherever the monarchical power becomes thus necessary, it becomes necessary that there should be the check of an aristocratic power. This last power is required to bridge the distance between the highest and the lowest—the monarchy and the people, if the social system is to be rightly balanced, and to present cohesiveness and harmony. Nature and circumstances give existence to these gradations, whether recognised in institutions corresponding to them or not. In rude times, the aristocracy of birth weighs little. It is the aristocracy of talent that rules. The first nobles are self-created, and it so happens in many a subsequent stage in the history of nobility. The language of law may be that of equality, but nature has another language, which no language of law can silence.

In France, however, the limits within which the existence of a privileged class is found to be wholesome have been too commonly overlooked. Aristocracy there, accordingly, presents itself too often as an element of disturbance and oppression. The genius of Charlemagne could ensure obedience from his chiefs—those lesser kings who were disposed to rule the provinces subject to their sway so independently. But not so his successors. The coming in of some power, possessing the advantage of unity—as in the case of the Huns under Attila, or of the Moslems from Spain—might suggest the importance of subordination to some centralized authority even in the case of the highest. But as the season of danger passed away, so did this wiser thoughtfulness. The dukes and counts then returned to the jealous exercise of their petty royalties, within their respective domains; and forces that should have contributed to national improvement were wasted, worse than wasted, in feuds, and in feuds which grew not unfrequently into civil war.

What the wars of the Roses did for a time for the nobility of England, the frenzy of the crusades did for a season for the nobility of France—it reduced their numbers, and it made them comparatively poor. But in the fifteenth century the sovereignties of the French provinces had so far recovered from that shock, that their opulence and power were often felt as overshadowing the throne itself. The dukes of Brittany, for instance, in defiance of the king, persisted in describing themselves as ‘dukes by the grace of God.’ They presumed to found a university wholly irrespective of the royal authority. They rejected the Pragmatic Sanction, which the king would have imposed on them, and did not scruple to side with the pope in

taking up arms against it. The counts of Anjou and Provence made much of their claims on Syria and Jerusalem, which were regarded as giving them a place among the independent sovereignties of their time. The castle of Angiers, where they held their court, was gazed upon with wonder by many a traveller, and accounted the most impregnable in the world. Its twenty towers seen from without, gave no more than fair indication of the marvellous contributions from the west and east, natural and artificial, which served to confer so much opulence and splendour on the scenes within. Blois, the residence of the dukes of Orleans, was long celebrated as the seat of every knightly accomplishment; and during the time of one of its owners at least, it was famous through France as the home of the poet and the scholar. But the court of the dukes of Burgundy surpassed all these. Foreigners, we are told, were amazed as they saw the vast number of knights, counts, and even of princes, who crowded its stately chambers, and still more as they gazed on the treasures to be seen there, especially in the time of the great centre of those pageantries known by the name of Philip the Good. In the treasury of this great vassal, it is said, the stranger might see 'a hundred thousand quintals of coined gold, besides an infinite quantity of the most costly jewels.' As the first peer of the realm, the duke of Burgundy often acted as a sort of elective monarch among the great vassals, throwing his weight into their scale, in their negotiations and differences with their legitimate sovereigns. Philip the Good had given an asylum to Louis XI. before his accession to the throne, and when the time came for the youth to receive the crown, the grandeur and the popularity of the duke, both during the coronation ceremonial at Rheims, and on the entrance into Paris, altogether eclipsed anything that seemed to belong to the modest presence of the king.

Nor was it enough that these great barons should be thus formidable in the domestic affairs of France. By alliances, and other means, they became possessed of feudal sovereignties beyond the territory of that kingdom, especially in the direction of Flanders and Germany. Ere long, the duke of Burgundy succeeding Philip the Good, and all the great vassals, are found in arms against Louis, and they succeed, as the result of a pitched battle, in imposing upon him most humiliating conditions. But in French history, Louis XI. proved to be the monarch who was to break the force of this undue aristocratic power, and to lay the foundation for a series of changes which went on until the monarchy became absolute, and the privileged orders, once so

popular and formidable, became the objects of general disaffection or contempt.

The wars with the English contributed to make the national feeling of the people of France stronger than the provincial; and the arbitrariness of the wealthy nobles disposed not a few among those subject to it, especially in the towns, to look to the royal authority as to a court of appeal and refuge. Louis XI. made a wise use of these facts. His ear was always open to the reasonable complaints of his subjects. He did more than any of his predecessors to ensure independency and prosperity to Paris, and to the towns of France generally; and, by thus winning for himself the affection of the people, he became strong enough to lay an effectual curb on the disaffection of the nobles. The latter had a right to an important position in the balance of political powers in their country; but they had exaggerated their claims—had aimed at too much, and, in so doing, had put everything to hazard, and by degrees they lost everything.

In their palmy days, the nobles of France were too much the rivals of the king to allow of its being possible that he should act cordially with them as coadjutors. And when those days had passed, the care with which the legislature, the executive, and the judicial powers of the state were allied with the crown, left the nobles without the means of imposing any check of a definite and constitutional nature on the royal prerogatives. Even in the States-General, they were merely the elective deputies of their order; and having the clergy and the commons severed from them in separate chambers, they found themselves exposed, on such occasions, to a combination of forces against which resistance could rarely be successful.

Nothing, however, tended so much to lower the *noblesse* of France, and to render them incompetent to any constitutional service in the affairs of the state, as the mercenary and extravagant multiplication of their number. This was effected profusely by royal patents; but still more widely and certainly, when it became law, that the privileges of the noble should descend to *all* his sons, and even to his more remote male descendants—and the rank was made to take with it everywhere the usual exemptions from taxation. A power thus dilated became no power; and an order which was felt as becoming only more and more burdensome, as it became more and more useless, was an order the fate of which might be easily foreseen.

Frenchmen were right, then, in the idea that France should possess her order of nobles. But in early French history the aristocratic principle comes forth in exaggeration. The thing

needed for France was, that the privileges of the order resting on that principle should be limited, defined, and perpetuated—not that the order itself should be corrupted that it might be destroyed. The former policy might have given stability and greatness to French history, the latter has prepared the way for nearly all the changes and disorders that have followed. France is clearly designed to be the seat of a powerful monarchy. But that monarchy must ultimately be constitutional, and a constitutional monarchy is not possible without a peerage. The aristocratic idea, which is a pervading idea in French history taken as a whole, is a right idea for France, and an idea to which the French mind must return, thoughtfully and wisely, if that fine country is ever to be secure in the possession of constitutional freedom. Hitherto, excess on this point has generated excess, and amidst the violences of action and reaction, the voice of wisdom has striven in vain to obtain a hearing.

But it will not be always thus. It may be true that in no country has the doctrine of political equality been expressed in terms so definite, so emphatic, and with so much iteration, as in modern France. But it is not less true, after all, that the French people are the most courtly people in the world; the most fascinated by the kind of show which the courtly alone can bring before them; and the most eager to welcome the influences which give conspicuousness to their great men, whether those influences have respect to birth, to wealth, or to the more natural forms of greatness. The democratic feeling in France has been intense—volcanic; but the aristocratic feeling has been deeper, more diffused, and more enduring. The two feelings have place in the same national mind, but we have still to learn that they exist there in the same proportions. Each has its mission for the France that is to be, and the time will come in which the two will be seen to work together.

As the aristocratic element had been thus unduly depressed in French history, in consequence of its exaggerated manifestations, so, in its turn, has it been with the *monarchy*. For a while, indeed, the monarchical power was felt everywhere in that country as a cementing and wholesome influence. The loyalty of Frenchmen, for many generations, was not a mere sentiment, but a feeling for which good reasons might be assigned. Both the defects and the severities of the kingly rule might be in some particulars considerable, as compared with our notions on such matters; but in comparison with the rule which had preceded, it was often felt as bringing a relief of which we can ourselves form but an imperfect conception. The crown had to

win its way to the place of a real, in the place of a nominal, ascendancy. Its policy, accordingly, was marked by conciliation, especially towards the people.

It was in this spirit that Louis XI. conferred charters on a multitude of towns, as the documents still existing show, empowering them to choose their own magistrates, and to hold popular assemblies for the management of their own affairs. With this view, also, he was careful to attach the provincial mind generally to his authority, by instituting and encouraging meetings of the three estates in the provinces, in furtherance of the same idea of local government. One of his memorable boons to the provinces consisted in his causing the customary laws in the provinces to be collected, and a supreme court of justice to be set up in each of them. His maxim, in brief, was, to cede to the people whatever might be ceded to them, consistently with his own personal supremacy in political affairs. Hence it has happened, that the name of Louis XI. has descended to us as that of one of the most tyrannical, and at the same time one of the most popular, of the French monarchs. Neither firmness alone, nor conciliation alone, would have sufficed to realize the object which Louis had set before him — both were needed. The character of the man, too, embraced these opposites, and many beside. Louis XI. was a person who might be charged with avarice, and, at the same time, with prodigality. He might be censured as disposed to confide in men imprudently, and, at the same time, as living a life of suspicion and distrust. It would be easy to applaud him as one of the greatest benefactors of his country, for he was such; and, at the same time, to describe him as a man who, while he could achieve great things, even for a great people, was himself devoid of real greatness. What was due to his office as a king he saw and felt, and he loved the French people because they were willing to respect that office, and he hated the French nobles, because it seemed to be in their nature to impose humiliating restrictions upon it. In the time of his successor, strange to say, the republican Swiss contributed to place the monarchy of France on a solid basis. Providence, also, appeared to favour this consummation. Ere long, some leading princely families became extinct. The duke of Orleans ascends the throne of France, an heiress of Brittany becomes queen.

Louis XII. succeeded Louis XI. He pursued and extended the policy of his father, but did so under the guidance of a better nature, and richly deserved the popularity which attended him during his reign, and which survived with his memory. In this

manner the aristocratic power in France became weaker, and the monarchical power became stronger.

Well would it have been if the monarchical power, in these its prosperous days, had shown itself wise enough to profit by the experience which had befallen the aristocracy, and had known where to stop. But it did not evince that wisdom. Political powers which have been depressed, and suddenly become ascendant, are generally full of promises of good, and are not always without fruit of some correspondence with such professions. But the virtuous in such cases is too commonly of short continuance.

Francis I., who succeeded Louis XII., prepared the way for those excesses in the history of the French monarchy, which had been so conspicuous in the history of the French aristocracy, and which were to lead to results so similar. Francis was a man of capacity and energy, of considerable taste, fond of splendour, and a prince of such high ambition as to be little bound by considerations of truth or honour, where these were felt as impediments in the path of his purposes. At the very commencement of his reign he gave signs of dissatisfaction with the concessions which had been made to the popular feeling, especially during the two preceding reigns. He did his best, indeed, upon all occasions, to convey to the mind of his subjects the impression that his lofty chivalrous spirit was as truly French as their own. But he, nevertheless, taught them, before the close of his career, that in respect to taxation, and many other matters, his will, as that of their king, must be frequently above all law. Both the successes and reverses of the wars in which he was almost ceaselessly engaged, brought with them so many sudden and pressing exigencies, that the difficulty of obtaining supplies through any of the forms that might occasion delay, furnished plausible excuses for many acts of arbitrary power, and so filled the past with dangerous precedents for the future. The time had come in which a little considerate attention sufficed to secure the loyalty of the nobles, and in which both nobles and people became pervaded by the sentiment, that submission to the authority of the crown as worn by Francis I. must be a reasonable service for all Frenchmen. In war, the balance of power in Europe had come to lie between the king of France and the emperor; and in peace, the court of Francis was the brilliant expression of the revived taste and extraordinary genius of the sixteenth century. 'I,' said the Emperor Maximilian, 'am a king of kings, for no one feels it to be a duty to obey me; the King of Spain is a king of men, for his subjects submit to his

'will, though not without opposing it; but the king of France is 'a king of beasts, for no man dares to refuse what he demands.' Francis, we are told, laughed aloud when he heard this saying, and felt proud of the intimation that his power in the estates of his kingdom was so much greater than that of the emperor in his Diet, or that of the king of Spain in the assembly of the Cortes. But the occasion of this laughter was in reality no laughing matter. Power swollen to such a height was power sure to be abused, and to be so abused as to bring retribution along with it.

The precedents in favour of an arbitrary policy supplied by the reign of Francis I. would not be lost on the rulers of France under his successors, Henry II., Francis II., and Charles IX. Under these princes, the minds which governed France were Italian, not French. Among these exotic influences, the first place in respect to power fell to the evil genius of Catherine de Medicis, the wife of Henry II. The next, to the Guises, especially to the Cardinal of Lorraine. To this period, especially, belong the religious wars of France, the atrocities of which reached their climax in the Bartholomew massacre.

It was left to Henry IV., the first Bourbon, to bring the disorders of that unhappy interval to a close. Henry soon raised the finances of the kingdom above the bankrupt state in which he found them; he also pursued, and with some success, the policy of Francis I., which aimed at elevating France to the place of a ruling power in the affairs of Christendom; he succeeded in bringing the discordant elements of the kingdom into a greater degree of political harmony; he changed the position of the nobles from that of jealous rivals of the crown into that of friendly courtiers and loyal subjects; he augmented the general content and the general prosperity by opening paths to distinction and rank on the ground of wealth or profession, irrespective of claims derived from territory; he also did much to abate the strifes, if not to subdue the enmities, which had divided the Catholic and the Huguenot; and to him pre-eminently it pertained to preside over the destinies of France when the influence of her men of letters, ere long to become so potent in her history, began to develop itself, and the line was manifestly passed which separates between the France of feudalism and the middle age, and France as known to us during the last two centuries. The qualities of Henry IV., both as a man and a king, were of so popular a description, and the genius for government possessed by himself and his ministers was so elevated, as to preclude us from looking to his reign for those examples of arbitrariness, which, in European history, are almost invariably the signs,

rather of short-sightedness and weakness, than of sagacity and power.

With the accession of Richelieu to office, under Louis XIII., the son and successor of Henry IV., the Italian policy again became dominant in the councils of France. It was a policy which bore the impress throughout of the country from which it came—of the country of Machiavelli, and of that country as it existed in his time. The republican experiences of this school in Italy had disposed them to look with distrust on the restraints imposed on the supreme authority of the state, whether by the community, or by a numerous aristocracy. The fact that an hereditary and arbitrary monarch might sometimes be personally a weak or a wicked ruler, presented much less difficulty in their view than was seen in the circumstances which seemed to ensure that the prince should always be politically weak, whatever his personal character might be. The checks laid on the supreme power, in respect to legislation, finance, and other matters, in the time of Louis XII., were accounted by this school as greatly more than enough to guard against danger from an excess of prerogative in the crown. Much was done, accordingly, to discredit and supersede troublesome formalities of that nature, and to render the monarchy more and more absolute, and every step taken in that direction was regarded as so much achieved in the direction of political greatness. It was to further this object that the Court of France was made the centre of intrigues, treacheries, perjuries, poisonings, assassinations, massacre,—in short, of every conceivable crime, through the dark interval from the death of Francis I. to the accession of Henry IV.

Louis XIII. was a prince born to be ruled, and not to rule. Richelieu, as we have remarked, became king in his stead. He took up the web of the Italian policy, and carried it out with a sagacity, an unscrupulousness, and a pertinacity, truly Italian. Richelieu had been trained to arms, but had his seat among the clergy in the meeting of the States-General in 1614, as Bishop of Luçon, when not more than thirty years of age. The debates of that assembly extended over four months. Full and fearless were the exposures there made of the spoliations and oppressions to which the people of France were at that time subject. Sarcastic and bitter were the invectives thrown directly or indirectly at the classes who enriched themselves by those spoliations, and who were parties to those oppressions. But the root of these evils was too deep for the reach of rhetoric. The clergy, as is their wont, were more occupied with their pretensions as ecclesiastics, than with their duty as patriots, and in that spirit separated themselves from the noblesse and from the commons; while the

noblesse, in the same selfish vein, employed their oratory in endeavours to vindicate and uphold the accumulations of abuse in their favour, which the Revolution of 1789 was to sweep utterly away. Had the Three Estates been united at that time, in place of being thus antagonistic to each other, they might have restricted the power of the crown within reasonable limits, and have precluded revolution by ensuring the steady progress of a liberal policy. But by resolving themselves severally into so many factions, they furnished the court party with plausible grounds for making light of good councils, and for pursuing their own course.

We learn from Richelieu himself the substance of the statements made by him in that assembly. He appears to have felt the moral force of the pleas urged in behalf of the suffering people; to have seen that little in the way of social amelioration was to be expected from the noblesse; and to have come even thus early to the conclusion, that the civilian mind in France was much less competent to deal with the difficulties of its position than the ecclesiastical. But the monarchical supremacy which had obtained in the church, was his model in regard to the state. He was prepared to do much to abate the sufferings of the commons, to do more to abate the privilege and power of the noblesse, and more still to humble and subdue the Huguenots,—and all this, that the monarchy might be so consolidated, as to be subject to no restraint beyond that of circumstances as interpreted by its own wisdom. In acting upon such a policy, the minister had to lay his account with formidable opposition from different quarters. But while he deprived the commons of liberty, he was careful to ensure their comparative comfort and protection. To the aristocracy of birth he opposed the rising aristocracy of letters, on whom he was studious to confer an effectual patronage; while no pains were spared to convey to the mind of the French people the impression, that the glory of France, and humiliation to the enemies of France, formed the great centre on which everything in his administration was meant to converge. All means that might conduce to these ends became to Richelieu lawful means. The sword, the dungeon, the scaffold; treachery, injustice, cruelty; all were among the expedients which he learnt to class as legitimate, according to occasion. By wisdom, by bribes, by artifice, or by terror, he rose to sovereignty over the whole country, over the king's household, even over his nearest kindred: discarding his confessor, degrading his brother, sending his favourites and relatives to the block, exiling his mother, and oppressing his wife. Measures that could not fail to make him unpopular, were so balanced by others that could not fail to give

him popularity, that he proved equal to all this. It is in the following terms that this extraordinary man sets forth, in a letter to the king, the object and result of his labours:—‘When it pleased your majesty,’ he writes, ‘to give me not only a place in your council, but a share in the conduct of your affairs, the Huguenots divided the state with you. The great lords were acting, not as your subjects, but as independent chieftains. The governors of your provinces were conducting themselves like so many sovereign princes. Foreign affairs and alliances were disregarded. The interest of the public was postponed to that of private men. In a word, your authority was at that time so torn to shreds, and so unlike what it ought to be, that, in the confusion, it was impossible to recognise the traces of your royal power.’

It was even so. All power had been made to give way, that the regal power might become absolute. But there was one thing which this man of so much worldly wisdom lacked,—he was not wise enough, while doing all this, to be still for a season, and to ask himself the question—supposing all this to be done, *what next?* True, gifted sir, you have provided that the sovereign power shall be in future absolute; but have you also provided that the men who shall come into the use of that perilous instrument shall be men knowing how to use it wisely? If this, too, be not made sure, then may not this liberty to do very foolish things, and very bad things, wholly without restraint, which you have put into the hands of the future monarchs of France, prove to be a temptation to bad doing of such potency as to ensure—not the glory, not the perpetuity, of the French monarchy, but its humiliation and destruction? If history and experience are to go for anything, such a question should have come up as manifestly reasonable; and *we* know how analogous in this case the future was to the past. It seems to be a law of Providence, that the sagacity of bad men should take with it a material flaw somewhere, and that the oversights of it should be such as to show, in its season, that the wise have been taken in their own craftiness. To absorb the States-General, the Provincial States, the Parliament, the Municipalities, and the Magistracy itself, in the Crown—and this was the object aimed at, and for a season realized by the policy of Richelieu—was to do for the crown all that its worst enemy could do for it, to prepare it for giving itself to the excesses that could not fail to bring convulsion and ruin.

How Louis XIV. acted upon these lessons; how the tyranny of his time became allied with every sort of dissoluteness in the time of his successor; how the execration of the results of this Richelieu policy became such in the mind of the French nation, that the comparative moderation and virtue of Louis XVI., and

of his court, proved unequal to allay the storm that had grown up, and which raged on until clergy, noblesse, and monarchy itself, fell in one ruined mass,—all this we know from what is to us the page of history. The error of France was not in having a monarchy, but in allowing the monarchical power to become thus exaggerated—to be pushed thus into despotism, and so to become the means of its own destruction.

But if the aristocratic power and the monarchical power of France have suffered the same humiliations and overthrow, and from the same cause—viz., from being pushed to extremes,—from *exaggerated* manifestations, how has it fared with the principle of *democracy* in the annals of that country?

To estimate the manifestations of the democratic power in France, it will be necessary to glance at three phases of French history—at the history of the Municipalities of France; at the history of the States-General, from their first meeting in 1301 to their meeting in 1614; and at the changes which have been effected by popular influence in that country since 1789. These topics present a large field; we can touch only on what is characteristic in the outlines relating to them.

The municipalities of France, especially in the south, date as far back as the times when Gaul first came under the influence and the authority of Rome. So much practical value was found in the institutions so derived—so tenacious were they of life, that through all the convulsions, conquests, and plunderings which issued in the fall of the empire and in the setting-up of the feudal system, these commonwealth forms of government continued to exist in the principal cities, and retained to the last perceptible traces of their origin. These cities were all in the hands of corporations, but of the kind which we intend by the expression *close* corporations. The official persons filled up vacancies in their own number. Office thus came to be restricted for the most part to the persons belonging to leading families. Still the families thus virtually privileged were citizen families, and were often greatly influenced, indirectly if not directly, by the popular feeling.

As the feudal system acquired stability, the feudal nobles having subject to them the districts in which cities and boroughs were included, naturally came to exercise authority over them. But in process of time, the royal authority intervened between that of the noble and the burgher; and in this choice of masters there were many reasons which disposed the burgher to prefer dependence on the crown—which, indeed, often prompted him to seek it by petition, and at considerable cost. That the

burghers should covet such a transfer, will not occasion surprise, if the oppressive nature of the sovereignty commonly exercised over them by their local superiors be borne in mind. In the south of France, indeed, where the comparatively free spirit which obtained in the Italian cities had diffused itself, the burghers could choose their own magistrates, and exercise many other functions of the self-governed. But over all that part of France which lies north of the Loire, the power of the feudal lord was so dominant and vexatious as to incline the burghers to seek relief from it in almost any quarter from which such relief might be expected. The feudal lords could levy tolls, and other imposts, on the towns and on the rural districts within his domain at pleasure. He gave laws to trade, and influenced the choice of magistrates. Without his consent, no father could dispose of his daughter in marriage, no widow could marry again. No man could bequeath immovable property, except in ways subject to his approval; and all property not claimed by the next heir within a given time fell into his hand. In general, and on the whole, the rule of these chiefs was not only as bad as these particulars would indicate, but worse.

Now some recent French writers, who are fond of seeing in ancient facts the working of ideas that are not ancient, and of insisting that the passionate love of freedom which has been so conspicuous in France in our time, has been the feeling of the French people in all time, may have described the burghers and kings of the middle age as influenced by a larger speculation in political matters than existed anywhere in those times. But be that as it may, it is unquestionable that the sufferings of the burghers from their immediate lords was great; it is also unquestionable that they passed in great numbers, more and more from century to century, into connexion with the crown, as imposing a yoke by no means so difficult to be borne; and no less manifest is it, that in this way, whether from much forecast, or from the natural course of events, the popular power did go over to the monarchy, in the course of its struggle with the aristocracy, so as to turn the scale memorably in its favour. It is not improbable that there were kings, and ministers of kings, in those days, wise enough to see whither this feature of change tended, and who furthered it because of that tendency. But the burghers, we may be sure, were far from meaning to do what they really did. For awhile, the new master ruled with leniency. The cities and boroughs, and many districts beyond, felt the royal authority to be less arbitrary, less costly, less liable to change, and more to be relied upon in the hour of need than that of their former lords. And so it continued, so long as the

power of the monarchy remained weak, as compared with the power of the aristocracy. But when that day had passed, and the crown could *afford*, or thought it could afford, to take another course, another course was taken. The elements of self-government which had been ceded in a time of weakness, to those larger or smaller communities scattered over the land, were all withdrawn, though by little and little, as strength came into the place of weakness. The honest burghers, we may believe, little thought that the time would come when the crown would rise as much above law in its dealings with the municipalities of France, as the feudal nobles of the middle age had ever been.

Thus exaggeration again wrought its mischiefs. Good municipal government may be made eminently subservient to good national government. In the natural course of things, the liberty of towns should be tributary to the liberty of states. But the first of these forms of liberty is not identical with the second, and the history of France shows that the two do not necessarily go together.

Failure in this case appears to have resulted from two causes—from the fact that the burgher's passion for liberty rarely extended beyond the liberty affecting him as a burgess; and from the circumstance, that even this measure of liberty was often realized by means of insurrection and crime, on such a scale as furnished to the partizans of arbitrary rule the most plausible pretexts for curbing and suppressing the popular power, whenever the season came in which such a course could be taken towards it with safety. It is beyond doubt, that the revolution which dates from 1789, was, in most of its features, only the enacting anew of such scenes as had taken place, not only in the history of Paris, but in many of the municipalities of France far back in the middle ages.

Among the places which became conspicuous in the history of insurrection in those times was Laon, a city second only to Paris in respect to wealth and population. Laon was a bishopric, and the city itself was a fief held by the bishop. The prelate who possessed the see in 1108 was one Naudre, a man who had distinguished himself in the service of our Henry I., and who, after his elevation to his sacred office, frequently made his appearance in this country, to enrich himself with such spoils as might be gathered up among the conquered Saxons. Even at home, this right reverend personage was as little observant of the episcopal proprieties as abroad. It was not enough that he should hunt and make war after the most feudal and boisterous fashion, he was notorious as a freebooter. Still more was he

feared as being the owner of dungeons, where a certain negro, seen about his castle, decorated, in true oriental and crusading style, with turban and bells, was reported as ever ready to do his bidding in torturing or executing his victims. It came to pass, however, during one of the visits with which this worthy favoured our country, that the success wherewith oppressions like his had been resisted in other cities, came to the memory of the citizens of Laon so forcibly, that the temptation to give themselves to an experiment of that description proved to be too great to be withstood. The fire of insurrection once kindled, the effect was such as might have been expected. The citizens were triumphant, and after the manner of the brave burghers in other cities, the people of Laon devised for themselves a constitution, which vested them with all the rights of self-government, and all parties were bound by oath to an observance of the new order of things. Naudre, on his return, manifested no little displeasure; but a large bribe sufficed to obtain for the people a confirmation of the liberties they had asserted. To this confirmation, not only the bishop and nobles, but the king, Louis le Gros, were assenting.

Matters, however, did not so end. The sum thus obtained by the bishop was soon disbursed; his loss, and the loss of his nobles, was felt to be great and humiliating; and, for the consideration of 700 livres, the king was induced to revoke his sanction of the charter, whereupon the bishop declared it null. But Naudre had overrated his strength. His castle was besieged; his church was occupied by armed men, and with military stores; and his defenders were overpowered and massacred. One man, named Theigaud, on whom, from his savage appearance and manners, the bishop had conferred the name of the "master-wolf," became a man of mark in these commotions. The bishop, finding resistance hopeless, endeavoured to conceal himself in an empty wine-cask in one of his cellars. But Theigaud discovered him, drew him out by the hair of the head, and was heard to say as he so did, "So, Master Wolf, and this is your den!" Naudre was forced at once into the street, was hurried along there from place to place by the mob, amidst blows, and the lowest insults, covered with filth. At length, a stroke upon the skull from an axe put an end to his existence. Theigaud stripped and mutilated his body. In that state it lay exposed a whole day, the people as they passed casting stones or mud upon it, with taunts and execrations.

But the end of the doings of this nature at Laon was not yet. During sixteen years the city was engaged in war as the consequence of this memorable outbreak; and if the citizens gained

their object at last, by extorting from Louis le Gros a renewed confirmation of their charter, it was not until their city had been brought to the verge of ruin, and the place and its neighbourhood had become the scenes of atrocities too revolting for description. The insurrectionary process was not so costly in all places as at Laon, but in all places its characteristics were the same.

Nor is the history of the States-General without its scenes of this nature. The violence of the wrongs inflicted on the people were often resented in modes no less violent, the struggle being naturally prolonged by the fact, that the faults on either side were so nearly equal. The meeting of the States-General began in French history, as we have stated, in the first year of the fourteenth century. Philip le Bel, in convening the assembly of that year, regarded it, no doubt, as a temporary expedient. The pope had interfered with his rights as a sovereign within his own dominions; and he sought by this means to arm himself with the suffrages of his people in his resistance of usurpation from that quarter. But nothing, we may suppose, was farther from his thoughts, than that the influence of the precedent thus supplied would be such as it has proved on the destiny of France. Man's doings often yield less and more than is expected from them.

The States-General embraced, as is well known, representatives of three estates—the clergy, the noblesse, and the commons. The representatives of the commons were, in general, more numerous than those of the clergy, or of the nobles, taken separately; but they were outnumbered by the two when taken together. The separation of the representatives of the clergy and the representatives of the nobles into two houses was a grave mistake. Had they been assembled together, so as to constitute one upper house, they might have acted with effect as a middle power between the monarchy on the one hand, and the democracy upon the other. But acting separately, it was natural that they should act in relation to separate interests, and with separate feelings. Division, and the usual consequence of division—weakness, were the result. The weak, moreover, were slow in perceiving the source of their weakness; not so the monarchy, which grew strong through that weakness. Another defect, still more serious, in the constitution of the States-General was, that its power was in no real sense legislative. The three houses represented three estates, and it pertained to each house to lay before the king the desires or grievances of the estate which it represented. These statements were prepared separately, and presented separately; and when the three estates had so done, the sort of parliament which they consti-

tuted ceased to exist. The king promised attention to the matters so submitted to him; but it was not until the representatives had separated, had returned home, and again become powerless, that they became aware of the success or the failure of their labours. The legislative power of France was vested exclusively in the crown before the first meeting of the States-General was convoked; and it continued to be so vested until the fall of the monarchy subsequently to 1789. The subject might complain, and petition, and it became the sovereign to estimate these complaints and petitions at their proper value; but it pertained to him alone to determine whether these petitions of the subject should become in any sense the basis of law. Nor was this all: not only did the legislative power rest thus entirely with the crown, these assemblies never became so consolidated in French history as to be convened at fixed periods; their being assembled at all was determined by the pleasure of the king, and such exigencies of state as might seem to require their presence.

But though it did not belong to the States-General to enact laws, it was deemed expedient that a sanction, more or less formal, should be obtained from them in reference to the imposition of taxes. The real power of these States always consisted in their money power. It was especially so with the third estate, representing the commons; it happened, too, as is usual in such cases, that the commons aimed sometimes to compensate for their want of an orderly power as legislators, by the exercise of a disorderly power as demagogues. The history of the States-General of the fourteenth century furnish sufficient evidence on this point.

The contentions between Philip le Bel and the Flemings compelled him to assemble the States-General a second time in 1304, and a third time in 1314. These meetings, together with the charters granted to various provinces by Philip's successor, Louis X., contributed to give prevalence to the sentiment through France, that no new impost could be valid without the consent of the representatives of the community. In the meeting of the States under King John, in 1355, this was assumed as a conclusion understood and settled. On that occasion, the third estate petitioned that the three estates might deliberate together; and they did so. But the effect of this arrangement was, that the power of the two first orders was virtually neutralized by the power of the third. Now, also, the States not only assumed the right to levy taxes, but took upon themselves to see, by commissioners of their own, to the collecting of the taxes so imposed, and to the auditing of the public revenue.

Something, also, was done towards rendering the burden of extraordinary taxes more equal, and towards abating the power of the crown in regard to any deterioration of the coinage, or the impressment of goods and men for the royal service. The constitution of the States-General did not recognise these men as legislators; and, in this manner, they assumed to be that, and something more, appropriating to themselves some of the most material functions of the executive government.

This meeting of the States, and that of 1356, in the year following, took place amidst the calamities into which France was plunged by the disasters of her wars with the English. Her king was then a prisoner in the Tower of London. Charles, the Dauphin, was only nineteen years of age. The juncture was one in which the feeling of class might have been expected to give place to that of patriotism; but it was far otherwise. The posture of affairs was viewed as favourable to the popular cause; and it was resolved that, in that view, the most should be made of it. Monies were voted, and an army of 30,000 men was to be sustained. But, on the other hand, the conditions were, that a large number of persons filling public offices should give place to others; that the new officers should be appointed by the States; that the old should be brought to trial before such commissioners as the States should appoint; and that an attempt should be made to substitute the Dauphin as a prisoner in the place of his father. That Charles should hesitate to accept aid on such terms until the States had separated; and that, freed from the presence of such hard masters, he should then determine, if possible, to do without them, is hardly surprising. But to do without these masters was not, as yet, within his power. He attempted to raise money by depreciating the currency; the measure called forth an insurrection in Paris, and, before the next day had closed, the prince was obliged to profess himself penitent, and to promise that the affairs of the kingdom should be committed to the discretion of a new assembly of the States-General. That assembly met; they removed the obnoxious persons from office; they bound the king to abstain from meddling with the currency without their consent; and they appointed a commission from their own body to act as a permanent council with the prince during the intervals of the meetings of the States. To all this, and more, Charles assented.

But now came the illustration of the old adage, as to finding fault and mending it. The old functionaries had been dismissed; but the new men soon made the discovery that to uphold a government at all, it was unavoidable that they should

impose new taxes, and do some other unpalatable things, so as to expose themselves to that popular disaffection which they had been so assiduous in turning against their predecessors. To demonstrate the strange mixture of incompetency and audacity which characterized these statesmen, it should be sufficient to say that they ended with adopting the very expedient, which, as resorted to by the prince, had called forth such loud censures, and insurrection itself in the capital—the expedient of depreciating the currency for the purpose of increasing the revenue. Le Cocq, the bishop of Laon, who had distinguished himself greatly as a popular leader in the meetings of the States-General, retired to his diocese, being observant of the signs of reaction which now began to make their appearance. But Marcel, the mayor of Paris, who had been no less conspicuous on the same side, lost nothing of his confidence. As the public feeling began to change, the prince had ventured to recal some of his old counsellors. Marcel claimed to be admitted to his presence, and complained there, with his wonted freedom, of what had been done, as a violation of the pledge which the prince had given. The dauphin, with the consent of the marshals of Normandy and Campaigne, who stood on either side of him, replied to this accusation, in terms which increased the indignation of Marcel, and at his bidding the two marshals were struck down, and lay murdered upon the floor. The prince, throwing himself at the feet of this ruffian, promised, in great terror, to be obedient in all things to his guidance; and consented to put on the red and blue cap which Marcel and his party had assumed as the badge of their faction!

It happened that several of the kings of France were, we may say, educated into a hatred of popular freedom, by being made familiar in early life with excesses too nearly resembling those now described. Institutions which were eminently fitted to give strength and greatness to their people, became in this way the special objects of distrust and aversion. The dauphin, in whose presence Marcel had so conducted himself, became Charles V., and never seemed to forget or forgive the terror and outrage to which he had been exposed. It was a similar experience, in the same susceptible period of life, which gave a similar direction to the feelings of Charles VI., Charles VIII., and Louis XIV. During some reigns, the influence of the crown was hemmed in by the power of the nobles; during others, it was menaced by discontent and insurgency among the people. In the history of these struggles, the lessons which it was of moment that all should learn, but which none seemed to be capable of learning, were—that politics are not a fitting thing for any man to take up as a game or a pastime; that the edifice

of the state has a sacredness in it which must incline every rightly disposed man to approach it with reverence, and to attempt the work of change only for good reasons; that as to playing the demagogue, and finding fault, nothing can be more easy, while nothing is more common than to see such men utterly break down the moment the responsibilities of statesmanship are devolved upon them; that the strength of a state must ever consist, not in the degree in which certain of its powers are dominant over others, but in the degree in which all are brought into a healthy relativeness and harmony; and that while all must admit the expediency of using favourable junctures of affairs to realize such harmony, nothing can be more mischievous than to push the advantages of such occasions too far, and by so doing to provoke and justify a reactionary feeling, which, in its turn, may undo all that has been done, and extend somewhat further. These observations, which apply to the history of the States-General during the first century of their existence, apply to them, more or less, until their reputation falls so low that the king feels he can afford to dispense with their services. The grievances alleged were in general real grievances; the call for redress was strictly reasonable; but the limits to which that call should have been restricted were rarely observed, and the menace and violence so commonly resorted to in support of such petitions, tended to destroy, rather than to consolidate, the popular power, as a great power of the state.

Nothing could be larger—bolder, than the political maxims asserted from time to time in those assemblies: that the people are the source of all power; that kings have nothing which they have not derived from that source; that the subject should not be taxed without his consent:—these principles, and others like them, were avowed by French orators in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as clearly and emphatically as at the close of the eighteenth. But while the assemblies which broached such doctrines grew weaker and weaker, the power said to be thus wholly dependant upon them grew stronger and stronger, until the former ceased to exist at the pleasure of the latter! The secret of this fact lies in another. The community at large felt that the monarchy, with all its faults, gave them a better promise of safety than could be given either by noble or democrat, taken alone; and as it did not comport with the temper of the three powers,—monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy,—that they should act in harmony, and the people were compelled to make choice between them, their decision came to be more and more in favour of the stability to be expected from a great central authority. It will ever be thus. The end of government is pro-

tection, and the power which can guarantee protection on the steadiest basis, will be, in the issue, the popular and ascendant.

When the States-General ceased to be convened, as was the case in 1614, and the centralizing policy of Richelieu had done its work, it was to be expected, from all the antecedents in French history, that reaction in some shape would ere long ensue. It came now, however, not in the shape of a reassembling of the States-General, but in connexion with what are called the wars of the Fronde. It may not be difficult to show that the most conspicuous persons in the history of these wars, both the men and the women, were persons of a natural restlessness of temper, and governed by vain and selfish passions, so as to be little worthy of confidence in any enterprise designed to subserve grave interests. But everything of this nature only serves to demonstrate still more clearly the strength of that tendency in the mind of the French people which flows from time to time in the direction of free principles. The times do come in the history of that people, in which they *must* have leadership for this object, and if the best may not be obtained, something below the best must suffice. It demonstrates also, that in France, to construct a despotism, and a despotism so compact and potent as that built up by Richelieu, it avails little to have the machinery—if that is to be perpetuated, means, as we have before remarked, must be found, to perpetuate the hand that shall work it with the requisite amount of skill and of intense pressure.

The materials which gave strength to the popular party in these commotions were of the kind which were sure to accumulate under the Richelieu policy. The poorer classes of the people felt the burdens which the attempt to humble the house of Austria had brought upon them to be intolerable; the nobles were mortified as they saw how their status had been reduced by the recent influence of the cardinal and the court; the municipalities became indignant as they compared the liberties of their predecessors with the servile condition to which they were themselves reduced; all who knew anything of the history of the States-General, and felt solicitous about the immunities that should have been secured to the state through that medium, looked on the past and the present in bitter discontent. England, in the meanwhile, had asserted her freedom, had even brought her king to the block; and the literature of the age began to teem with descriptions of popular liberty, as suggested by the memorable examples in classical history. As will be imagined, opposition to the court, originating from such sources, and sustained by such elements, would be an opposition having the most

favoured maxims of freedom for its watchwords. Nor were the men wanting in all instances in courage, in intelligence, or patriotism. Nevertheless, the next half century was to give to France, not a constitutional monarchy like that of England, but the absolute monarchy presented in the memorable reign of Louis XIV. How is this to be explained?

It must be remembered that the great leaders in this opposition were the judges in the four supreme courts of Paris; and the judge and the political agitator are functions that do not comport well together. If the knowledge of law possessed by these persons might seem an advantage, it must be borne in mind that the law they knew had scarcely any relation to constitutional law. Much was said by them in defence of the liberty of the person, against arbitrary taxation, and especially against laying heavy burdens on the poor; but in some material instances the practice of these learned gentlemen was not in accordance with their oratory. All they did, moreover, they did in the manner of lawyers, not with the directness and simplicity which the occasion required, but with the circumlocutions, distinctions, and subtleties, which belong so proverbially to their profession. In short, the functions assumed by these reformers in long robes, would have vested all the powers of the state in themselves, the legislative, the administrative, and the judicial, to the exclusion, not only of the crown and the nobles, but even of the States-General. The defects and oversights of the lawyers on the one hand, and the untrustworthy character of many of the noblesse who had made themselves parties to their movement on the other, were more than enough to ensure its failure. The force of these agitations had nearly spent itself when Louis XIV. came of age, and began to reign; and the transition from so much fruitless excitement to a comparative calm, was felt by the majority of the nation as a relief. Louis knew how to make his own uses of what had passed. It furnished him with the usual pleas for superseding the popular influence by other influences.

It is not necessary that we should attempt to show how the absolute power which appeared at one time to be so firmly rooted by Louis, prepared the way for the discontents of 1789, and the revolution which followed. We have all become familiar with the phases of wisdom and folly, of virtue and crime, which characterise the changes of that memorable period. We have all seen how the moderate purposes with which men began, were made to give place to others more and more removed from moderation; how by degrees men became worshippers of ideas, each party insisting that to *its* idea all France should be assim-

lated; and how, in this manner, when the monarchy had fallen, the elements of strife descended lower and lower, until Frenchmen seemed to have wholly forgotten what it became them to be and to do as Frenchmen, every feeling being absorbed in that of the partizan, the bigot, the man of faction. The military despotism which followed, came as a natural and retributive sequence. At this moment, France is in a condition too nearly resembling the condition thus induced. Her statesmen have become factious, and for the present they have found their common master in the sword.

There is still one other subject on which the peculiarities of French character have been manifested, and from which inferences may be deduced as to the France of the future—we mean *religion*. It may be anticipated, that the susceptibilities of the French mind would be powerfully influenced from this source. And, in fact, every phase of the religious, in common with every phase of the political, has had its development, more or less, among that people. Europe embraces nothing in either of these great departments which France has not embraced. It has had its speculations on principles of all kinds, and, what is more, the French have attempted, beyond any other people, to reduce principles of all kinds to experiment and practice. The temperament of the French people, in common with that of the ancient Greeks, disposes them towards an æsthetic worship—towards a religion of holiday and spectacle. But since the rise of Protestantism in Europe, France has always had her professors of that creed, and in no nation have the sufferings of the adherents to the Reformed faith been so great, certainly nowhere so protracted, as in that country. During more than two centuries prior to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the means employed in France to suppress and eradicate this new heresy, were often such as to cast a stain, never to be effaced, on the history of civilized humanity.

On the character and policy of Francis I., in relation to the Reformed faith, Dr. Félice thus writes:—

‘Francis I. never knew either what he was or what he wished in matters of religion. Endowed with qualities rather brilliant than solid, he frequently mistook the variations in his temper for profound calculations of policy. Proud, above all, of being a true knight as well as a king, he had the passion for arms and adventures of gallantry, which distinguished chivalry; but he had none of its severe loyalty. He was tainted, so to say, with the Italy of the Borgias and the Machiavellis; and had he not protected men of learning, who gene-

to get the address of an assassin or a poisoner, as it is now-a-days to obtain that of an innkeeper.

'To complete the picture, we will merely add, that the regicide, Jacques Clément, was canonized in all the pulpits as *the blessed son of St. Dominic, the holy martyr of Jesus Christ*. His portrait was set upon the altars with these words: *St. James Clément, pray for us*. When his mother came to Paris, the monks applied to her the words of the Gospel: '*Blessed is the womb which bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked!*' And Pope Sixtus V., to complete the infamy, declared in full consistory, that the martyrdom of Jacques Clément was comparable, in its bearings on the salvation of the world, with the incarnation and resurrection of Jesus Christ.'—vol. i. pp. 258—260.

The Guises, even more than Catherine, contributed to depress and frustrate the Protestant cause in France. The father of this family entered France in the time of Louis XII. with his staff in his hand, and attended by one servant. But Francis I. saw occasion before his death to put his son upon his guard against the wiles and ambition of that house. That house, however, was not to be kept down. The grandson of Francis I., as Francis II. married a niece of the Guises. From that time the ambition of the two brothers—Francis, Duke of Guise, and the Cardinal of Lorraine, knew scarcely any limit. The former was a man possessing many popular qualities, and had done France some service as a soldier. Of religion he knew next to nothing, and it was viewed by him accordingly, in common with everything else, simply as means that might conduce to his authority and power. He could be generous when not opposed, but became passionate and cruel when his schemes were thwarted. While the duke could bring the military resources of France to the service of the crown, the cardinal would work the confessional in its favour. But, though a man of more culture and capacity than his brother, the cardinal was as licentious in his manners as the duke; was more covetous, more cruel; and while without his courage, shared to the full in his ambition, dreaming at times of nothing less than the triple crown itself.

Distinct from, and we may say opposed to, the family of the Guises, was that of the Bourbons. The princes of this family were, in a remote degree, princes of the blood, though persons of only moderate fortune. The distinguished men of this house were Louis, Prince of Condé, and the prince who became Henry IV. Of these persons, and of the relation of their house to the history of the Reformed faith in France, Dr. Félice thus writes:—

'Antoine de Bourbon, the head of his family, had married Jeanne d'Albret, who brought him the title of King of Navarre, without, however, conferring the kingdom on him. An irresolute and indolent

prince, naturally timid, but occasionally displaying courage, he hovered between the two doctrines : at one time, having the Reformed faith preached in Béarn, Saintonge, and Poitou, and going to sing psalms in the *Pré-aux-clercs*, in 1558, notwithstanding the outcries of the Sorbonne ; at another, returning to the Catholic faith, and persecuting the Faithful. The first and last words of his whole life was the passionate wish to recover either Navarre or some equivalent dominion. He died without accomplishing this object, and this long dream answered no end but to cause him to be abandoned and laughed at by everybody.

‘His brother, Louis, Prince of Condé, had a more penetrating genius and a more manly character. Witty, having a great flow of animal spirits, sometimes frivolous, but intrepid in the highest degree, and adored by the soldiery, he valiantly defended the cause of the Reformed, without ever inspiring them with full confidence in himself. Instructed in the new ideas by his wife and mother-in-law, he exhibited more ambition than piety, and the irregularity of his morals always threw a doubt over the sincerity of his faith.

‘It may be fairly asked if the Bourbons, including even Henry IV., did not do as much damage as service to the French Reformation. They mixed it up with politics, thrust it into the field of battle, dragged it into their private quarrels, and then, when it had won for them the crown, they disowned it.’—vol. i. pp. 82, 83.

Besides Catherine, and the Guises, and the Bourbons, there was a third family which became distinguished among the great actors in the events of those times. We refer to the Chatillons. Three brothers of this family became Protestants. All were able and honourable men, but the most eminent was the famous Admiral Coligny. The following is Dr. Félice’s account of him :

‘Born at Châtillon-sur-Loing, in 1516, Coligny was educated by Nicholas Bérault, a very celebrated professor of that day ; and he took such delight in his studies, that his friends were obliged to interrupt them, for fear he should be diverted from the profession of arms. At twenty-five he was colonel-general of the French infantry, and by his regulations he introduced a rigid discipline among those bands of mercenaries who till the command was given to him, were more like brigands than soldiers. ‘These ordinances,’ says Brantôme, ‘were the best and wisest ever made in France, and I believe, since they were adopted, the lives of a million persons have been preserved, besides goods and property in like proportion ; for formerly there was nothing but pillage, robbery, brigandage, ransoming, murder, and whoredom, with these troops. Such is the obligation the world owes to this great man.’

‘It is not known when Coligny made the advances towards the new doctrine. In 1555 we see him seconding the enterprise of the Chevalier de Villegagnon, who proposed founding a colony of the French reformed in Brazil. The Admiral, finding in the plan the twofold advantage that it opened a place of retreat for the persecuted,

and enriched his country with a colonial establishment, gave Villégagnon two vessels and a sum of ten thousand livres; but the expedition was not crowned with success.

‘Being taken prisoner by the Spaniards after the unfortunate battle of Saint-Quentin, he asked for his Bible and some religious books. He gave himself up entirely to the study of them, and then it was that he seems to have acquired his deep and unshaken convictions as to the principles of the Reformation.

‘When he had paid his ransom, he retired to his manor of Châtillon-sur-Loing; and wishing to devote himself to religious pursuits, with the king’s permission he resigned the post of colonel-general of the infantry to his brother, d’Andelot. He gave up the government of Paris and of the Ile de France in favour of his cousin, Marshal de Montmorency, son of the constable; and earnestly besought Henry II. to name his successor to the government of Picardy: ‘Which, at the very time,’ says the author of the *Mémoires de Coligny*, ‘gave occasion to many to suspect him of having changed his religion; for it was very true that he plainly showed his mind was far removed from the pursuit of honour and power.’

‘Such is the man whom several historians have accused of taking up arms and fomenting revolts, from a spirit of ambition! History written in such a style is one of the greatest disgraces of humanity.

‘Coligny was encouraged in his pious resolutions by his wife, Charlotte de Laval, who unceasingly invited him to declare himself openly. ‘Then the Admiral, seeing himself so often and so affectionately pressed by her, resolved to speak to her about it once for all, as he did, representing to her at some length that, for many years, he had not seen any one, either in Germany or France, who had openly professed the religion, but found himself overwhelmed with evils and calamities; that, by the edicts of Francis I. and Henry II., rigorously observed by the parliaments, those who were convicted were to be burnt alive, in a slow fire, in a public place, and their estates confiscated to the king; that still, if she possessed such confidence as not to refuse the common lot of those of the religion, he, on his part, would not be wanting in his duty.’

‘Charlotte de Laval having replied that such had been the fate of true Christians in all ages, Coligny hesitated no longer; he acknowledged his belief in the presence of those who came to visit him, exhorted his servants to follow his example, gave them the Scriptures to read, selected men of piety as tutors for his children, and made a thorough reformation throughout his household. He began, likewise, to frequent the assemblies, but did not partake of the Lord’s Supper, having some doubts on that head. He had discussed the matter with learned ministers, asking for an explanation upon the real presence and other such like subjects, without being able clearly to understand the doctrine.

‘One day, happening to be in the assembly at Vatville, as the Supper was about to be celebrated, he rose, and after begging the

company not to feel scandalized at his infirmity, he invited the minister to explain himself at length upon the Sacrament. The latter made an ample discourse on the subject. 'The Admiral, instructed by his words, first gave thanks to God, and then resolved, in his own mind, to partake of this sacred and holy mystery the first time it was celebrated. This being divulged all through France, it is incredible to tell what joy and consolation all the churches derived from it.'

'He maintained his habits of piety all through life, and practised them more openly, in proportion as the liberty of the believers augmented. 'As soon as he rose, which he did early, putting on his dressing-gown, he fell upon his knees, as did all who were present; he himself offered up prayer in the form usually adopted in the churches of France; after which, till the hour for sermon, which was preached every other day, alternately with the singing of psalms, he gave audience to the deputies of the churches who were sent to him, or devoted his time to public business, which he continued to attend to for a short while after the preaching till the dinner hour.

'Then, standing by the table, and his wife at his side, if there had not been any sermon that day, they sang a psalm, and the usual blessing was asked—a practice which a great number of captains and colonels, not French only, but German too, can testify that he observed without intermitting a single day, not only at home and in peace, but also when with the army. The cloth being removed, himself and all his guests standing, he either returned thanks, or caused the minister to do so for him.

'The same practice was observed at supper; and, seeing the household could not conveniently attend the evening prayer, when it was near bed-time, he ordered that all should come in as soon as supper went out, and that, after singing a psalm, the prayer should be offered. It is not possible to say how many of the French nobility have begun to establish in their families this pious regulation of the admiral, who often exhorted them to the true practice of piety, saying, that it was not enough for the father of a family to live holily and religiously, unless, by his example, he brought those who belonged to him to follow the same rule.

'When the time for the Lord's Supper approached, he used to call all his household together, and representing to them that he should have to give account to God, not only of his own life, but also of their conduct, he reconciled them one to another, if any disputes had arisen between them.

'He was of the ordinary stature, his limbs well proportioned, his countenance calm and tranquil, his voice sweet and agreeable, but rather slow and tedious; his complexion good, his bearing and gait full of ease and graceful dignity. He drank but little wine, ate sparingly, and slept not more than seven hours.

'The character which Gaspard de Coligny displayed in public affairs is well known. Gifted with qualities the most dissimilar and the most dignified, a man of genius in war and politics, strict to him-

self, indulgent to others, never elated with good fortune, nor depressed with bad, a lover of his country, devoted to his king in all that did not touch his conscience,—the most illustrious statesmen, as well as the most skilful captains, have esteemed it an honour to be compared to him. Perhaps his good qualities verged on being defects; he occasionally seemed to be deficient in resolution, because he was too loyal to push his advantages against royalty, and to be wanting in foresight, because he could hardly be brought to suspect in others that perfidy which had no existence in his own breast.

‘If we look for a character that may be regarded as a parallel to his, in times nearer our own, and under a very different order of circumstances, we shall no doubt pronounce the name of General Lafayette. The hero of the sixteenth century, like him of the eighteenth, had perfect faith in the justice of his cause. They both made considerable sacrifices, and displayed to the last an unshaken constancy. On several occasions they both held in their hands the highest interests of the State. Both were regarded as the men of the greatest integrity in their day. But Lafayette had the popular masses with him; Coligny had three-fourths of France opposed to him. Thus, notwithstanding his high military and political talents, his success was smaller.’—vol. i. pp. 85—89.

We have given these extracts from Dr. Félice’s volumes partly on account of the material information they contain, and partly that our readers may be apprised of the ability with which the author has acquitted himself as the historian of French Protestantism. We are much gratified in learning that, amidst such events as have occupied the thoughts of Frenchmen during the last two years, more than five thousand copies of this work have been sold. We need say nothing more to commend it to the attention of our readers, which we do most cordially. We should add that, in this translation, the narrative is continued by the author, so as to include notices of the most recent occurrences bearing on the condition of Protestantism in France.

Professor Ranke’s volumes are characterized by that knowledge of the subject, that philosophical spirit, and by that taste and skill in the delineation of character, and the grouping of events, to have been expected from him. The work, however, has nothing of the German thoroughness in it. In place of exhausting the subject, it cannot be said to present more than an outline of it, though that outline is given as the hand of a master only could have given it.

Much disputing there has been as to the comparative numbers of Protestants and Catholics in the history of France. Dr. Félice supposes the Protestants, at the time of the Bartholomew massacre, to have been about one-fourth of the population; and that fourth he regards as including a majority of the noble families, and as consisting, for the most part, of persons above

the lowest classes in respect to intelligence and energy, as well as position. Bearing in mind how common it is for society to be governed by minorities so constituted, we are not surprised to find our author express the opinion, that the ultimate turning of the scale in favour of Catholicism is attributable, not so much to the real weight of the Catholic influence, as to the accidental policy of the court, especially as falling under the influence of the Guises.

But excess—*exaggeration*, the cause which marred so much of the good to be found in the history of France, was the great mischief in the history of its Protestantism.

In their earlier history, the Protestants, in common with their antagonists, aimed, not at toleration, or at equality merely, but at ascendancy. That a nation should have but one religious faith, was the error, the most mischievous error, firmly retained by both parties. So convinced were the Protestants generally as to the goodness of their cause, and as to the force of the evidence of all kinds to be adduced in support of it, that they were a long time of opinion that their countrymen only needed a fair occasion for hearing the truth, and casting off the yoke of the papal priesthood, and the great work would be done. Before the time of the Bartholomew massacre, indeed, much painful experience had obliged them to entertain other thoughts on that matter, and to plead for that liberty in their own case which they were willing to cede to others. But, ere this, the mischief had been done. The ground taken by the Protestants had been unreasonable, and it had furnished the Catholics with their strongest argument in favour of resistance. Protestantism, in common with monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, embodied a truth, but the place demanded for that truth, in existing circumstances, was undue, untruthful; and this mistake ensured the failure which history has recorded, or, at least, contributed to that result.

Another form of excess in the history of French Protestantism had respect to matters of ritual. The rebound in this connexion was such as could not fail, after a while, to present itself to the French mind as unnatural. In our own day, of those who embrace Romanism, few extend their cordial approval to everything which that system includes; the greater number, we suspect, bear with the less for the sake of what they hold as the greater. It was so with Protestantism in its early days in France. It asserted some great principles, which not a few embraced without feeling themselves bound to all the adjuncts which had become allied with them. To very many it was a welcome proclamation, as it promised to abate the pretensions of the old priesthood. Nobles, lawyers, and the opulent generally, had come to look with something more than discontent on the encroachments of

the men who, while ecclesiastics, could never be content that their authority, or power, should be restricted to things ecclesiastical. For a time fashion, that potent ruler in France, disposed French thought and feeling to flow in this direction. But it is not, we think, too much to say, that a system of religion so devoid of external attraction, so bare and bald as that which had come into France from Geneva, can never be permanently influential among such a people as are the people of that country. The genius of the French is of another order, and the visibilities of their religion must have their affinities with that genius. They are a most histrionic race; and if they sometimes bestow their patronage on the simple and unworldly, it is only as being included in a system made up, for the most part, of something very different. The exception is approved in such case, not for what it is in itself, but from the agreeableness of contrast. We are quite aware that a philosophy of this sort will be rank heresy in the esteem of some persons; but by whatever name such thinking may be designated, we cannot ourselves avoid so thinking; and there are few, we suspect, who have any right to a very positive opinion on the subject, who will not be substantially with us in this judgment.

As it was with the rebound against the old worship, so was it with the renunciation of the old notions of authority—it was faulty both from excess and defect. In having to do with an age in which the corruption of everything Christian was so manifest, it was hardly surprising that the standard of the purely Christian should be sought in the supreme authority of Scripture and the right of private judgment. But, in fact, the authority of Calvin, as the great modern father, came very much into the place of the authority of all preceding fathers; and this severance between the present and the past, though expedient and necessary up to a certain point, became harsh and unreasonable in the extent to which it was carried. In that past, the true church did somewhere exist, not only in the first century, but in all the later centuries; and the church which seemed to disown all relatedness to the antecedent church of those later centuries, stood in a position which, to many, would be not only novel and doubtful, but unsocial, unnatural, unimpressive. It might discard the errors of the past, but still it was to be borne in mind that from that past it had itself come. In that past there had always been a people of God, and in that people the Spirit of God; and it might have been supposed that the church of God had not been living as a thinker through all those centuries, and that the Spirit of God had not been acting as a worker through all these centuries, without having settled something. It was not difficult to see on which side the scale would often turn,

especially in the view of a highly susceptible and imaginative people, which presented the authority of John Calvin on the one side, and that of the great in so many bygone generations on the other. We reap as we sow in these things: the measure we mete is meted to us again. If we underrate human authority in general, we should expect to find men underrating our own authority in particular. For a time, submission to the authority of Calvin was excessive, but reaction was sure to come; and, for ourselves, we wonder not that the Protestantism known only as Calvinism, failed to become the received faith of the French people. It was everywhere impressed with the individuality of its author—an individuality which has its affinities with *some* of the phases of French mind, but with which the people of that country generally are never likely to evince much sympathy.

It was in keeping with this complexion of French Protestantism, that its discipline should be in a great measure of that old puritan description which interfered considerably with private right, and carried the democratic element in ecclesiastical affairs to an excess often felt as not a little vexatious. The characteristics of the French people, and those of a John Knox presbytery, were not likely to work smoothly together on all occasions. Not to have instituted some such discipline would have been, it was thought, to leave the character of their churches unprotected, in the midst of enemies ready enough to heap every sort of calumny upon them. But, on the other hand, this tendency to meddle and dictate in private and small matters, took two evils along with it—it gave to the whole system a repulsive aspect in the view of sensitive and cultivated minds; and the standard of Huguenot manners being thus fixed, appeal was often made to it in condemnation of Huguenot practice, when, from the exigencies of the times, men were received into the ranks of that party who were influenced in seeking a place there by political, much more than by religious feeling. The wars of religion, in France as elsewhere, were not found, after a while, to be favourable to the religious spirit even of the good men who engaged in them.

We will only add, that what the experiences of the camp left unaccomplished, was effected in many cases by the blandishments of the court; and the feeling which court smiles could not vanquish, was at length weakened and prostrated by pitiless and long-continued persecutions. Flatteries of all kinds, and cruelties of all kinds, were among the means by which Protestantism in France was brought low. In this melancholy history we have an instance—one among too many—showing that it is a popular fallacy to suppose that truth may not be put down by

coercion. Let there be only the requisite preponderance of force, and the requisite policy and power to use it, and the work often done in such circumstances may be done a thousand times again. But, as we all know, these oppressions and cruelties perpetrated in the name of Christianity, led to the proscription of it—the proscription of it by the infidel and the atheist, not as a religion, but as a tyranny. Protestantism was suppressed, but an antagonist greatly more terrible came in and avenged it.

Such, then, are some of the great facts in the political and religious history of France. As we look back upon them from the stand-point of 1853, what may they be said to prognosticate?

We repeat, there are limits within which the France of the past may be taken as a prophecy of the France that is to come. There is a character—a personality in nations, which retains its identity. The nation may grow, but it is the nation that so does. The seeds of national character may develop, but it is the seed of national character that does thus expand and mature. It is true, nations may ripen, may then decay, and then perish. But vicious in many respects as the social state of France may be, there are still symptoms of vitality in it which preclude us from regarding it as approaching such an issue. Nations do in general become what it is in their hearts to become. Their ideas as to their true destiny do commonly minister to the accomplishment of that destiny. The nation which becomes free, has long since *willed* to be free, *striven* to be free. It was so in old Greece, in old Rome, in the cities of Italy in the middle age, in the Netherlands, and it has been so with ourselves. In all these instances, the passion to become free grew to be a national passion; and the will to brave much, and to endure much, to become free, grew to be the national will; and in its season the freedom came. But in France, hitherto, the actual has fallen far below the ideal—the fact has been far from rising to the height of the aspiration. The intelligence to discern the good, the heart to choose it—these have not been wanting—the power to realise it is the power to come. In some nations the passion for freedom has been more steady, more subject to a wise control—but in no nation has that passion been deeper, more intense, or more chivalrous and self-sacrificing. No nation has really braved so much, or suffered so much, in order to be free—and is that nation to perish without realizing the blessings of freedom? We are slow to think so. The pressure brought to bear against this love of liberty in Frenchmen has seemed in each instance to have subdued and crushed it utterly, and men have given themselves to the dream that it

would never manifest itself again. But each of these dreams has proved in its turn deceptive. Pent up for a while in the bruised heart of the nation, it has brooded there over its many wrongs, until the time for its outspeaking, and something more than outspeaking, has come again. And if the history of a nation can give us the character of a nation, as it *has* been in this respect, so *will* it be again. To put down the Napoleon dynasty was the work of the invader; to set it up again has been the defiant act of the French people. Should that dynasty give to France comparatively free institutions, it may retain its place. Should it persist in an arbitrary policy, its downfall is certain; and let the casting out of the Buonapartist race be the act of France, and not that of her enemies, and it must be a *very* propitious wind that should ever waft that dynasty back again. It is hardly more certain that there will be a return of the moon and of the tides, than that changes of this nature will come in that land, and at no very distant day. Some new and successful move in the cause of freedom will come in its season, as heretofore, and the conduct of the Buonaparte dynasty will determine whether they are to profit or to perish by it.

Mischievous as the exaggerations of principle have been in the political history of France, even this cloud has its silver lining. One effect of this succession of actions and reactions has been, that opposite principles have been of necessity sifted and tested as they could not otherwise have been. Monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, all have been in their turn ascendant, and the good or evil in them has had ample occasion for making itself felt. Our neighbours should understand these subjects well. The school of experience in which they have been trained has been such as should have raised even the dullest among them to the position of a respectable scholarship. Nor has this teaching been wholly wasted upon them. In no country in the world do we find the principles of political science analyzed with the same degree of skill, or enunciated with the same degree of clearness. The best writers in France on this subject are the best writers in the world upon it. It must be owned, the minds of the French people generally have not reached this level; but the men capable of training the many to such wisdom are in the midst of them. The fact that at present these men dare not be teachers, is full of significance—the thought of that silence is inseparable from the sense of wrong in the minds of millions of people, and from a sense of inquietude and fear also in the mind of the man by whom that wrong is inflicted. The curse is not the less deep because it must not be loud.

It is reasonable to expect that in proportion as men apprehend

principles clearly they will apply them wisely. In this particular the French may be thought to have betrayed a singular deficiency. It is observable, however, that democracy having passed through its day of trial, as monarchy and aristocracy had done before it, the bent of the mind of France is then seen taking the direction of a constitutional government. It is not prepared, after all it has passed through, to commit itself to monarchy, or nobles, or democrats, taken alone; but it has aimed to combine these principles, somewhat after the manner of our own constitution, and has been disposed to expect good government from a polity that should be comprehensive enough to embrace all grades of the community, in place of being so narrow as to assign a special ascendancy to any. It was something to have learnt thus much. The progress of ideas thus indicated, foreshadows advances still to be made. The military rule in the hand of the first Napoleon, and the same in the hands of the present, occur as breaks in the progress which France is destined to realise. Within the last thirty years, the French people have shown, in not a few instances, that they have passed far beyond the state of feeling which prompted their predecessors of past time, and even so late as the close of the last century, to perpetrate the gravest crimes in the name of liberty and religion. We are persuaded that something wiser in theory, and something safer in its working, than anything hitherto devised by the political genius of France will make its appearance in that country; and though we have no expectation that France will cease to betray much of the weakness incident to her character, we can believe that the better portion of her history is still to come—the portion that will be best for herself, as well as for the nations that may be affected by her example or by her power.

Even on the subject of religion the prospect of France is by no means so discouraging as some men seem to suppose. The Romanist priesthood, by selling themselves so entirely to the policy of Louis Napoleon; and by returning so shamelessly, not only to the ultramontane doctrines, but to the most drivelling superstitions of the middle age, are sinking hatred of their whole order and system deeper than ever into the mind of all the men of thought and energy in France. All this is being scored against them, and will be forthcoming when the day of reckoning shall arrive. In the meanwhile, the appearance of such a work as Dr. Felice's *History of the French Protestants*, and the large sales of that work, may be taken as one among many signs of the coming of a more wisely directed religious feeling. Frenchmen have been taught, as experience only could teach them, what irreligion can do for them, and what Romanist superstitions

can do for them, and the time may not be distant, in which, divorcing themselves from both, they will be found willing to place themselves under a new and a much better guidance. The great want in order to the political, no less than to the religious renovation of Europe, is, that its intelligent men should become men of sincere religious faith. Of such faith, Romanism has denuded such men almost everywhere. It has made the men infidels, and it uses the women as fanatics.

ART. II.—*Testamentum Novum Graece et Latine.* CAROLUS LACHMANNUS recensuit; PHILIPPUS BUTMANNUS, Ph.F., Graecae lectionis auctoritates apposuit. Tom. II. Berol. 1850.

It is well known to most intelligent readers of the New Testament, that, during the present century, many editions of the Greek text of that inspired volume have been published, differing in many places from that of which our English Testament is a version. In some instances a large portion of a chapter is omitted, as forming no part of the genuine Scripture. In many others single verses are rejected; and in almost every page brief clauses or words are either left out or altered. It is proposed in the present paper to inquire into the grounds of the alleged superiority of the so-called corrected texts of these editions to the common Stephanic and Elzevir text, from which our authorized version was taken.

One of the earliest and most illustrious of those eminent men, who have devoted their lives to the work of editing an amended text of the Greek Testament, was John James Griesbach. The result of his labours first appeared at Halle, in 1774, 1775. His second and principal edition was published at Halle and London, several years afterwards. The first volume, containing the gospels, appeared in 1796, the second in 1806. The theory on which this celebrated text was formed is thus lucidly expounded by Bishop Marsh:—

‘From a comparison and combination of the readings exhibited by Wetstein, it was discovered that certain *characteristic* readings distinguished certain manuscripts, fathers, and versions; that *other* characteristic readings pointed out a *second* class; *others* again a *third* class of manuscripts, fathers, and versions. It was further discovered that this three-fold classification had an additional foundation in respect to the *places* where the manuscripts were written, the fathers lived, and the versions were made. Hence the three classes received the names of *Recensio Alexandrina*, *Recensio Constantinopolitana* or *Byzantina*, and *Recensio Occidentalis*; not that any *formal* revision of the text is known, either from history or from tradition, to have taken place

at Alexandria, Constantinople, or in Western Europe. But whatever *causes*, unknown to us, may have operated in producing the effect, there is no doubt of its *existence*: there is no doubt that those characteristic readings are really contained in the manuscripts, fathers, and versions, and that the classification which is founded on them, is founded, therefore, on truth. Hence arises a *new* criterion of authenticity. A majority of *individual* manuscripts can no longer be considered either as decisive, or even as very important, on this subject. A majority of the *Recensions*, or, as we should say of printed books, a majority of the *editions*, is alone to be regarded as far as number is concerned. The testimony of the individual manuscripts is applied to ascertain what is the reading of this or that edition; but the question of *fact* being once determined, it ceases to be of consequence what *number of manuscripts* may be produced either of the first or of the second, or of the third of those editions. For instance, when we have once ascertained that any particular reading belongs both to the Alexandrine and to the Western, but not to the Byzantine edition, the authority of that reading will not be weakened, even though it should appear, on counting the manuscripts, that the number of those which range themselves under the Byzantine edition is ten times greater than that of the other two united. . . . The *relative value* of those three editions must likewise be considered. For if any one of them—the Byzantine, for instance, to which most of the modern manuscripts belong—carries with it less weight than either of the other two, a proportionable deduction must be made, whether it be thrown into the scale by itself, or in conjunction with another.*

Such was the celebrated theory which, for many years after its promulgation, was almost universally adopted by the learned, both here and on the Continent. Happily an examination of its merits is rendered altogether unnecessary, by the fact that Griesbach's system is now as generally rejected, as it was once adopted and approved. It will be sufficient, therefore, to give the following extract from the recent and valuable work of Dr. Davidson:—

'The classification of authorities thus proposed, though ingenious and plausible, was criticised and objected to by many succeeding critics. In Germany it was either found fault with or modified by Eichorn, Michaelis, Hug, Scholz, Schulz, Rink, Gobler, Tischendorf, Reiche, De Wette, and others. Dr. Laurence, in our own country, assailed it with much acuteness and critical ability. It has also been attacked by Norton in America. Criticised, therefore, as it has been by so many writers, and attacked from so many points, it must be weak and vulnerable. *Its credit is indeed gone.* Instead of standing the test of public opinion, it has been cast down. In his last publication the distinguished critic himself all but abandoned it.'†—(*Commentarius Criticus in text. graec.* N. T., P. II., p. 41.)

* *Lectures on the Criticism of the Bible*, p. 152—4. 8vo. Cambridge: 1828.

† *A Treatise on Biblical Criticism*, vol. ii. p. 75. Edinburgh: 1852.

The next critical edition of the New Testament, of sufficient importance to require notice is that of the 'very learned' Christian Frederick Matthæi, who was at first professor at Moscow, and afterwards at Wittenberg. Matthæi's edition was published in twelve vols. 8vo, at Riga, between the years 1782 and 1788.

'His text,' says Davidson, 'approaches the common one, being chiefly derived from manuscripts in the libraries of Moscow, which he collated for the first time. The edition contains many critical remarks, excursus, Greek scholia before unpublished, and copper-plates representing the characters of the Greek MSS. The collection of various readings is taken from nearly a hundred Moscow manuscripts, which he generally collated throughout. It is true that some contain a small part of the New Testament, some mere fragments, very few the whole; but several of them are ancient and valuable, such as V., which belongs to the eighth century. The editor avowed himself an opponent of the recension-theory, a despiser of the ancient manuscripts, especially the Codex Cambridge (D), and of quotations in the fathers.'^{*}

As the edition of Matthæi is little known, and still less valued in this country, it will be useless to say much about its merits or demerits. We ourselves believe, for reasons to be mentioned hereafter, that its text, from its resemblance to the *Textus Receptus*, is far more entitled to attention than that of either of the critical editions so much extolled in the present day.

The principles on which the edition of Dr. J. Martin Augustus Scholz was founded, were as opposed to those of Griesbach as those of Matthæi. More than twelve years of incessant activity were spent by Scholz in visiting libraries, and preparing materials for his work. At length the first volume—containing the Gospels—was published in 1830, 4to., Leipzig, and the other volume, containing the remaining books of the New Testament, in 1836. According to the system of Scholz, all manuscripts belong to two classes—Alexandrian and Constantinopolitan. To the former he assigns most of the Uncial Manuscripts, some few cursive ones, the Latin, Ethiopic, and Memphitic, and other versions, and the fathers who dwelt in Africa and the west of Europe. To the latter class belong almost all the manuscripts written since the ninth century, the later Syriac, the Gothic, and some other versions, and nearly all the fathers and ecclesiastical writers inhabiting Asia and the east of Europe. The Constantinopolitan recension contains the primitive text spread through Asia Minor, Syria, and Greece. The Alexandrine is the result of gross negligence or wilful corruption.† The principles of both the last-named critics, it will be observed, were favourable

* *Treatise on Biblical Criticism*, p. 129.

† *Prolegom.* in *Nov. Test.* vol. i. cap. i. and ix.

to the *Textus Receptus*. But Scholz has been deservedly blamed for want of consistency in carrying out his theory.

Since this period, the critical editions of the New Testament which have appeared—those, namely, of Lachmann and Tischendorf—have been founded on ancient authority, to the neglect of the modern or cursive manuscripts. It is to the consideration of the soundness of this principle that our attention will chiefly be directed.

Charles Lachmann had already published a small Greek Testament, with a critical text, when, in 1842, the first volume of a much larger edition in 8vo appeared at Berlin. The second volume, which completed the New Testament, was published in 1850. The text of Lachmann differs considerably from that presented in any other edition, in consequence of his peculiar theory, which is, that the *most* ancient MSS. should be implicitly followed. His object was to give the text which was most general in the third and fourth centuries. Hence he quotes no MS. later than the sixth century, and no father later than the fourth. The later versions, too, are of course excluded from his list; and so rigidly has he adhered to his plan of forming a text from *ancient* authorities exclusively, that he frequently gives what he acknowledges to be erroneous readings, rather than admit a lection derived only from modern manuscripts.*

During the interval between Lachmann's first and second editions, that of Tischendorf appeared at Leipzig in 1841. It was a small 12mo edition, with a critical text, and a selection of various readings, &c. The text was chiefly that of Griesbach and Lachmann. In 1849, he published his second Leipzig edition, a larger and every way superior work, with two prefaces and ninety-six pages of Prolegomena. Tischendorf agrees with Lachmann in following the ancient manuscripts, but he comprehends under that denomination all the Uncial ones. 'The text,' he says, 'is to be sought exclusively from ancient witnesses, and especially from the Greek manuscripts; but the testimony of the versions and the fathers is by no means to be neglected.'* Hence he has produced a text which differs greatly from that of Lachmann. Davidson pronounces it superior to that of his predecessor, which it no doubt is; but he adds,—'There are indications here and there of rash and hasty judgment. Perhaps the learned editor was not controlled throughout by very definite or fixed principles on which to form his text; for though he has always had regard to external authority, he has not been

* *Studien und Kritiken*, p. 839, ff. apud Davidson.

† *Prolegomena in Novum Testamentum*, p. xii.

‘able in all instances to suppress an arbitrary and subjective tendency unfavourable to calm impartiality.’*

Besides the above editions, a portion of the New Testament—the Apocalypse—has been recently edited, with a critical text, &c., by Dr. Tregelles, London, 1844. The same learned scholar has also issued a prospectus of the whole Greek Testament, on which he has been long engaged. Dr. Tregelles avows the same principles as Lachmann. In his introduction to the Apocalypse he says,—‘The authority of the ancient MSS. (A, C), written, as is believed, about the fourth century, is superior to that of the whole mass of modern copies.’—(p. xxx.) He does not hesitate, however, in cases of evident error, to have recourse to more recent authorities.

It thus appears, that the principles which have guided the most recent editors in the attempt to restore the text of the New Testament to its pristine purity, are substantially the same in all. They regard ‘the authority of the *ancient* manuscripts as superior to the whole mass of modern copies.’ The only difference of opinion seems to be, that whilst Tischendorf includes in his list of *ancient* MSS. all the Uncial ones, down even to the eleventh century, Lachmann and Tregelles restrict that appellation to those written before the seventh.

It must be clear to all who are conversant with modern biblical criticism, that, in future, this subject of ancient and modern authorities will occupy the chief attention of the critical world. The question will no longer be, whether the manuscripts of the New Testament consist of three recensions, or only two; nor whether there is any foundation for the hypothesis of a revision of the manuscripts by Lucian, and another by Hesychius. The great question with all future critics will be,—are the few Uncial MSS. of the New Testament of such weight, that the text should be conformed to their testimony? Or are the hundreds of cursive MSS. which remain also entitled to a voice? This is, therefore, the question which we propose to handle in this essay, and in order adequately to deal with it, we shall find it needful, first, to consider the system of those critics who confine the range of evidence to the first six centuries,—such as Lachmann and Tregelles; and secondly, that which embraces the whole of the Uncial manuscripts in its list of authorities, which is adopted by Tischendorf, Alford, and most other scholars in the present day.

The principle on which editors have proceeded in forming a text founded on the *most* ancient authorities, is undoubtedly a

* *Treatise on Bib. Crit.* vol. ii. p. 144.

sound one. Few persons would deny that a manuscript written in the fourth century is vastly more trustworthy than one written in the twelfth. The text exhibited in codices of modern date has probably been written again and again, we know not how many times, and each successive transcription has exposed it to fresh mistakes—it may be corruptions—whilst ancient manuscripts have possibly had but five or six copies intervene between themselves and the original autograph. We admit, therefore, in the fullest degree, that an ancient codex, *cæteris paribus*, is many times superior to one of modern date.

But whilst frankly acknowledging the soundness of the abstract principle, it must not be concealed, that it is only *where other things are equal*, that an ancient manuscript possesses such overwhelming value. An eminent biblical critic has truly observed,—‘Antiquity is doubtless valuable as affording a presumption in favour of the text’s purity, but there are many modifying circumstances which must be observed.’*

Hence it by no means follows that, because, as a general principle, an ancient MS. is intitled to more weight than a great many modern MSS., therefore the authority of the ancient codices of the New Testament ‘is superior to the whole mass of modern copies.’ The inference is clearly illogical. There are—to use the language of Davidson—so ‘many modifying circumstances to be observed,’ that a fair and thorough examination of these is absolutely essential before the principle just admitted can be applied to the particular case of the manuscripts of the New Testament.

The *utter ignorance* which prevails relative to the MSS. written previous to the seventh century, in connexion with their *extreme paucity*, has long appeared to us a circumstance fatal to the exclusive claims set up on behalf of those highly-lauded codices. We need scarcely say, that—with the solitary exception of the Codex Alexandrinus (A), of which tradition reports that it was written in Egypt by a martyr named Thecla—we are altogether ignorant of the origin, history, and character of the manuscripts termed *most ancient*. Now it is abundantly manifest, that even in the earliest ages, corrupt copies of the Gospels, and other parts of the New Testament, were in circulation. The following extracts from Dr. Davidson will place this fact beyond all doubt:—

‘These observations are justified by the complaints which several writers make with regard to corruptions in the text. And such complaints reach up to an early period, for they occur in Dionysius of Coriuth, Irenæus, and Clement of Alexandria. It would appear that

* *Treatise on Biblical Criticism*, vol. ii. p. 297.

even in their time, false readings had got into the text of current MSS. Nor can the testimony of these and other fathers be reasonably questioned, especially as it is confirmed by quotations from Scripture in their own and other ancient writings. Dionysius writes, 'As the brethren desired me to write epistles, I wrote them, and these the apostles of the devil have filled with tares, exchanging some things and adding others, for whom there is a woe reserved. It is not, therefore, matter of wonder if they have also attempted to adulterate the sacred writings.*' Clement of Alexandria speaks of persons who turned the gospels into metaphrases (*τῶν μεταρθεύων τὰ εὐαγγέλια*) quoting a text (Matt. v. 9, 10) to show in what manner they proceeded. Irenæus speaks of persons who affected to be more knowing than the apostles (*peritiores apostolis*), quoting a passage and showing how they read and explained it. Tertullian, too, speaks of *adulterators* of the Scriptures (*adulteratores*.)—(Davidson, vol. ii., pp. 46, 47.)

A little onward we meet with a long investigation of the charges brought against a heretic named Marcion, who lived in the second century. Davidson is disposed to think that the accusations to which he was exposed were not altogether true, but still thinks there was some foundation for them.

'The fathers,' says he, 'accuse him of corrupting and mutilating Luke's Gospel, and there is good ground for that charge.'—'We do not deny,' he adds, 'that the charges against him were true in part, even in respect to the Epistles of Paul. Origen blames him for jumbling together the last two chapters of the Epistle to the Romans; and we have no reason to doubt the statement. We have also seen that Tertullian speaks of extensive mutilations in the Epistle to the Romans, for which statement there was reason. And, in the case of various passages, the omission of important words must have proceeded from a bad motive.'—(p. 51).

In the work of mutilating and corrupting the Scriptures of the New Testament, Marcion was not alone. Similar accusations are brought against other heretics. Irenæus charges the Valentinians with altering Matt. xi. 7. Tatian falsified the Epistles of Paul so as to meet his own views. These and other cases are matter of history. But we cannot suppose that every attempt made by heterodox teachers to corrupt the word of God has been handed down to us. It is only in particular instances, which have happened to come under the notice of Christian writers, that any mention of the crime occurs. In the vast majority of cases, probably, the corruptions have been known only to the authors themselves.

It being then an admitted fact, that, from the second century

* Οὐ θαυμάσιον ἄρα εἰ καὶ τῶν κυριακῶν ραδιουργῆσαι τινες ἐπιβέβληνται γραφῶν. Ap. Euseb. H. E. iv. 23.

downwards, wilful corruptions were introduced into various copies of the New Testament writings, there is evidently something more required than mere *antiquity* to render a codex of the Greek Testament a *first-class* authority. But the *most* ancient MSS. which we possess—with the single exception of the Codex Alexandrinus, the least esteemed of all—are altogether destitute of the slightest clue, from which their origin, history, or character can be traced. It is indeed inferred from certain peculiarities in the Orthography of many of these Codices Antiquissimi that they were written in Egypt, probably in Alexandria, but beyond this conjecture, all is enveloped in darkness and obscurity. In the case of some of the later manuscripts, both *uncial* and *cursive*, some clue to their history is afforded. From the contents of the menologies prefixed to them, or the subscription at the close, or some other marks, we are able with certainty to discover their birthplace, their age, and perhaps the use for which they were designed. But there is not one of the codices termed *most ancient* which possesses any evidence from which such particulars as these can be learnt. For aught we know, they may be corrupt copies, written for the use of some heretical communities, or subsequently moulded according to their views. At least, *some* of them may be, and possibly those very codices which are most highly valued on account of their superior antiquity.

We must protest, then, against the unreasonable conduct of those modern critics who require us to adopt the readings of some three or four unknown MSS. in the gospels, about the same number in the Acts and the Epistles, and *two* only in the Apocalypse, as containing the genuine text of the New Testament, in opposition to the concurrent testimony of some hundreds of less ancient manuscripts. We require some testimony to their character as witnesses of the genuine text before we can consent to place such unlimited confidence in them. According to the principle of textual criticism at present in vogue, were the codex of the heretic Marcion, suddenly to be found, written in fair round uncial letters—without any certain marks to distinguish it as his—the veneration of all biblical critics would at once be transferred to that MS. as the most precious relic of antiquity. And since age is now the only test of the value of a MS., there can be no doubt that, as the most ancient witness in existence, its readings would be regarded as the standard to which the text should be universally conformed. There is clearly something wrong in the present state of the science of Biblical Criticism to render the occurrence of such a circumstance even possible. Let antiquity cease then to be the *only* requisite necessary to give authority to a MS.; and let some knowledge of its

origin or character be considered indispensable, before any codex of the New Testament be placed in the list of first-class authorities.

As we have already stated, it is the extreme *paucity* of very ancient manuscripts that renders the foregoing remarks conclusive. If we possessed fifty or a hundred copies of the New Testament writings, as old as the Vatican codex B, or the Dublin Rescriptus Z, there would be little force in the preceding argument. But we need scarcely say, that the case is widely different. In the gospels, excluding the mere fragments, we possess but *five* MSS., of which the date reaches back beyond the seventh century. These are the codices A, B, C, D, and Z, the last of which contains only Matthew. In the Epistles of Paul, with the exception of two small fragments, there are only *four* codices, A, B, C, D, of first-class authority. In the Acts there are likewise *four*; in the Catholic Epistle *three*; and in the Apocalypse only *two*! It must be manifest to every unprejudiced mind, that such miserably scanty materials as these—especially as we know next to nothing as to their character—are altogether inadequate to form a genuine or trustworthy text. Unless it were positively known that these most ancient MSS. were *fair* and genuine copies—or, at least, that the majority of them were—we cannot accept a text edited from such sources as representing the text of the fourth, fifth, or the sixth century. We want some guarantee that the codices B and C, and others, are what Lachmann, Tischendorf, and others, assume them to be—we do not say faultless, but—genuine copies of the Scripture, such as the church of the age in which they were written would have recognised. Instead of this, as we have said before, nothing whatever is known of their origin, history, or character. For aught the most learned critic of Europe can say, some or all of these highly-lauded codices are spurious copies of the Scriptures originally written by heretics. It is with us a matter of too serious importance to form the text of the New Testament from such doubtful materials as these—especially as the great mass of less ancient MSS. contain such different readings.

There are two circumstances which serve very materially to diminish the already scanty materials which the advocates of an ancient text possess—the extraordinary diversities of reading which some of them exhibit, and the mutilated condition in which others are found.

When we find four or five manuscripts singled out from as many hundred, and exalted above all the rest as first-class authorities, the least that we could expect is that some tolerable agreement should be found in their respective texts. In the case

of the most ancient Uncial manuscripts, which date from the sixth or previous centuries, this cannot be pretended, even by their warmest admirers. In the gospels, A, the celebrated codex Alexandrinus, follows what is called the Constantinopolitan text, such as is found in the great mass of modern copies; whilst B, C, and Z follow the Alexandrian, or ancient text, as it is termed. The consequence is, that in this part of the New Testament, this valuable codex is almost useless, being seldom quoted by those critics who rely on the Uncial MSS. for the formation of a text.

Of the remaining three manuscripts of the four gospels—B, C, and D—(for Z contains only Matthew)—the last named, the celebrated Codex Cantabrigiensis (D), possesses so extraordinary a text, that we should have thought nothing but sheer infatuation could have led men of ability and learning to adopt it as an exemplar of the text. The following is the account of this manuscript given by Davidson in his recent work on Biblical criticism:—

‘This MS., in large quarto, is now in the library of the University at Cambridge. The former history of it is unknown. How it came into Beza’s hands is not very clear; neither does he himself speak definitely of the way he got it. It was at Lyons in a monastery dedicated to St. Irenæus, where Beza found it in 1562; but we do not know whether he purchased it, or if it was given him. In 1581 Beza presented it to the University of Cambridge.’—‘The MS. contains the four gospels and Acts of the Apostles in Greek and Latin (the old Latin version prior to Jerome) arranged in parallel columns. The Uncial letters are upright and square; there are no intervals between the words, no accents or marks of aspiration. In many places a simple dot appears, separating words from one another, in the Latin text more frequently than in the Greek. We find also; at the beginning of Ammonian sections, commonly standing a little out in the margin, but sometimes in the middle of lines. It is *stichometrically* written, and therefore the lines are very unequal. The Greek characters are elegantly formed, but the Latin are not so. The order of the books is the Latin one,—Matthew, John, Luke, Mark, Acts. It is mutilated in various places.’ . . . ‘There can be no doubt that the Greek and Latin are by the same hand, as Simon long ago showed. Certain letters clearly prove it. The calligraphist seems to have known Greek very imperfectly, as well as Latin. Unskilled in these languages, says Hug, he wrote his MS. in his professional capacity.’—(Vol. ii. pp. 285–287.)

But what chiefly demands our notice in this most ancient manuscript is its extraordinary text. It abounds throughout in grammatical and other blunders, glosses, alterations, and interpolations. It is thought that the ignorant scribe introduced into

the text readings from various copies—some of which make perfect nonsense of the passages where they are found. ‘The text of this MS.,’ says Davidson, ‘is peculiar. Its interpolations are numerous and considerable. It is full of arbitrary glosses and mistakes, especially in the Acts. In this respect no other MS. can be compared with it. Its singularly corrupt text, in connexion with its great antiquity, is a curious problem which cannot easily be solved.’—(p. 288.) In the adoption of this ‘singularly corrupt’ MS. as an exemplar of the text, it would appear that critics had forgotten that antiquity and genuineness are not identical. Ancient manuscripts are entitled to great weight as witnesses, simply because their antiquity affords a strong presumption that the text which they exhibit is a genuine one. But when, as in the case of the codex D, a MS. is proved to abound in corruptions, its character is gone; and the presumption that its text is generally correct is changed into a presumption that it is most probably wrong. On the same principle that a witness before a court of justice who has been found guilty of uttering innumerable falsehoods, is dismissed as unworthy of credit, and cannot be believed even when he speaks the truth, we demand the utter rejection of this famous codex from the list of authorities whose testimony assists in deciding for or against a reading. We know of nothing more monstrous in the whole history of criticism than that blind veneration for antiquity which has led such men as Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, and Tregelles, to exalt a MS. admitted to possess a text ‘singularly corrupt’ above all the Uncial and Cursive MSS. written in an age less remote.

We are thus necessarily deprived of two of the very few ancient witnesses of the text of the gospels which have come down to our time. Of the three that remain, C and Z are so woefully mutilated that they can be of only partial service in the work of forming a text exclusively on ancient authorities. C is the celebrated Codex Ephraemi Rescriptus, in the King’s Library at Paris. It contains, under a Greek translation of certain works of Ephrem the Syrian, a few passages of the Septuagint, and, with the exception of several chasms, the whole of the New Testament. The characters resemble very much those of the Codex Alexandrinus. The MS. consists of 209 leaves, 145 of which belong to the New Testament. Tischendorf has specified the exact contents of this portion of the MS., from which it appears that in the four gospels almost 37 chapters are wanting out of 89; nearly 10 out of 28 in the Acts; almost 7 out of 21 in the Catholic Epistles; about 35 of the 100 con-

tained in the Epistles of Paul; and nearly 8 out of the 22 in the Apocalypse.—(Proleg. in Cod. Ephraem. p. 15.)

Z is, like the last, a *codex rescriptus* of the Gospel by Matthew. Towards the close of the last century, Dr. Barrett, of Trinity College, Dublin, met with a Greek MS. in the library of the University, on some leaves of which he detected traces of a twofold writing. On minutely inspecting the ancient writing over which the other had been written, he discovered that it consisted of some fragments of the Old Testament, the Gospel by Matthew, and some orations of Gregory Nazianzen. Shortly afterwards he transcribed all that was legible of the Gospel by Matthew, and published it in *fac simile*. From this edition it would appear that this ancient MS. is in a still worse condition than the codex Ephraemi (C). We have carefully calculated the portion published by Dr. Barrett, and found it *less than one-fourth* of the whole gospel.—(Evang. sec. Matt. Dublin. 1801. 4to.)

It thus appears, that whilst we have nominally four *most* ancient MSS. of the gospels, (A, B, C, and D,) and one of Matthew alone (Z), from which to form a text founded on ancient authorities, in reality the actual available materials for this important work are considerably less. A must, in all fairness, be excluded, as following a recension altogether different. D possesses a text 'so singularly corrupt,' that it is impossible to place the slightest reliance upon its testimony. So that we are thus left dependent on the Vatican codex B, of which no proper collation has ever been made, and rather more than half of the codex Ephraemi (C) in the Gospels of Mark, Luke, and John; and in Matthew, in addition to the above, about one-fourth of the codex Z. How men of sense and learning could ever attempt a work of such immense responsibility, with such miserably inadequate and scanty materials, we confess is altogether beyond our comprehension.

In regard to the Acts, the critical materials are somewhat less scanty, but still altogether insufficient for the purpose. The ancient MSS. containing this book are A, B, C, D, as in the gospels, and a fresh codex, E Laudianus. A here follows the same recension as B and C. But the text of D, the Codex Bezae, is still worse than in the gospels; we may therefore safely exclude it from our list. C, the Codex Ephraemi, is as before much mutilated, ten out of twenty-eight chapters being deficient. Hence all the really available materials for constructing a text founded on ancient authorities, in the Acts consist of three codices, A, B, and E, and the remaining portion of the codex C.

In the Epistles of Paul, we have of ancient MSS., exclusive

of inconsiderable fragments, A, B, C, and D. The three first are the same codices already described by us in the gospels. The fourth is the *Codex Claromontanus*, which, though formerly supposed to be the second part of D of the gospels, has been since ascertained to be a different MS. It is, however, we contend, inadmissible as a witness of the ancient text of the Pauline Epistles, as well from 'its innumerable singular readings,'* as from another characteristic, which is thus described by Davidson:—

'So many correctors have meddled with the text of this codex, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish what belongs to each. In the first place, the transcriber himself made many changes and corrections. The first corrector is believed by Tischendorf to have been a monk from Sinai or some Greek monastery of the neighbouring parts; and to have lived in the seventh century. The nature of his corrections is described by the same scholar. He may be marked D**, and his revision comprehended the entire Greek text. He was followed by D***b, who corrected only a few places both in the Greek and the Latin. D***c changed a very few places. But the fourth corrector, D***, went through the whole MS., put accents and spirits into it, altered the orthography, and endeavoured to introduce in a measure another recension into the text. He corrected the text in upwards of two thousand places, using that oblong uncial character which was employed after the seventh century. Tischendorf thinks that he belonged to the ninth century, and gives many examples of his corrections in the *Prolegomena* to his edition of the codex. Besides the persons just referred to, the same critic distinguishes D^c, D***b, D * *, d***, d***, D^{nov}.†

From this account it is manifest, that were the codex D Claromontanus not rendered useless for purposes of criticism, by 'its innumerable singular readings,' it could be of no service in editing a text founded on ancient authorities, in consequence of the repeated corrections which it has received. Tischendorf has himself edited the MS., and states, in his *Prolegomena*, that 'it is very difficult to distinguish the correctors who have, at different times, touched this codex. The second corrector (D^b) 'whom I have most frequently quoted, found most of the passages 'which he touched already altered!' We may add, that on looking through the critical editions of the Greek Testament, we have observed that most of the places cited from this codex are not the original text—written in the sixth century, but that substituted for it by some of its numerous correctors. It is plain, then, that the *Codex Claromontanus*, in its present state, has no claim to be ranked in the list of first class authorities; and must

* Scholz, *Prolegom.* in *Nov. Test.* vol. ii. † *Biblical Criticism*, vol. ii. p. 291.

be pronounced almost wholly useless to those who rely on the *most* ancient witnesses for the formation of a text.

Of the *three* remaining codices (A, B, and C), the first A agrees here with the cursive codices more than with the uncial:* the last C is, as we have seen, grievously mutilated—only sixty-five out of the hundred chapters being legible. So that it appears that those critics who attempt the formation of a text founded on ancient authorities, in this part of the New Testament, are confined to two MSS., A and B,—one of which exhibits mostly a different text, and the other is imperfectly collated—and the remaining portion of C, the *Codex Ephraemi Rescriptus*.

In the next portion of the New Testament, the available materials are much the same as in the last. The Catholic Epistles are contained in the codices A, B, C, which letters designate the same MSS. as in the gospels. The codex C wants seven out of the twenty-one chapters, of which these Epistles consist.

The Apocalypse is found only in two of the *most* ancient MSS.—the codex Alexandrinus (A), and the codex Ephraemi Rescriptus (C). In the latter, about nine chapters are wanting. So that in this most important book, we are worse off for critical materials from which to form what is termed an ancient text, than in any other part of the New Testament.

It thus appears that the theory of Lachmann and Tregelles, that the text of the Greek Testament should be edited from the most ancient sources exclusively, is, so far as the ancient MSS. are concerned, all but impossible. Such is the grievous *corruption* of some of these celebrated codices, and the mutilated condition of others, that on an average only two MSS., and a part of another, are really available for the work, except in the Acts. In the gospels we have only B and part of C, with the addition of about one-fourth of Z in Matthew. In the Acts there are three codices, A, B, and E, and part of C. In the Pauline Epistles, we have again only two (A and B), and a part of C (A too being mostly of a different recension here). In the Catholic epistles there is the same amount of critical material as in the Pauline. Lastly, in the Apocalypse, there are but one entire manuscript and thirteen chapters of another. It must be obvious, then, to every thinking person, that such scanty materials as these are wholly inadequate for a work of such immense responsibility as the formation of the text of the Scriptures of the New Testament. Were the MSS. we have just enumerated all of known

* The readings of A in the Epistles of Paul agree much more with those of the Byzantine text which is in our junior codices, than with those found in the old MSS. representing the Western or Alexandrian text.—*Davidson*, vol. ii. p. 103.

character, such as the church of the age in which they were transcribed, would have recognised as genuine copies, even then it would be difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain the probable reading of the text with, on the average, but two codices and a fraction of another to consult. But when it is remembered that except the tradition respecting A, we know nothing whatever about these ancient documents—that their origin, history, and character, are alike totally unknown, we confess it does appear to us sheer infatuation to constitute these two or three codices the exemplars of the text, to the exclusion of the numerous manuscripts which have been written since.

Many of the most eminent critics, conscious of the impossibility of constructing a genuine text from such inadequate materials, enlarge the range of evidence, and regard all MSS. written in the Uncial character as worthy of confidence, on account of their superior antiquity to the mass of cursive codices. This is the plan followed by Tischendorf in his second Leipzig edition, and Alford in his admirable Greek Testament; although both these scholars frequently quote the cursive MSS. Most critics in the present day incline to this theory. Their views are thus expressed by Davidson:—‘The Uncial MSS.,’ says he, ‘ought to be well known and fairly applied to the purposes of criticism. *All the rest, or the great mass of junior ones, may be dispensed with.* They are scarcely needed, because the Uncial ‘are numerous.’—(Vol. ii. p. 328.)

Now, in reference to this theory of textual criticism, it may be remarked, first, that the majority of the other Uncial MSS.—those, viz., written since the sixth century—follow a different text, agreeing, in the main, with the cursive or modern MSS. In the gospels, with the exception of mere fragments, the Uncial MSS., written since the sixth century, are:—E, F, G, H, K, L, M, S, U, V, X, and Δ. Of these, no less than seven follow the Constantinopolitan or modern text, viz., E, F, G, H, S, U, and V. Three of the remaining, viz., L, X, and Δ, exhibit the Alexandrine or ancient text, as it is called. The other two, K, and M, can hardly be said to belong to either, possessing, as they do, a peculiar text, which sometimes follows the Alexandrine, and at others that of Constantinople. In the gospels then, even upon the principle that the cursive manuscripts should be excluded, critics are bound to adhere to the modern text—so called.

In the Acts we have but two codices in the Uncial character subsequent to the sixth century, G and H, both of which follow the Constantinopolitan text.

In the Pauline Epistles, we have E, F, G, I, and K, exclusive of a few fragments, which may be safely left out of the question.

Of these, the first is a mere copy of D, the codex Claromontanus, and must, therefore, for the reasons already given, be excluded from consideration. The two next, F and G, are of the Alexandrine recension, but possess so remarkable a similarity that critics have supposed the one to be a mere transcript of the other. They not only agree in their readings throughout, with a few brief exceptions, but 'the very blunders made by the scribe in the one,' says Tischendorf, 'are perpetuated in the other.' They are both defective, too, in the Greek, in precisely the same places. Hug says, it is striking how often they agree in minutiae and errors, insomuch that the dependence of the one upon the other can hardly be contradicted. Both he and Tregelles, however, think that they are simply copies of one and the same manuscript. It appears to us of little consequence whether the one is copied from the other, or both from the same MS.; since, in either case, they can only be reckoned as *one* witness of the Alexandrine text. The other two codices, I and K, follow the Constantinopolitan recension. Here, then, the majority in favour of what is termed the modern text is *two to one*.

In the Catholic epistles, the only two codices in the Uncial character, since the sixth century, are G and J, *both of which adhere to the modern or Constantinopolitan text*.

Lastly, in the Apocalypse, there is but one codex of this class still extant. This is the MS. B of the Apocalypse. As it has not yet been properly collated, nothing can be pronounced as to its character.

It is thus evident that the majority of Uncial MSS. written since the sixth century, are decidedly in favour of the Constantinopolitan or modern text. What we desire chiefly, however, to direct attention to is, the necessity of including, in the list of witnesses, all the cursive MSS. of the same date as the later Uncial ones. We remark, therefore, secondly, that those critics who include the Uncial MSS. of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries in their list of authorities, can in no wise reject the cursive ones of the same dates.

The only claim which the Uncial MSS. possess, even in the estimation of their most zealous admirers, consists in their superior antiquity. But, as regards those we have just been considering, there are many cursive MSS. written in the same century as some of these favourite Uncial ones. We are therefore bound on every principle of justice and fairness to include in our list of witnesses of the text, along with the Uncial MSS. of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, all the cursive ones ascribed by critics to the same period. The shape or size of the letters of a codex is, of course, no argument, *per se*, in favour of the correct-

ness of its text, and a manuscript written in the tenth century is just as much entitled to our regard, when written in the smaller or cursive character, as when it comes before us in the Uncial or capital letter. To apply all the Uncial manuscripts of the Greek Testament to purposes of criticism, and neglect the evidence of the cursive codices of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, is just as if a judge, in examining the witnesses in a cause, dismissed from the court every man who happened to wear a blue coat, as unworthy of credit, and confined his attention to those witnesses the colours of whose coats accorded with his fancy.

It is abundantly evident then, we presume, that those critics who include the whole of the Uncial MSS. in their list of authorities for the formation of a text, such as Tischendorf, Alford, and others, are bound, by every principle of justice, to add to those witnesses all the cursive codices written during the same ages. In this case there can be little doubt that a Greek Testament edited from such sources, would exhibit, *not* that text which we find in modern critical editions, but one in all important features agreeing with the *Textus Receptus*. Several of the Uncial manuscripts in the gospels, for example, are ascribed by Tischendorf to the ninth age. Two are said by the same critic to have been written in the tenth century, and one (G) is assigned to so late a period as the twelfth. Now, of the hundreds of codices written in the *cursive* character, one is said to be of the ninth century; twenty-six are ascribed to the tenth; one hundred and upwards belong to the eleventh; and about the same number to the twelfth. The text which the cursive MSS. usually follow, it is well known, is the Constantinopolitan, or the received text. Without vouching for the absolute correctness of Scholz's testimony on the subject, his account of the characteristic features of the codices may be assumed as substantially a just one. According to his testimony three hundred cursive manuscripts, in the gospels, support the common text, whilst only twenty-nine are specified as opposed to it! It is clear, then, that the only possible ground which can be taken in defence of the so-called ancient text is to rest exclusively on the testimony of those MSS. written previous to the close of the sixth century. For if the later Uncial codices are included in the list of authorities, a period is reached which embraces a vast number of manuscripts written in the cursive character, every one of which possesses the same weight of testimony as any Uncial one of the same age. †

We have now a word to say respecting these cursive manuscripts, which have not, as appears to us, received proper treatment from critics. It is a singular fact, that while it is admitted by Montfaucon and others, that codices of the Greek

Testament were written in the cursive character so early as the ninth century, out of a mass of about five hundred manuscripts of this class, in the gospels, only one is assigned to that age. And as to the tenth century, the period when, according to Davidson, 'cursive writing became general,' only twenty-six MSS. of the gospels are considered to belong to that age, whilst one hundred and eleven are ascribed to the eleventh, and about the same number to the twelfth age. We do not, of course, suppose that any exact proportion should exist between the number of codices which have come down to us from the various ages of Christianity. But we confess it does appear to us very extraordinary that only one MS. of the gospel should be found of the age when cursive writing was introduced—only twenty-six of the age when it became general; whilst more than four times that number are assigned to each of the next two centuries. We strongly suspect that the prevalent partiality in favour of the Uncial MSS. has operated insensibly in leading critics to assign the despised cursive ones to an age later than is consistent with truth.

This suspicion is strikingly confirmed by the well-known fact that some of our ablest writers on Biblical criticism admit, that there are circumstances connected with the manuscripts in cursive letters, which occasion great perplexity to critics in attempting to decide their age. 'It is very difficult,' says Davidson, 'to ascertain the exact age of manuscripts belonging to the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, when they have no date. This similarity of form reaches even to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; but there the material lessens the difficulty of finding out the age.*' Dr. Davidson refers, of course, to the fact of many MSS. being of paper, which began to be used in the tenth century. It is, however, well known, that a great number continued to be written on parchment during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. And with regard to these, the remark as to the similarity of form in the letters occasioning perplexity to critics must still apply.

We may consider it, then, a fact admitted by critics, that the cursive codices of the Greek Testament which are assigned to the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and, in part, the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when without a date—which is the case with most—present such extreme similarity of form in the characters, that 'it is difficult to ascertain their exact age.' The plain inference from this is, that, for aught we know to the contrary, many of the cursive MSS. now assigned to the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, are quite as likely to have been written in

* *Biblical Criticism*, vol. ii. p. 268.

the tenth or eleventh. The immense additional weight which such a fact imparts to the testimony of these manuscripts, nearly all of which contain the received text, must be patent to every reader.

But we might go much further than this in questioning the correctness of the dates usually given by critics to the cursive MSS. We have long entertained a suspicion, that some of these codices are much older than they are believed; nay, that some of them are as ancient as the oldest of our Uncial MSS. On the assumption, that this kind of writing was introduced in the tenth century, it has been inferred by certain writers that 'no codex written in the cursive character can be older' than that date. The utter absurdity of such a statement is evident from the fact that manuscripts of this kind are in existence, or were lately, written, as their dates import, in the ninth century. Montfaucon, in his *Palaeographia*, describes one in particular, dated 890. (Lib. iv. p. 169.) He also refers to others of the same date. How long before this period cursive writing was in use, can hardly be ascertained. It appears that in the time of Origen there were certain swift-writers who attended him for the purpose of taking down what he dictated;* and we can scarcely suppose that they used the Uncial or capital letters. It was rather a small connected character, such as the cursive MSS. exhibit. When Chrysostom delivered his celebrated homilies, we are told swift-writers were present, who took down what he said.† This could not be possible, if the Uncial mode of writing were used. It is certainly far from improbable, then, that some of the cursive codices may be as ancient as the *Codex Vaticanus*, or the *Codex Ephraemi Rescriptus*. We will not pretend to say that this is positively the case; but we do think that the complete uncertainty in which the age of these documents is evidently enveloped should lead critics to pay more deference to their testimony, in the work of editing the text of the Greek Scriptures, than is at present done.

Nor are the decisions of critics respecting the relative antiquity of the Uncial MSS. to be implicitly followed. Although the learned possess scarcely any *data* on which to ground their opinions on this most difficult subject, they seldom hesitate to pronounce a positive judgment as to the date of the MSS. which have descended to our age. The *round*, or, as it is sometimes termed, the *square* form of the letters is said to denote great an-

* Καὶ οἱ συνήθεις δὲ ταχύγραφοι μὴ παρόντες τοῦ ἔχειν τῶν υπαγορεύσεων ἐκάλουν.—*Orig. Comm. in Joan.* tom. iv. p. 101, d.

† Ὅποιοι δὲ εἰσιν οἱ, τὴν ἐκδοθέντες παρ' αὐτοῦ λόγοι, καὶ οἱ λέγοντες αὐτοῦ ὑπο τῶν οὐκ ἐκδοθέντων, ὅπως τε λαμπροὶ, καὶ τὸ ἐπαγωγὸν ἔχοντες, κ. τ. λ.
—*Socrat. Hist. Eccles.* lib. vi. cap. iv. p. 313.

tiquity, because those found on marbles of the fourth and fifth centuries are thus shaped. But surely a narrower form might have been early introduced into MSS., in order to save room, without the practice extending to the inscriptions on marbles, where the same reason, of course, did not exist. Then 'an oblong leaning character' is said to 'characterize the eighth and ninth centuries.'—(Dav. ii. 266.) We should think it much more likely to characterize a particular country, or school of scribes, than an age. Another mark of modern date is said to be 'when a scribe, if pressed for room at the end of a line, *compressed his letters and made them smaller*, instead of merely 'lessening their size.' That such a practice should be regarded as denoting any particular age appears to us anything but reasonable.

The presence of accents or stops is, with equal inconsistency, considered an argument against the antiquity of certain Uncial manuscripts. It is well known that accents were found in codices of the Old Testament so early as the fourth century; and in the fifth, Euthalius inserted them in his edition of the Acts of the Apostles.* Stops are found in the Codex Alexandrinus, one of the oldest of the Uncial MSS. George Syncellus, too, in the eighth century, mentions a manuscript of the Old Testament, which was divided not only *κατὰ προσῳδίαν* (furnished with accents), but also *κατὰ στίγμην* (with a system of punctuation), and copied after a MS. which Basil of Cappadocia had corrected.† It has been questioned whether the accents and stops were in Basil's copy; but, as appears to us, this is implied in the language itself. Notwithstanding what Hug has advanced to the contrary, we are decidedly of opinion that Chrysostom also speaks of a regular system of punctuation as occurring in MSS. of the New Testament in his time. Referring to John, i. 3, he mentions certain heretics who, after the words *ἐγένετο οὐδὲ ἐν, place a full stop (τὴν τελείαν ἐπιθήσομεν).*‡ The only natural interpretation of this passage is, *that they inserted a full stop in their MSS. at the place mentioned.* But whatever may be the meaning of this passage, it is certain that in the sixth century a regular system of punctuation—comma, semicolon, and period—was taught in the schools.§

The great mistake of critics, in judging of the age of MSS., appears to be that of supposing that all Greek codices of the same age were written alike. In all probability they differed in different countries. The alterations observable in the characters, &c. of codices of the Greek Testament might have been

* Hug's Introduction, vol. i. p. 246.

† Simon, Hist. Crit. N. T. p. 417, apud Hug.

‡ Hug. Introd. &c., vol. i. p. 237. § Isidor. Hist. Orig., lib i. cap. 19, apud Hug.

introduced into one country a century or more before they were introduced into others. Hence the greatest caution is necessary in fixing the date of a manuscript; and the judgment of even the most learned critics as to the relative antiquity of the Uncial codices should be received with considerable hesitation.

In the foregoing pages we have been led to impugn the theory on which all the most recent editions of the Greek Testament have been founded—viz., a reliance on the authority of ancient MSS. In the pursuit of this object, we have mentioned certain circumstances which detract from the value of these Uncial manuscripts, and at the same time referred to other considerations tending to raise the cursive codices from the despised position which they at present hold. It is contended by critics that the most ancient Uncial manuscripts necessarily contain a purer text than those written in after times. In the course of successive transcriptions it is only natural to expect, say they, that a variety of errors would arise, from which earlier copies must be free—some the result of negligence and accident, others arising from design. We, on the other hand, whilst fully admitting the soundness of this principle within certain limits, were of opinion that certain facts in connexion with the MSS. of the New Testament, opposed the application of this principle to those particular writings.

In considering, in the first place, the system of Lachmann and Tregelles, which recognises only the *most* ancient manuscripts as authorities, we dwelt especially on the facts of our entire ignorance of the character of these codices—the extreme paucity of their number—and the gross corruption and grievous mutilation of the few that are extant, as conclusive reasons for the impossibility of forming a text from such scanty and somewhat questionable materials.

In noticing, secondly, the notion of those critics who include all the Uncial manuscripts in their list of authorities, to the almost entire exclusion of those written in the cursive character, we stated that there were, as critics admit, some hundreds of cursive MSS. written in the period embraced by the Uncial ones; and that it would be the height of injustice to adopt the latter, and reject the former, simply from the shape of the letters. The argument in favour of including the cursive MSS. in our list of authorities was strengthened by various considerations, tending to show that these despised codices were in many cases older than was supposed, and that some were possibly as ancient as the oldest Uncial ones.

All these considerations have served—in what degree the reader must judge—to make it probable that the text of the ancient MSS. has no exclusive claim to our adoption; and that

the cursive codices are fairly entitled to our notice. We have it now in our power to add to these presumptive reasonings, the stronger testimony of actual fact. A comparison as to the relative value of the texts of the ancient and modern manuscripts, has been instituted by two critics of the highest integrity and learning, from which it appears that the text of the Uncial codices, instead of being superior, is actually worse than that of the cursive ones. We quote the following extract from Dr. Davidson's valuable work, wondering that he should here so plainly contradict the theory of textual criticism which it appears to be the object of his volume to uphold:—

'As it has been too much the fashion to decry the Oriental class of MSS., because they are junior, let us see how far they deserve the inferiority and neglect to which some consign them. Griesbach found that as often as his Alexandrine and Western Recensions coincided in their readings in the Epistle to the Romans, and the first to the Corinthians, 58 readings were certain, 64 probable, 41 not improbable. Thus 163 were more or less weighty and valuable. On the contrary, 11 were manifestly bad, 20 improbable, and 25 scarcely probable. Thus 56 were without the appearance of being true. Here some allowance should be made for Griesbach's opinion of the Western class, which was too high. Let us compare with this estimate the Oriental class. Over against 56 readings in the Western class (made up of the Alexandrine and Western Recensions) more or less devoid of the appearance of being true, let us put as many certain ones in the Oriental class; opposite to the 41 not improbable of the Western, let us put as many probable of the Eastern; over against the 64 probable of the Western, let as many be placed, not improbable, of the Eastern; and thus there will be 161 readings of the Eastern class of greater or less value, and only 58 either plainly false or improbable, or scarcely probable. Hence, by this computation, the number of inferior readings in both is about equal.'

'In like manner Rinck found that out of A, B, C, D, E, F, G, where, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, they agreed in opposition to all or most of the cursive MSS., (with the occasional exception of E,) *thirty-two readings should be adopted, forty-six rejected*. He also found that in almost all the Uncial MSS. *only thirteen readings in the same epistle, not in the Oriental class, are to be preferred and one hundred and three to be rejected*. Griesbach himself has admitted out of all the uncials, in this portion, but 37 readings, rejecting 41. Surely, then, these conclusions will moderate the views of such as lay undue stress on the Western class, because it consists of the oldest MSS., and depreciate the Oriental, because almost all its MSS. are junior ones. They show that though there may have been more critical handling of copies in the West, there was probably corruption too; that in Italy, Gaul, and Africa, the text was subjected to greater innovations than in the East. The circumstance mentioned by Scholz, that it is

chiefly Alexandrine and Western writers who speak of the deterioration of the Scriptures, while we scarcely hear of an author belonging to Asia and Constantinople making the same complaint, is not without force.*

If due allowance is made for the excessive estimation in which Griesbach held the readings of the Western class, the testimony of that eminent critic will be regarded as clearly in favour of the oriental or modern manuscripts. The computation of Rinck is still more decidedly on the same side. We thus find all our presumptive arguments fully borne out by actual fact, and are inevitably led to the conclusion, that the ancient Uncial MSS., as a whole, are of less value than the great body of modern or cursive ones—that the consent of the later Uncials and the cursive manuscripts, or the great majority of them, for or against a reading, ought to be considered decisive in opposition to the most ancient Uncials and a minority of modern MSS.—and that a text founded as Lachmann, Tregelles, and some other critics desire, chiefly on the authority of the most ancient MSS., cannot possibly be a genuine text.

- ART. III.—(1.) *Gesta Dei per Francos*. Per JACOBUM BONGARSIIUM. Hanover. 1611.
- (2.) *Itinerarium Regis Anglorum Richardi, et aliorum, in Terram Hierosolymorum*. Per GALFRIDUM VINOSALVUM. (Gale.) 1687.
- (3.) *Chronicle of Geoffrey Villehardouin, Marshal of Champagne and Romania*. (Ducange.)
- (4.) *Les Poesies du Roy de Navarre*. Par M. LEVESQUE DE LA RAVAILLIERE. 2 tomes. Paris. 1742.
- (5.) *Memoirs of Louis IX., King of France, (commonly called Saint Louis.)* By JOHN LORD DE JOINVILLE, High Seneschal of Champagne. Translated by Col. JONES. Hafod. 1810.

FEW subjects involve more of the romance of history than the crusades. The wild outburst of enthusiasm that aroused all Europe, and bade the Red Cross Knight set forth on his perilous adventures; the strange events that befel him in the East, and the deeds of prowess that marked his course there, have been the very themes for tale and ballad, and popular feeling still lingers with interest over them. But while the crusades have been pleasantly, though not always correctly, employed 'to adorn a tale;' when they have been used by the historian to

* Davidson, *Biblical Criticism*, vol. ii. p. 102.

'point a moral,' great difference of opinion has prevailed. From Chateaubriand, on the one hand, who views them as veritable Holy Wars, watched over by admiring saints, and aided by actual miracle, to the other extreme of the writer, who but the other day placed them in his category of 'popular delusions,' together with the South-Sea Bubble, and the Cock-Lane Ghost!—through all the shades of intermediate opinion,—have the crusades been viewed; although by far the greater number of our historical writers lean to the depreciatory side. The remote period at which these expeditions originated, and the widely different circumstances of the times, 'those barbarous times,' were probably the cause of this; but now when, happily for the truth of history, the principle of beginning at the beginning, and of letting the men of successive times speak for themselves, instead of theorizing about them, is fully recognised, and when the letter, the diary, the fragment of autobiography, have so often been found of incalculable importance in illustrating more recent events, some selections from the chronicles of those writers who were contemporary with the crusades,—especially those who actually took part in them, will supply us not only with vivid traits of a little-known period, but with materials for guiding our judgment as to the real character of these greatly misunderstood expeditions.

A species of poetical interest has been thrown around that portion of eastern history which refers to the khalifs of Bagdad. The pleasant Arabian Nights have familiarized us with them,—and under their most favourable aspects too,—from our very infancy; and with our increasing knowledge, we have read how learned men, deep philosophers, ere Christian Europe had awakened from slumber, were summoned to the gorgeous courts of Almansor, of Haroun Alraschid, or Almamún, to receive the richest gifts, the most gratifying homage, and there to employ an honoured leisure in enlarging the boundaries of science. Thus we have come to look with interest upon these eastern despots, and contrasting splendid Bagdad, in the days of the Abassides, with London under our Saxon kings, or Paris under the degenerate successors of Charlemagne, to view the people of Western Europe as barbarians, compared with the Arabs of the khalifate. This view has been encouraged by the very superficial account which has mostly been given of the origin of the crusades. A few words on the splendour of the khalifs, a few words on the wild and excited state of Europe during the eleventh century, a passing remark, perhaps, on the danger of fanaticism, and the writer at once plunges into the midst of his narrative, not even acquainting the reader that the dynasty of these khalifs had

passed away, and that rude, and fierce, and utterly unlettered warriors,—recent proselytes, too, of the Moslem faith,—wielded the power, and sat on the throne once occupied by ‘the good Haroun Alraschid.’

We have ample proofs that a spirit of comparative toleration existed under the sway of the Abassides; and the narratives of the early pilgrims to Jerusalem (*vide* No. XXXIII. p. 126), fully corroborate this. But when Togrul Bey, with his dependent tribes, after overthrowing the Persian empire, embraced Islamism, the sanguinary precepts of the Koran—which Gibbon has so strangely—shall we say so willingly?—overlooked, addressed themselves with peculiar cogency to their minds. ‘The sword is the key of heaven and hell,’ ‘God loveth those who fight for his religion in battle array,’ saith the Koran, and could these fierce barbarians desire a more acceptable precept? Togrul Bey died in the midst of his eastern conquests—chiefly idolators had fled before his scymitar—but to Alp Arslan, ‘the great lion,’ his nephew and successor, he bequeathed the grateful duty of waging war against the Christians. This, the great lion carried on with such hearty good will, that even Gibbon allows that 130,000 fell victims! Westward now rolled the tide of Moslem conquest; the fairest provinces of Asia Minor were over-run, the Greek emperor became a captive in his hands, ‘1200 princes stood round his throne, and 200,000 soldiers marched beneath his banner,’ when Alp Arslan’s career was cut short by an assassin, and his son, Malek Shah, succeeded to his dominions and his projects.

Fierce had been the warfare of Alp Arslan against the Christians, but Malek Shah projected a ‘holy war against the Greeks, enemies of God, and his apostle.’ The rumour of this war soon reached Western Europe, but it seems to have awakened little attention save in one mind. Hildebrand, who as pope Gregory VII., now occupied St. Peter’s chair, seems at once to have perceived the danger to Christendom, and he, in 1074, suggested the plan of an army of 50,000 *voluntary* soldiers. The time for action however was not yet, and no farther steps were taken; but it is important to notice this plan, since it proves that one of the astutest minds of the age recognised the danger, and suggested the initiatory principle of the crusades, as the remedy.

Meanwhile Jerusalem had remained an appanage to the Fatemite Khalifs of Egypt; and thither each year thousands of pilgrims flocked. The desire of visiting the Holy Land, during the eleventh century, had indeed greatly increased, and no longer in small companies, or by two and two, like St. Willibald

and his brother (*vide* No. XXXIII. p. 130), did the wanderers arrive, for Ingulf, who made this pilgrimage a few years previously, tells us how they entered Jerusalem in solemn procession, and how, amid the blaze of tapers, and the clash and clang of cymbals, they were conducted by the patriarch himself to the church of the Holy Sepulchre. Seven thousand pilgrims are said to have visited this sacred place only two years before its spoliation. But in 1076, Jerusalem was taken after a most sanguinary conflict, by one of the armies of Malck Shah; 3000 citizens were massacred, the patriarch dragged by his hair to a squalid dungeon, while the pilgrims who, unconscious of what had passed, were pressing toward the holy city were plundered, or murdered.

In the present day, with our facilities of rapid communication, we can with difficulty imagine how eighteen long years should have passed, ere Western Europe was aroused, yet so it was; and although in 1083, the Greek emperor sent urgent letters, not only to the pope, but to all the Christian princes, even then nothing was done. But meanwhile a mighty impulse had begun to move the heart of Christian Europe, and slowly and steadily it gathered strength. Children who in the cradle had listened to their mother's wail over the fall of 'the holy and beautiful city,' or in-boyhood had gazed upon the maimed and plundered pilgrim, as he told his story of paynim wrong and cruelty, grew up with feelings of stern hostility toward the unbeliever; and those feelings gained new strength as from time to time some solitary wanderer returned,—for the pilgrimage spirit was strong as of yore,—to tell how the Cross was still trampled under foot on the very spot where our Lord endured it; while prophecies, clothed in the vivid language of the Apocalypse, pointed to coming wars, and tumults, and Satan,—bound for a thousand years,—now about to be unloosed, perchance with these very paynims as his appointed agents! There was much excitement, too, arising from many causes, pervading the popular mind at this period, and thus, nought was wanting save a voice which should give utterance to the feelings, mute as yet, which oppressed all Europe,—save a spark which should ignite the already inflammable mass.

And the agent was at hand; though little can be learnt of the history of the preacher of the first Crusade. At Amiens, we are told, during the earlier half of the eleventh century,—for his age is not known,—one Peter—we are ignorant whether he ever had any other name—was born. That this man bore arms in his youth under his liege lord, Godfrey's father, married an old and unloved wife, quitted the world in penitence, and eventually set forth on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, is all that we can

learn of his youth and middle age. The date of his journey is unknown; but his stay appears to have been long, and thus he had ample opportunities of witnessing the cruelties inflicted on the few pilgrims who, even then, dared that perilous journey. He conversed with the patriarch, he watched, he meditated, he brooded over the sufferings of the pilgrims, until a vision of our Lord appeared, to his excited imagination, and he heard His voice, saying, 'Arise, Peter, make haste, and whatsoever is commanded thee, do quickly. I am with thee, for the time has come when my servants must come hither, that the holy place may be cleansed.' There is little doubt, we think, that Peter actually dreamt this dream, it is just of the kind which a mind excited as his would form; but in the bald simplicity with which it is told, both by William of Tyre and Albert of Aix,—the latter a contemporary,—no less than the circumstance that this is the solitary marvel assigned to Peter, even by historians eager to multiply tales of the direct interposition of heaven in favour of the subordinate leaders of the first crusade, we think we have strong proof that he was no shrewd and cunning impostor, but an upright and sincere enthusiast.

Bearing supplicatory letters from the patriarch Symeon, Peter hastened to Europe, and sought out the Pope, while about the same time the emperor Alexius sent ambassadors, praying aid against the Turkish force about to assault the eastern frontier of Europe—a Moslem crusade, indeed, against Christendom. But Gregory was in exile, and he soon after died—not before he had given his approval to the plan of Peter the Hermit, who also obtained the sanction of Urban II., Gregory's successor. So he set forth, traversing Italy, crossing the Alps, and visiting the various kingdoms of northern Europe, summoning alike all men, from the prince to the peasant, 'to avenge the wrongs of our Lord in his own land.'

A wonderful man was this Peter the Hermit,—slight and low in stature, mean in person, but with flashing eye; feeble, too, as, clad in hood and tunic of unbleached wool, a coarse cloak scarcely covering his arms, and barefoot, he made his way among camps and courts, among crowded cities and unfrequented uplands, swaying all Europe by the might of his resistless eloquence. Marvellous must this have been. Would that some fragment of even one of his addresses,—even a mere sentence or two of his burning words had been preserved to us. We have many a speech of many a prelate recorded in the monkish annals of these times; we still have that of Urban at the council of Placentia, formal and prosy enough, but the rude eloquence of the soldier-hermit was, most likely, not of a kind for the learned

convent writer to waste his glossy ink and choice vellum upon; and so, like the mighty effect that followed, all has passed away. The way, indeed, in which Peter the Hermit is spoken of by contemporary writers, seems to us to be very peculiar. No miracles are assigned to him, although at this period every abbey could boast of some half dozen; no laboured eulogies redolent of superlatives, follow the account of his labours. Even whilst the highest praises are bestowed on Tancred, Baldwin, and Godfrey, the originator of the enterprize, in which they took part, is contemplated rather as though the writers marvelled that a man so mean and low should have wielded so mighty a power, than with admiration and love.

We know not how long the preaching of Peter extended, but it was not until March, 1095, that the Council of Placentia assembled. To this multitudes pressed; and the crusade writers expressly assert, that of these the great majority were laymen. This is important to be borne in mind; for, the more closely we examine the principle of the Crusades, the more shall we find that it was a mighty *popular* movement. Here the Greek ambassadors addressed the multitude, urging them 'to repel the barbarians on the confines of Asia, rather than expect them in the heart of Europe;' while Urban, in a speech full of quotations from Jeremiah, pointed out the desolation of Jerusalem, and the miseries of her inhabitants. In November, a more important council was held, that of Clermont, whither countless numbers, still chiefly of the laity, flocked. There, ere Urban had completed his address, that 'great and heart-moving cry' burst forth, '*Deus vult! Deus vult!* Be *that* your war-cry,' said the pontiff; and '*Deus vult*' became the response to the defiant war-cry of the paynim host, '*Allah ackbar!*' until the Croises beleagured the Holy City; and then the earnest prayer, '*Deus adjuva!*' burst forth instead.

The winter was passed in hasty preparation; for 'then,' says Albert of Aix, 'were men leaving country, relations, wives, sons, daughters, castles, lands, towns, kingdoms,—all the sweets of this world,—quitting certain things for uncertain, seeking exile for the name of Jesus; and in what manner, with strong hand, and stout followers, they took the way to Jerusalem, boldly assaulting thousands and thousands of Turks and Saracens, and triumphing, killed them; I, though in childish and unwary style, have presumed to write.' To the universality and overmastering force of this feeling, every contemporary chronicler, indeed, bears testimony. Malmsbury's account is, perhaps, the most frequently quoted; and it is curious to observe how the

courtly and affected rhetorician rises, even to poetry, when he says, 'They hungered and thirsted for Jerusalem alone.' Guibert's testimony is similar,—and he was near the spot from whence the majority set out, perhaps even saw the vast multitude toiling along,—and he tells us how many women took part in the pilgrimage, and gives the touching picture of the poor husbandman setting out in his rude cart drawn by oxen, laden with his household stuff and little children,—not excepting the youngest,—and their wondering inquiries as they approached each castle and town, 'whether this was Jerusalem?' He also bears testimony to the unselfish spirit of the multitude, declaring that they sold their valuables at any price, for arms and other necessities; and, in utter defiance of the trading principle, 'buying dearly and selling cheaply,' as he expressly asserts.

Winter can scarcely be said to have passed away, even in France, by the beginning of March; but, on the 8th of that month, 1096, the first company of pilgrims, under the guidance of a valiant soldier, Walter Sansavoir, set forth. Gibbon has chosen to view this first expedition as one, and many writers have followed his view; but it consisted of *five* companies, under distinct leaders, of very different characters, and proceeding, too, by different routes, and encountering various fortunes. As this portion of crusade history has seldom even been touched upon, much less detailed at length, we shall follow the narrative as given by Albert of Aix, and Guibert, both contemporaries, and both near the spot, remarking that, in the main particulars, William of Tyre, an accurate but later chronicler, also concurs.

The first company, under Walter Sansavoir, consisted chiefly of Franks; their number is stated at 15,000 foot, and only eight horsemen! They are said to have been sent first by the advice of Peter, who soon after followed with a multitude of men, women, and children to the amount of 40,000. Walter, with his company, proceeded from the Rhine, through Franconia, Bavaria, and a part of Austria, to Hungary, through which they peaceably passed, paying for all that they had, until they came to Belgrade. Here, whilst the main body proceeded onward, a few, more wealthy, stayed behind to purchase arms. These were attacked and plundered, and with difficulty made their way to Walter. Guibert says, that he, unwilling to provoke a contest, passed it over, but that the authorities refused to supply them with provisions, and the starving multitude seized the cattle in the adjoining meadows, when the Bulgarians attacked them, and after an unequal and sanguinary combat,—in which many fled to a church

for safety, whereupon the Bulgarians, with a nice casuistry, set it on fire, being unwilling to shed blood within holy bounds—the remainder plunged into the vast forests, and, after long wandering, at length arrived at Nissa, from whence the duke gave them safe conduct to the neighbourhood of Constantinople.

The company led by Peter followed soon after, and took the same road. This seems to have been ‘a mixed multitude,’ with many women and children. These also passed peaceably along as far as Belgrade, and even those writers who have most severely censured their subsequent conduct, are bound to allow, that either religious principle must have been very strong, or a rigid discipline been marvellously enforced, peaceably to conduct two companies of 55,000 men, women, and children, a journey of full twelve hundred miles, through different countries, among various peoples, at a period when, save in the walled towns, there was little law, and no police. At Belgrade, the arms and spoils of Walter’s company met the pilgrims’ view. Their brethren had certainly been murdered—so the war-spirit fiercely burst forth. They attacked the city, spoiled it, and then marched onward. They now entered ‘the vast and most bewildering forests of ‘Bulgaria, with wagons containing provisions and other things, ‘with the spoils of Belgrade.’ Seven days they toiled along, and on the eighth the wearied company approached within sight of Nissa, where ‘a certain river flowed before the city, under a ‘stone bridge, through rich fields, clothed with greenness and ‘abundance.’ The chronicler seems to linger lovingly over this picture of peace and repose; and here, by Peter’s arrangement, on those green banks, the vast multitude pitched their tents, having first sent some of their number to the duke, praying license to purchase provisions, which was ‘benignantly’ granted, on condition of hostages being sent, ‘lest any harm, such as at ‘Belgrade, might be done by such a host.’ This permission proves that these pilgrims were not, even then, viewed as the lawless crew modern writers have been disposed to consider them.

Here they remained some time, the citizens willingly supplying them with provisions; ‘indeed,’ Albert adds, ‘largely aiding ‘them by charity.’ But, unhappily, one night some Germans quarrelled with a Bulgarian, and ‘*propter contentionem vilissimam*,’ set fire to some mills on the farther side of the river. The neighbouring tribes—we must remember this was border country—were aroused, they attacked the rear of the encampment, consisting of wagons with the treasure, which they carried away, and the women and children, with the sick, whom they slew. The confusion in the camp became general, and the

armed men prepared to attack the city, although it does not appear that its inhabitants had taken any part. Then Peter spoke:—

‘Heavy and hard is our affliction from the fury of these senseless Germans, for how many of our people have been killed by the duke’s vassals in revenge is wholly unknown to me. But all our wagons with our spoils and stores are taken; so nothing better can be done, so it seems to me, than to make our way to the duke, and seek to make peace with him, because our people have acted unjustly toward him, seeing that the citizens peaceably supplied us with all necessary things.’

Thus, that Peter was, on the whole, a prudent leader, and a conscientious man, we have contemporary testimony. His counsel was followed, and the chief men set out on their embassy of peace. But ‘a thousand of the insensate youth,’ says Albert, ‘untamable, frenzied, lawless, without cause, and without reason, rushed together upon the bridge, violently crying out.’ In vain did Peter lift up his voice,—that voice which had summoned Christendom was for once powerless,—the maddened crew rushed on, the citizens came forth, the conflict on the bridge became terrific, thousands were hurled from it into the fair stream below, ‘and, marvellous to say, so great was the number, that, for some time, the waters of that wide river could not be discovered for the number of bodies submerged in it.’ Those of the pilgrims who escaped fled to the woods, from whence, when after three days’ search with horns and trumpets, they were collected, about 30,000 were found remaining; and these sadly and with much toil, at length reached the camp of their brethren near Constantinople.

Ere these pilgrims reached their destination a third company of about 15,000 men, partly knights, and partly common people, set out under the conduct of a priest, named Godeschalk. These were lawless ruffians, and they commenced a complete system of spoliation, putting many Jews to death in the cities of the Rhine, on their road to Hungary; but here they were attacked, and all put to the sword. No chronicler laments their fate; for ‘thus was the hand of the Lord displayed against these pilgrims,’ says Albert, ‘who, for their enormous crimes, were killed by the just judgment of God.’ Another company—a wild and brutish rabble, from the Upper Rhine—next set forth; they seem to have had no leader, and their numbers are not clearly stated. These Mills represents as actually worshipping a goose, and a kid, which they carried with them! That they *carried* these, is asserted by both the writers whose narratives we have followed;

but they merely state that the multitude believed them 'to be inspired with somewhat divine.'* Now when we remember that these wretches set out from cities founded by the Romans, and remember, too, how many a Roman rite and Roman usage lingered in these, even to a far later period, we shall rather believe these animals—the goose, indeed, we know, was viewed almost as sacred by the Romans—to have been taken for the purposes of augury, and very probably to direct their way. This heathen multitude met with the same just retribution as the third company; and thus the way was cleared for the advance of the regular army of the Croises.

While these earlier expeditions have been almost overlooked, although of great importance in proving the thoroughly popular and spontaneous character of the Crusades, the story of the march of Godfrey's mighty host has been often told; and with tolerable correctness Guibert tells us, that not only was Godfrey's father 'a valiant man, and well versed in secular knowledge,' but that his mother 'was somewhat well instructed in letters'—a curious fact at this early period. And he further states, that she was accustomed to say that when her sons determined to set forth, how much she desired to go with them to Jerusalem. No wonder the crusading spirit glowed so warmly and so purely in Godfrey's breast, when he had imbibed it from the earliest teachings of his mother. And the well-appointed host, each man bearing the red cross on his right shoulder—for had not our Lord bidden all to take his yoke on their shoulders, and furnished with the arms of that age—the higher orders with lance and battle-axe, the lower with bills, and other rude weapons, numbering the almost incredible amount of above half a million of men and women, including 100,000 horsemen! set forth, taking their way by different routes, all to assemble near Constantinople.

Meanwhile, Peter the Hermit, 'mean in stature, but great in heart and in speech,' had proceeded to Constantinople, and lifted up his voice alone in the presence of the emperor, supplicating aid. And Alexius granted it, passing the remains of the two companies, still amounting to many thousands, across the Hellespont in Grecian vessels, to the plains adjacent to Nice. Here, chafing under their privations and delay, the hapless pilgrims too rashly encountered the paynim—the well appointed army of Solyman—and, with reckless valour, flung away their lives. Walter Sansavoir, gallantly leading the van, fell pierced with seven arrows; his brethren in arms refused to flee; and the whole of the pilgrims, the women, the priests, the sick and

* 'Anserem quemdam divino spiritu asserebant, afflatam, et capellam non minus eodem repletur.'—Guibert.

the aged—all, save the very young women and boys, who were sold into slavery, were massacred. A huge pyramid of bones, described by the dainty Anna Comnena with scarcely disguised satisfaction, as of 'most admirable height, and both wide and broad,' was raised by the 'Turks; while Peter escaped to Constantinople, to arouse the Christians to revenge. And vengeance followed, though tardily. Godfrey, and his host, after having been successively duped and flattered by the perfidious Greek emperor, passed over in imposing array into Asia. Here they invested Nice, and, after a long struggle, the Christian lances bore back the hosts of the paynim; and the *Te Deum* for victory was raised on the very site of that huge monument of the piled up bones of their brethren and fellow pilgrims.

Onward now marched the host of the Croises; and Mills has detailed the incidents of that march, on the whole, with fairness; but he, like most other writers, has not sufficiently taken into account the peculiar character of the religious feelings which animated them. Misled by the fact, that the Bible was scarcely to be obtained by the laity during the middle ages, these writers have too hastily concluded that no knowledge of Scripture history was possessed by the masses.* Now that, on the contrary, they were tolerably well acquainted with its outlines, at least, the church sculptures, the chasings of the altar plate, and the illuminations of the church books, prove. Allusions to the most prominent facts are frequent in popular addresses; and Moses and Joshua, David and Judas Maccabæus, and their deeds, were certainly familiar to the minds of that warlike age. Thus, when the crusade was preached, men were bidden to go forth like the chosen people to the very land whither *they* were sent, and, like them, to take vengeance on God's enemies. Now, to a most impressible and imaginative age, how suggestive of the crusades would the history of the children of Israel be. Peter, called from his solitude, like Moses, to lead forth the host of the Lord, and the vast masses following at his command through various lands, and among different peoples. And their privations, their sufferings, even their defeats, did not Israel, in the wilderness, endure the same? It is curious to observe how closely the order of the chosen people was followed by the Croises. The strict tie of brotherhood, which bound the multitude together—not Frank, or German, English, or Italian, but one army of 'the Lord's people.' The religious forms, too, which guided the journey, and marshalled the battle; the preceding priests; the solemn prayer, and the warlike psalm, bursting forth from a thousand voices, '*Quare fremuerunt gentes;*' how must the Croise have exulted as

that psalm of defiance swelled on the breeze, when the Templars, unfurling their war-banner, solemnly, as in the choir, led the chant, while the iron tramp of their war-steeds marked the time! * And how exultingly was the psalm, 'Unto Him who slew great kings, for his mercy endureth for ever,' raised, when the camp of Solyman, even his harem, fell into their hands at Dorylæum—when the cross, after so long and fierce a siege, floated from the walls of impregnable Antioch. And those precepts, which forbade the chosen nation making any alliance with the people of the land, were strictly enjoined; even the stern command, 'thou shalt destroy them utterly,' was, alas! copied with rigid exactness. Indeed, to the influence of this 'old Jewish spirit' we think we must attribute the massacre of the Mohammedan inhabitants of Jerusalem the day after its capture.

We have remarked, that Mills gives, on the whole, a very accurate account of the first crusade. The original chroniclers, however, supply many a curious trait which modern writers overlook. The reader will find much of this in William of Tyre, and especially in those shorter accounts written by undoubted contemporaries. Thus the monk, Robert, who himself accompanied the Croises, forcibly describes the terror which the horns and cymbals, but especially the drums, of the 'Turkish hosts excited. Guibert mentions this, too, and 'the terrific voices' of the paynim at the onslaught, together with the clash of 'the 'brazen tubes (*cannis cereis*)' which were used instead of lances, with the terrible Greek fire. These writers, too, bring out the spirit of the age strongly in their quotations from holy writ. Thus, when, during the long siege of Antioch, great profligacy disgraced the camp, we find Godfrey ending his proclamation thus, 'And whoever shall transgress this decree, shall, being taken, 'suffer the severest punishment, that thus may the people of 'God be sanctified from all uncleanness and iniquity.' 'Many 'were the trials of the better sort,' says Guibert, 'but they comforted themselves, under all, with the words—'Whom the Lord 'loveth he chasteneth.' 'But this came upon them,' says Robert the Monk, 'because of their iniquities, and therefore 'were they put to flight by the heathen.' When at length the holy city burst on the view of the Croises, 'all labour and 'weariness was forgotten,' says Guibert; 'joy broke forth into 'tears, and full sixty thousand voices burst forth into hymns of 'thanksgiving, unceasingly praising God.' And when the last

* St. Bernard directed this gallant order to march to battle, singing '*Non nobis Domine*,' but the haughty Templars ere long exchanged that psalm of self-negation for the one which told of the paynim 'dashed in pieces,' and which exhorted the nations to yield to the King of Zion, according to the very form of feudal homage, the kiss of peace.

assault was about to be made on its walls, and the Croises shrank back from the showers of that deadly Greek fire, 'the priests stood beside the wooden tower, crying, 'Lord, have mercy upon us! 'Be thou our help right early! pour out thy fury upon the 'heathen, and scatter them by thy might!' There is something almost touching in the monk Robert's description of 'the serene 'light of morning breaking in' upon the sleepless host after that encounter, when we remember the deadly strife of the coming day. At length when the battlements were surmounted, and the Croises rushed in, 'O good Jesus!' he exclaims, 'when they 'contemplated thy strongholds, the walls of thine earthly Jerusalem, how did rivers of water flow from their eyes! and forth- 'with falling on the earth, with bended knees, and united voices, 'they saluted thy Holy Sepulchre, and worshipped thee who 'didst once lie therein, but art now sitting at the right hand of 'the Father, again to come as the Judge of all! Truly,' he continues, 'the heart of stone was then taken away,' although, in the next page he gives a horrible picture of the massacre in the court of the mosque of Omar. But that this was a solemn act of duty, he seems to have had no doubt, nor do we think that the actors in that tragedy viewed it in any other light.

He unconsciously, however, bears testimony to the highly excited state of mind of the victors, for he tells us that 'the 'spirits of many who had died on the road now reappeared to 'them, and were seen of many.' Now what was this but a delirious hallucination, induced by the hunger and weariness, above all, by the deadly thirst, from which they had so long suffered? Robert also tells us that Peter the Hermit appeared in their midst, and that the multitude fell at his feet with frantic joy. This is the last notice we have of that wonderful man, for the date of his death, and his place of sepulchre, are alike unknown.

Godfrey, as the reader is aware, though unanimously chosen king, meekly rejected that proud title for the humble one of 'Defender of the Holy Tomb.' But his sway unhappily was brief, a year wanting five days being the term of his rule; and, then, with chant, and taper, and banner, he was laid in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and under his brother Baldwin the kingdom of Jerusalem arose.

A most picturesque episode in mediæval history is that kingdom of Jerusalem, with its handful of Christians, reproducing, beneath the bright skies of Palestine, the laws and institutions of the far west. The watch and ward on the battlements of the holy city, the 'castle life' within its walls, the mailed warrior of the cross reposing in the shadow of the palm

tree, the fair-haired damsel wreathing her tresses with the roses of Sharon; the blue eye of the north gazing wonderingly on eastern scenery, and the swarthy inhabitant of Syria gazing as wonderingly on manners and customs, of which he or his fathers never dreamt. And then the noble principle of mutual obligation, and mutual fidelity, that bound lord and vassal alike together, that ran through all their laws, and was acknowledged by the monarch himself, when the ring, the sword, the crown, the sceptre, the apple, were presented to him in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and he took the oaths to rule as their *elected* king. How strange must the 'Assizes of Jerusalem,' that valuable exposition of feudal law, so instinct with the genuine principles of freedom, have appeared to a Mohammedan, even to a Greek jurist.

Nearly a century did the little kingdom of Jerusalem sustain itself, with its feudal observances, and its Christian rites, in the midst of a hostile population; while the fame of its gallant defenders, the Templars and Hospitallers, went forth to all lands. Meanwhile a second crusade, consequent on the capture of Edessa, had been preached by St. Bernard, and Conrad the Third, of Germany, and Louis the Seventh, of France, prepared to conduct it. But it was rather in the spirit of romantic enterprise, than from the influence of deep religious feeling, that this expedition was undertaken. Bands of minstrels and troubadours set forth with the French Croises; and Elinor, the queen of France, summoned a gay company of dames and damsels around her, and rode at their head, as though to a gallant tournament. Disaster and disgrace marked the whole progress of this second crusade. Greek perfidy united with Moslem fanaticism so effectually, that the vast army which had set forth was almost entirely swept away—Conrad's troops, ere they entered the Holy Land, while those of Louis, shamefully defeated near Antioch, reached Jerusalem a mere handful of wearied and craven fugitives.

But the kingdom of Jerusalem was fast nodding to its fall, for the luxurious habits, the enervating climate of the East, had told with sad effect upon the hardy and energetic people of the West. This is not surprising, although most writers point to it as another proof of the great immorality of the Croises. But do not modern records present many similar instances? have not the selfsame causes produced the like results upon our own troops, even in the nineteenth century? Still, the Templars and Hospitallers, whatever their moral defects, kept the enemy bravely at bay, and their daring valour almost compensated for the sluggishness of the mixed population. But Nouredin, who

now wielded the Moslem power, was no common enemy; victory after victory followed his footsteps: and when, on his death, the formidable Saladin succeeded, the days of the kingdom of Jerusalem were numbered. Ere the last struggle, Heraclius, the patriarch, with the grand masters of the Temple and Hospital, set forth on an embassy to the princes of the West, to entreat their succour; but although the people seem to have willingly responded, no leader could be found. Still, the threatened fate of Jerusalem continued to awaken much anxiety; a third crusade was widely preached, and one, 'Magister Berterus, of Orleans, excited the hearts of many to take the cross,' in a long rhymed Latin poem of little merit, beginning—

'Juxta threnos Jeremiam,
Vere Sion luget viam,
Quod solemnī non sit die;'

the whole of which will be found in Hoveden, and which, he says, was sung far and wide—in a French version, doubtless. But ere the Croises assembled, that fatal battle which delivered the king into captivity, and cost the Christian army thirty thousand lives, had decided the fate of Jerusalem.

Some writers, misled by Saladin's occasional acts of generosity, have endeavoured to throw discredit on the story of his massacre of the Templars, after this battle. It is, however, not only told by William of Tyre, the contemporary archbishop, and by Vinesauf, who visited the country two or three years after, but by Mohammedan historians, who glory in it. Ommadeddin relates how, on the day after, at the hour of evening prayer, the Moslem army was drawn up, the Mameluke emirs, in two ranks, and, at the sound of the holy trumpet, all the captive Templars and Hospitallers were brought forth. They were led to an eminence just above Tiberias, when, with Jerusalem before their eyes, they were summoned to deny their Lord, and embrace the Moslem faith. All refused, all were beheaded, while Saladin sat by, 'with a smiling countenance,' while the headsmen performed his task with a dexterity that awakened even Turkish admiration; for 'O how beautiful an ornament is the blood of the infidel sprinkled over the followers of the true faith!' adds the narrator.*

The capture of Jerusalem 'for the sins of its inhabitants,' says Vinesauf, 'for which cause the Lord suffered Saladin, the rod of his wrath, to put forth his fury to the destruction of that stiff-

* Vinesauf mentions, as an undoubted miracle, 'that during the three following nights, while the bodies of these holy martyrs were still unburied, a ray of celestial light shone over them from above.' We can easily believe this, only we should attribute it to the process of putrefaction, rather than to miracle.

‘necked people,’ was no sooner known in Europe, than the third crusade was proclaimed by Gregory VIII., when ‘the French and English above all, devoutly took up the sign of the cross, and prepared with all their might to hurry to the Holy Land.’ Our Richard Cœur de Lion, then Count of Poitou, is said to have been the first among them, although full two years elapsed ere he was able to fulfil his vow. Meanwhile, many detached companies set forth, headed, in many instances, by prelates, English and foreign, among whom were the aged Archbishop Baldwin, of Canterbury, and Hubert, Bishop of Salisbury, besides the Archdeacon of Colchester, who did good service, being both ‘illustrious for knowledge, and famous for arms,’ and who there met with ‘a glorious and happy end;’ but the aged Archbishop, Vinesauf tells us, died broken-hearted at the dissoluteness he witnessed at Acre.

‘And thus, one day when the worst reports of this kind reached his ears, knowing that man is charged with the care of things, though the power of creating is God’s, he sighed, and uttered these words, ‘O Lord God! now is there need of chastening and correcting by thy holy grace, and, if it please thy mercy, let me be removed from the turmoil of this present life, for I have remained long enow in this army.’ Scarcely fifteen days after, as though heard by the Lord, he began to feel cold and stiff, and, overcome by fever, a few days after he slept in the Lord.’

The same writer gives a terrible account of the sufferings endured by the army during that long and terrible siege; no wonder was it many an anxious look was turned to Europe, and that many an earnest prayer was offered for the arrival of the leaders of the third crusade.

This third crusade is peculiarly interesting, both from the circumstance of an English monarch being the leader, and from our having such ample information respecting it, not only in the contemporary chronicles, but especially in the ‘Itinerary’ of Geoffry Vinesauf, who accompanied the expeditions.

There was much in Cœur de Lion that qualified him for the leadership of such an enterprise. Although without the deep Christian feeling which Godfrey possessed, and which entitles him, we think, to be placed almost in the same rank with the heroes of the religious wars of Germany, and of our own Parliament,—Richard’s warm sympathies with the cause, his genuine self-negation in its service, and which contrasts so vividly with the calculating spirit of his great rival and foeman, Philip of France, his reckless valour, together with his persisting endurance,—render him the very type of ‘the Red Cross Knight,’ pledged not to seek mere adventures, but ‘to avenge the wrongs of our

‘Lord in his own land,’ and to give answer to the paynim right heartily with his own good sword. And in gallant array did he set forth, himself and his chief attendants proceeding by land from Tours to Marseilles, whither his fleet, consisting of more than a hundred sail, had been sent to await him. The king of France set sail from thence to Messina ‘in a single ship,’ as though to avoid the sight of men, ‘like one not likely to do anything great,’ adds Vinesauf, emphatically; but ‘the noble-minded king of ‘England,’ he came right royally.

‘And lo! they beheld the sea in the distance, covered with innumerable galleys; and the sounds of trumpets and clarions, loud and shrill, strike upon the ear. Then, as they drew nigh, they saw the galleys laden, and adorned with arms of all kinds; their pennons and standards floating in countless numbers in the breeze in good order, and also on the tops of their spears; the prows of the galleys distinguished from each other by the variety of their paintings, with shields glittering in the sun, and you might behold the sea boiling from the number of oarsmen who plied it, and the ears of the spectators rang with the peals of trumpets, and their delight was aroused by the approach of this varied fleet, when lo! the magnificent king, surrounded by a crowd of obedient galleys, standing on a prow higher and more ornamented than the rest, as if to see what he had not seen before, or to be seen by the crowds that densely thronged the shore, lands in a splendid dress, while those sent on before, receive him with acclamations, and bring forward the war-steeds and palfreys, that he and his suite might mount.’

But however the people of Messina might admire the magnificence of King Richard, they soon found he was a very lion to deal with. Previously to his embarkation, Richard seems to have perceived the importance of a severe discipline, and this he made provision for among his own men, in those ‘laws of Oleron,’ which he promulgated at that island, and which stringently prohibit every kind of excess, on pain of various penalties, among which the transatlantic punishment, ‘tarring and feathering,’ finds a place, as the penalty for thieving. Now, Messina was chiefly inhabited by a mixed population, ‘a wicked people called ‘Griffons, many of whom are of Saracen extraction,’ and these, having no reverence for the Croises, insulted them in various irritating ways, among which Vinesauf mentions, ‘pointing their fingers at their eyes,’ accompanied by language anything but courtly. The men seem to have borne this with tolerable patience, which emboldened them to ‘threaten to attack our ‘camp, and slay us,’ so Richard set up a gallows before the door of his own hostel, *in terrorem*, which seemed to have overawed them for a short time; but ere long he found that mere threats,

whether by words or symbols, were not enough, so he took up arms, whereat the citizens 'were scattered in a moment, like sheep before wolves.' He took the same course with their recusant King Tancred, and gave him such ominous tokens of his valour, that 'perceiving King Richard would not desist from his purpose,' he sent him rich presents, and loving messages, evidently feeling it necessary to be on his best behaviour.

On his arrival at Cyprus, our lion-hearted king, although wearied with a most stormy voyage, had again to have recourse to arms. The Emperor Isaac certainly seems to have been bad enough, although we may not exactly agree with Vinesauf that 'he sur-
'passed Judas in treachery, and Ganelon in treason,' or believe with him that 'he was a friend of Saladin,' and 'it was reported
'that they had drunk each other's blood as a sign and testimony
'of mutual treaty.' Still, the perfidious monarch who had lured some of the wrecked mariners into the interior of the island, and allowed them to be slain, merited a severe visitation, which accordingly he received, and which Vinesauf tells with hearty good will in his chapter, 'how King Richard with his forces
'routed the emperor, first by sea, and then by land.' His narrative of Isaac's anger when satisfaction was demanded, and the instant summons of Cœur de Lion to his men, the stately way in which the splendidly arrayed soldiers marched down to meet them, but their utter rout before the unerring bows of our countrymen,—then the emperor and his troops flying headlong, and Richard finding 'a common horse, upon which he speedily
'vaulted, by help of a lance placed behind the saddle, and with
'cords for stirrups,' riding on after the emperor, crying aloud, 'My lord, I challenge you to single combat,' but as though he were deaf he fled away—would make a most spirited ballad. Great spoil was taken by the victors, and the emperor was compelled to sue for peace; but although the kiss was given and received, the cowardly Greek was soon in arms again, but in vain, for Richard captured his forts, his treasures, and his daughter; so, overcome by this last blow, he sent ambassadors to Richard—

'And in order to incline him to feel kindness for him, he followed them in sad attire, and with a sorrowful countenance, and coming in the presence of King Richard he humbly fell on his knees before him, saying he wholly submitted himself to his mercy, that he would consider him lord of everything, only praying he would not throw him into iron chains. The king, moved with pity, raised him up, and made him sit beside him; he also had his daughter brought to him, and when he saw her, he was wonderfully overjoyed, and embracing her most lovingly, covered her with kisses, the tears starting from his

eyes. And the king put the emperor not into iron chains, but silver ones.'

We scarcely think these celebrated chains could have been actual fetters, after the gentle courtesy displayed here. He finally committed the emperor to the custody of Guy, the banished King of Jerusalem, and his little daughter to his own queen, 'to bring her up and educate her.'

By this time a report was spread that Acre was on the point of being taken, whereupon the king sighed deeply, and said, 'May God defer the taking of Acre till I come, for after it hath been so long besieged, the triumph, by the aid of God, will be more glorious.' So onward he went, taking, just outside the port of Sidon, that huge dromond, wherein were the Saracen youth, and the war stores, Greek fire, and all; and then, while the Moslem army encamped on the heights beheld the destruction of their huge ship, and his triumphant progress, 'he hastened with all alacrity towards Acre. There the high tower came in sight, and—

'Around it lay the besiegers in countless multitudes, chosen from every nation throughout Christendom, and under the face of heaven. Moreover, beyond the besiegers was seen the Turkish army, not in a compact body, but covering the mountains, and valleys, and hills, and plains with tents, the colours reflected in the sun. They saw also the pavilion of Saladin, and his brother Safahadin's tent, and that of Kahadin, the main stay of paganism; he was watching the parts to seaward, and planning constant and vigorous attacks upon the Christians. King Richard beheld and computed all this army, and when he arrived in port, the King of France, and a whole army of natives, princes, chiefs, and nobles, came forth to meet him, for they had eagerly longed for his coming.'

Richard soon after fell sick: but, ere his recovery, he caused himself to be carried on his silken bed to the walls, 'to honour the Saracens with his presence,' says Vinesauf, and, sheltered by a kind of wicker covering, he made such good use of his cross-bow, that he slew many. At length the important tower yielded, and 'what can we say of this race of unbelievers who thus defended their city?' says Vinesauf; 'they must be admired for their valour, for they were the honour of their whole nation, and had they been of the true faith, they would not have had their superiors as men throughout the world.' A generous testimony this from a monkish chronicler. Saladin was compelled to capitulate, and honourable terms were granted. Here is a 'gentle' passage—

'Then it was proclaimed by heralds that no one should molest the Turks by word or deed, nor any missiles be used against those who

might appear on the battlements. And when the day came that the Turks, so renowned for their courage, and valour, and magnificence, appeared on the walls ready to leave the city, the Christians went forth to look at them, and were struck with admiration when they remembered the deeds they had done. They were struck, too, with their cheerful looks, though driven almost penniless from their city—their demeanour unchanged by adversity, and those who but now had by extreme necessity been compelled to own themselves conquered, bore no marks of care as they came forth, nor any signs of dejection at the loss of all they possessed, for they seemed to be conquerors by their courageous bearing. But their superstitious idolatry and miserable error threw a stain on their warlike glory! At last, when all the Turks had departed, the Christians, with the two kings at their head, entered the city through the open gates, with dances, and joy, and loud acclamations, glorifying God and giving Him thanks, because He had magnified His mercy to them, and had visited and redeemed His people.'

The feuds which had subsisted even from the time of their arrival at Messina between the kings of France and England, unhappily broke out after this signal victory, with greater virulence, and, the result was, the return of Philip to his kingdom. Richard seems to have suspected treachery, and therefore urged Philip to take an oath, binding him from doing 'injury to his men or territory, knowingly or purposely, while he remained 'in a foreign land.' Philip, who seems to have had a very elastic conscience, took the oath without scruple; but 'how faithfully he stood to his covenant,' says our chronicler, 'is well known to all the world.' Still, however apprehensive Richard might be, as to his possessions in France, the departure of Philip left him free to follow up his energetic plans; since Richard of Devizes reports the brother of Saladin to have remarked, 'that he was burthened and hindered by the French king, like a cat 'with a hammer tied to its tail!' One of Richard's first acts was, however, deserving of severest reprobation; for, Saladin having refused to ransom the hostages, or restore 'our Lord's cross,' he called together a council, who determined that these captives, to the amount of more than two thousand, should be all hanged. And this was done—doubtless by suggestion of those Syrian princes, who had imbibed an oriental contempt for human life:—but surely the chief leader of the Croises might have mitigated their doom.

The united army now set out for Ascalon—for during eighteen months alone 'we lost six archbishops and patriarchs, twelve bishops, forty counts, and five hundred men of noble rank.' This consisted of 300,000 men, but 'they came out slowly and peevishly, as if against their will,—for they were too much

‘given to sloth and pleasure, and ill-living at Acre.’ So a stricter discipline was enforced, and the king kept in the rear of the army to check the Turks. A gallant sight was this army,—the bright armour and shining helmets, the pennons with glittering blazonry, and banners with various bearings, while the royal standard, huge as the mast of a ship, set on a four-wheeled carriage, and surrounded by a chosen guard of Normans and English, led the way. ‘The army marched along the sea shore, which was on its right, and the Turks watched its movements from the heights on the left.’ Thus they went forward, exposed to the constant attacks of the enemy, and Bohadin, who watched their march, describes them as steadfastly holding on, while ‘I saw, with my own eyes, several who had not one, or two, but *ten* darts sticking in their backs, protected by their thickly-lined surcoats, and yet they marched onward with calm and cheerful step.’ The long grass, the tangled thickets, in which lurked venomous creatures, especially the *‘tarrentos,’* (probably scorpions,) greatly impeded their progress; but released from the profligate society of Acre, the Croises seem to have recovered their earlier character for valour and discipline.

Nor was a rude but heartfelt spirit of devotion wanting.

‘It was the custom of the army each night, before lying down to rest, to depute some one to stand in the middle of the camp, and to cry out with a loud voice, ‘Help, help, for the Holy Sepulchre!’ The rest of the army then took it up, and repeated the words; and stretching their hands to heaven with profusion of tears, prayed for the mercy and aid of God in this cause. Then the herald himself repeated the words in a loud voice, ‘Help, help, for the Holy Sepulchre!’ and every one repeated it after him a second time, and so likewise a third time, with contrition of heart, and abundant weeping. For who would not weep at such a moment, when the very mention of it would draw tears from the hearers? The army seemed to be much refreshed by crying out in this manner.’

But Richard was never to reach the holy sepulchre, though he pressed onward through dangers, and difficulties, and constant hard fighting. Beside ‘the forest of Assur,’ the Croises were compelled to give battle to the Turks, so Richard with right good will marshalled his troops. Ten thousand paynims were poured down upon them ‘mingling their voices in one horrible yell. Then followed after an infernal race of men, of black colour, and with them the Saracens of the desert, called Bedouins; they are savage, blacker than soot; they fight on foot, and carry a bow, quiver, and round shield, and are a light and active race.’ Vinesauf also describes the ‘horrible noise and clamour’ produced by their drums, cymbals, and ‘timbrels.’

Indeed, it appears to us not unlikely, that the drum may have been one of our importations from the East, for we are not aware of its taking its place among our military instruments until the fourteenth century. 'O how useful to us on that day were our arbalesters and bowmen,' says Vinesauf. The Turks were also skilful with the bow, so the fight grew keen when the king 'flew rapidly on his steed at full speed through the Hospitallers, who had led the charge, and broke into the Turkish infantry, who were astonished at his blows, and gave way to the right and left.' 'O how different are the speculations of those who meditate in the cloister from the fearful deeds of actual war,' says Vinesauf, truly. But Richard, on his 'bay Cyprian steed, which had not its match,' pressed still onward, with only fifteen companions, crying, 'Aid us, O God, and the holy sepulchre!' and this moving cry rallied the discomfited troops, and at length the victory was gained.

'Malek Ric' was now the terror of the paynim far and near; so he strengthened the strongholds, and prepared to march onward to Jerusalem, 'at which they all rejoiced, and began to brighten up their arms, their helmets, and their swords, lest a single spot should soil their brightness;' but the Templars and Hospitallers were opposed to it, fearing that a portion of Saladin's enormous army in the rear 'might attack our men by surprise, and so place them between the assaults of the garrison from within, and theirs from without.' This was prudent council, though we have little doubt that it was the beginning of that hostility on the part of the populace toward these military orders, which gradually gathered strength during the next century. Meanwhile, Safadin, Saladin's brother, obtained a truce, and also an interview with the famed 'Malek Ric,' sending him 'seven camels and a rich tent;' but he 'beguiled the too credulous king,—for he received Safadin's gifts,' and his friends blamed him for contracting friendship with a heathen. Richard, however, although he seems to have been much pleased with his paynim acquaintance, soon proved, on the expiration of the truce, that his zeal as a Christian knight had not slackened, by bringing in each day 'numbers of Turkish heads.' 'On Palm Sunday,' however, 'King Richard, amid much splendour, girded the son of Safadin, who had been sent to him for that purpose, with the belt of knighthood.'

Difficulties arose as the summer drew on, with the French army, and Richard received, too, an account from the prior of Hereford, of the disturbances consequent on the maladministration of Longchamp, in his native land. But although compelled to return, he made one more effort to march to Jerusalem, and

‘caused it to be proclaimed that he would not leave until the following Easter, and that all should equip themselves according to their means, and prepare for the siege of Jerusalem.’

‘When the army heard the words of the herald, they were as glad as a bird at dawn of day, and all immediately set themselves in readiness preparing for the march. Then, with hands uplifted to heaven, they prayed thus: ‘O God! we adore and thank thee that we shall soon see thy city of Jerusalem, in which the Turks have dwelt so long! O how joyful are our expectations after this long delay—how deserved our sufferings and trials! but the longed-for sight of thy city will repay us for all.’ . . . Moreover the crowd of the lower class, made active by hope, took the provision baggage on their shoulders, asserting that they were fully able to carry a month’s supply, so eager were they to protect Jerusalem.’

Thus they set out from Ascalon on the Sunday after Trinity; and Vinesauf gives a vivid picture of the proud array of the army, ‘the crests brilliant with jewels, and shields emblazoned with lions, or flying dragons in gold;’ so they pressed forward, while the garrison at Jerusalem were terror-stricken at the news, and ‘all that the sultan demanded was his swiftest charger,’ that he might flee away from the dreaded King Richard. But ere long, ‘the common people’ with whom the army was burdened, began to draw back, while the more enthusiastic pressed onward; so the matter was referred to twenty counselors, and they decreed to return, ‘seeing that water was already scarce, and that the Turks had so blocked up all the cisterns, that not a drop of drinkable water could be found within two miles of the city.’ Thus the army returned to Acre with a ‘heavy heart.’ Saladin next attacked Joppa; so Richard, who was now preparing to return, summoned the Templars and Hospitallers together, with many valiant men, and proceeded there in his galleys. While doubting how he should proceed,—

‘He looked round thoughtfully, and saw a priest plunge into the water, and swim toward the royal galley. ‘Most noble king,’ said he, ‘the remnant of our people waiting for you, are like sheep about to be slain, unless divine grace bring you to their rescue.’ ‘Are any of them still alive?’ said the king. ‘There are some still alive,’ said the priest, ‘but hemmed in, and in greatest extremity, in front of yonder tower.’ ‘Please God,’ said the king, ‘by whose guidance we have come, we will die with our brave brothers, and a curse light on him who hesitates.’ The word was forthwith given, the galleys pushed to land, the king dashed forward into the waves, with his legs unprotected by armour, and up to his middle in water, and soon gained footing on the dry strand. The Turks stood to defend the shore, but the king, with a cross-bow, drove them back right and

left. Then the king brandished his fierce sword, which allowed them no time to resist.'

And first was he to enter the town, from whence the Turks were driven with great slaughter. Soon after, having escaped being surprised and taken during the night, his last great battle was fought, in which Safadin, who evidently greatly admired him, 'sent two noble horses, earnestly requesting him to accept them, and make use of them; and if he returned safe and sound out of that battle, to remember the gift, and recompense it as he pleased. The king readily received the present, and afterwards nobly recompensed the giver.' This battle lasted from dawn to sunset, so no wonder Richard soon after fell sick, and was unable to follow up his successes; he, therefore, by the aid of Safadin, concluded an honourable truce for three years, expressly stipulating that pilgrims should have free access to the holy sepulchre, and most of his soldiers set forth to visit it, but he was too deeply mortified to go thither. He now prepared for his departure, after causing proclamation to be made, that all his debts should be fully paid; and then, amid the lamentations of all, he went on board his galley.

'All night the ship ran on her way by the light of the stars, and when morning dawned, the king looked back with yearning eyes upon the land which he had left, and after long meditation, he prayed aloud, in the hearing of several, in these words. 'O, holy land! I commend thee to God, and if his heavenly Grace grant me so long to live, that I may, by his good pleasure, afford thee aid, I hope, I intend some day to be a succour to thee.' With these words, he urged his sailors to spread their canvas, that they might sooner cross over the expanse of the sea that lay before them, ignorant truly of the tribulations that awaited him, and the calamities he was to suffer.'

Thus ended the third crusade, and with it the valiant exploits both of Richard and Saladin. Richard's sad after-fate is well known; Saladin survived only a few months, closing his career at Damascus in the following March. There is something very touching in his last act—his proud war-banner torn down by his express order, when he felt death heavy upon him, and the winding-sheet hung up in its stead, with the solemn proclamation, 'This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin!' We have had some difficulty in selecting our extracts from Vinesauf, for his *Itinerary* so abounds with characteristic traits. A very good translation, however, has lately been published in 'Bohn's Antiquarian Library,' and to this we refer the reader.

The following years, were years of strife and confusion, both among the successors of Saladin and the feeble princes of Syria. A fourth crusade was preached, but it was not extensively re-

sponded to; the leaders were chiefly German, and their defeat before Thoron, and the capture of Joppa by Safadin, and his massacre of 20,000 Christians, resulted in a truce of six years. This was in 1197, but 'In the year of our Lord Jesus Christ, '1198,' as Villehardouin says, 'there was in France a holy man, whose name was Fulke of Neuilly,' and he, by command of Pope Innocent III., preached a new crusade, offering the benefit, 'that 'all who for the space of one year should take the cross, and the 'service of our Lord in the Holy Land, should be assoiled from all 'the sins which they had committed, and confessed.' The story of this crusade is very interesting, for it is related, not by a monkish chronicler, and in choice Latin, but by a valiant Croise, who himself took part in the strife; and not in the language of the cloister, but in the very tongue that cheered his men onward on the battle-field—the quaint and venerable 'langue Romaine.'

A delightful fragment is the chronicle of Geoffrey de Villehardouin, Marshal of Champagne, the earliest known literary production of a layman, the narrative, too, of an intelligent and conscientious man, who, although trammelled by the superstition of his age—could he be otherwise?—seems to have been actuated by a strength of principle, not often to be met with in later times.

The chronicle opens simply enough, as we have seen, and then he goes on to enumerate the noble men who took the cross with himself; one lady is mentioned among them—Mary, Countess of Flanders—and how a parliament was held, and six envoys were chosen to proceed to Venice, to negotiate for vessels. Henry Dandolo, 'blind old Dandolo,' was then Doge, and he received them with much courtesy, and appointed them to meet the council.

'They waited to the fourth day, and then repaired to the palace, which was wonderfully splendid and magnificent, and having found the duke and his council in the hall, they delivered their message thus:—'Sir, we are come to thee from the most potent barons of France, who have put on the sign of the Cross to avenge the wrongs of Jesus Christ, and to recover Jerusalem, if such be God's will; and because we know that no nation has the power of you, and of your people; they implore you, in God's name, to look with pity on the holy land, and by supplying them with ships and means of passage thither, to join with them in avenging the shame of our Redeemer.' 'On what conditions?' said the duke. 'On any,' replied the envoys, 'which you may think proper to impose, if within our power.'

The doge conferred with the council, and engaged to furnish palanders for 4,500 horses, and for more than 30,000 troops; supplying provisions, also, for which 85,000 marks were to be paid;—a sum, at the most moderate calculation, amounting to full

600,000*l*. Truly, had popular writers read the narratives of the Croises, instead of theorizing on the subject, they would have found that pecuniary considerations had little to do in the matter. The Venetians, with a careful eye to their own interests, further agreed to equip 'fifty galleys for the love of God,' on condition 'that all the conquests we make by sea or land shall be divided equally between us.' After some farther deliberation, 'more than ten thousand people were assembled at the Church of St. Mark,' where, 'after the mass of the Holy Ghost, to implore God to inspire them to do His pleasure, the envoys arose, and Geoffrey Villehardouin thus spoke :—

'Lords, the most high and powerful barons of France, have sent us to Venice, to pray you to look with pity on the holy city, which is in bondage to the infidels, and for God's sake to join them in avenging the wrongs of Jesus Christ. They turn to you, because they know of none so powerful on the seas, so they have enjoined us to kneel at your feet, until you have granted their prayers, and had compassion on the land over the sea.' The six envoys then fell on their knees, with many tears, and the duke and the people waved their hands, and cried aloud with one voice,—'We consent, we consent.' The noise and tumult was so great, that it seemed as though the earth shook; and when that great and heart-moving cry, which exceeded all human experience, had ended, the duke mounted the pulpit, and spoke to the people, saying—'Behold, lords, the honour which the Lord hath put upon you, in disposing the bravest warriors on earth to seek your alliance in so high an enterprise.'

So the treaty was ratified 'with many tears,' and then they sent to the Pope to confirm it. The reader will observe how spontaneous all this was. Nobles conferring together, forming plans, entering into treaties, with as much independence as the founders of any society in the present day. Geoffrey returned to Troyes, where he found his lord, Count Thibaut, sick; but so rejoiced was the enthusiastic young man at the success of the envoys, 'that he called for his horse, to ride forth, which for a long time past he had not done. So he arose from his bed, and mounted his horse for the last time: for his sickness so continued to increase, that at length he made his testament, and soon 'breathed his last.' This was a great loss, for the count had been appointed leader, and when, after his death, two other great men refused the office, 'the affliction of the pilgrims was very deep.' The Marquis of Montserrat was at length urged, 'with many tears,' to take the leadership, which he having assented to, 'Master Fulke, the holy man, conducted him to church, and placed the cross on his shoulder.' The pilgrims now set forth to Venice, but on arriving there found that many had drawn

back, and many had gone to other parts. 'Ha! what a curse that was, for then had Christendom been exalted, and the land of the infidels been subdued!' remarks Villehardouin. The leaders then found that they could not raise the entire sum promised, although they gave up all the money they had; indeed, 'you might see numbers of rich vessels of gold and silver carried to the duke's palace, to make up the necessary payments.' Dandolo then suggested that the remaining sum be remitted, on the Croises undertaking to aid the republic in reducing Zara, which had revolted. Then they all assembled in St. Mark's, and the Doge addressed the people, saying, that although a very old man (he was between eighty and ninety), yet—

'Knowing no one more capable of guiding and commanding you than myself, who am your lord, if it be your pleasure that I should take the cross to watch over and direct you, and leave my son in my place to protect our country, I will cheerfully go, and live and die with you, and with the pilgrims. The Venetians cried aloud, with one voice—'We beseech you, in God's name, to go with us.' Much pity was felt, and many tears shed among the people of the country and the pilgrims, because this brave old man who had so much need of rest, both on account of his great age, and inasmuch as he was nearly blind, his sight having been injured by a wound in the head, and yet was of such undaunted courage. Ha! how little did *they* resemble him who skulked to other parts to avoid danger! The duke, descending from the pulpit, walked to the high altar, and cast himself on his knees with holy tears before it, while the Cross was placed in his cap that it might be better seen.'

The Croises, however, even after the reduction of Zara, were not to proceed to 'that sweet land over the sea,' for 'one of the most marvellous events that has ever been narrated, happened;" this was, the supplication of Alexius Comnenus, the heir of the Greek empire, whose father had been deposed and blinded, and who himself was a fugitive, that this valiant company should afford him aid in reinstating his father on the throne. To this supplication, 'inasmuch as they were journeying for the love of God, and for right, and justice,' they acceded, and turned their victorious prowess toward Corfu, where the young prince met them, and,

'Having again embarked, they departed from Corfu on the eve of Pentecost, in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ, 1203, with all the galleys, the palanders, and other ships of war, as well as the merchant-men in their company. The day was bright and cheerful, and the winds soft and favourable, as they spread their sails. And I, Geoffry the marshal of Champagne, who have dictated this, having been present at the matters herein related, and conscious that it contains nothing but truth, bear witness that so glorious a sight had

never been beheld before. Far as our sight could reach, the sea was covered with sails of ships and galleys; our hearts were lifted up, and we thought our armament might undertake the conquest of the world. * * * Then they sailed to the city of Abydos, and when they departed together from the port, the whole Hellespont appeared covered with ships, galleys, and palanders, of incomparable beauty. They sailed up the strait, until they reached St. Stephen's abbey, from whence they had the first view of Constantinople. You may think that all who had never before beheld it, would fix their eyes upon that city, which appeared the noblest in the universe. * * * They scarcely could believe their senses, nor was there any man, however bold, whose heart did not tremble within him. This was no marvel, for never since the creation of the world had such an enterprise been attempted by such a handful of men.'

No wonder, as they drew nearer, 'many a one cast his eyes 'upon his arms, well knowing that the time was at hand when he 'should need their help.' The pilgrims landed at Scutari, and soon after came in contact with some 'five hundred Greek 'knights,' but these 'turned their backs, and were discomfited' at the first shock of the heavy lances of the Western chivalry. The usurping emperor, brother to the deposed one, sent an embassy to the Croises, stating that 'he much marvels why you '—being Christians, and he being also a Christian—are thus 'come into his territories,' and ending with a truly Greek boast, that if they were twenty times as many, they could not depart without his permission, nor prevent his destroying them. The Croises appointed a 'prudent and eloquent knight' to reply, which he did by charging the emperor with 'having sinned 'against God and reason' in usurping his brother's throne, and emphatically concluding,—'As for messages of this kind, be not 'so rash as to trust yourself hither with them again.' So the barons determined, in true feudal fashion, to show the young prince to his subjects. They rowed before the walls, 'and, 'showing the valet to the Greeks, proclaimed, 'Behold your 'natural lord, and know that we are not come hither to injure 'you, but to preserve and defend you, if you return to your duty. 'You know how traitorously he has used his lord and brother, 'whom he has sinfully deprived of his eyes and empire: his 'lawful heir is now before you.' But none of the people, he adds, seemed willing to acknowledge the prince. Indeed, the utter want of high and noble spirit among these degenerate Greeks seems utterly to have confounded the Croises, who we can easily imagine must have felt themselves actually more at home among the haughty, gallant Turks and Saracens, than among the cowardly, falsehood-loving Christians of the Lower Empire.

It was now resolved that an attack should be made on Galata, and that the Count of Flanders should lead the vanguard:—

‘And know that it was one of the most daring adventures ever attempted. . . . At length the knights embarked with their war-steeds, themselves armed from head to foot, their helms laced, their horses housed and saddled. Those who were of less note betook them to the heavy vessels, and the galleys were all armed and prepared. The morning was bright, and the emperor, with his army in great force and array, awaited the pilgrims on the opposite shore. The trumpet sounded, every galley towed a heavier vessel, none asked who were to be foremost, but each one pushed on with all his might. The knights started up from the palanders, and, armed as they were, helm laced, and lance in hand, leaped, baldrick deep, into the sea. The good archers, the good serjeants, and the good cross-bowmen, followed, each company forming on the spot where their vessels touched the ground. The Greeks seemed, at first, determined to oppose them; but, on the first shock of lances, turned their backs, and fled, leaving the landing open; and know that no place was ever more proudly captured! . . . The emperor fled to Constantinople, so the barons encamped that night before the tower.’

This tower being captured, and the chain which guarded the approach to the city removed, they pressed up the strait; the Venetians, as better accustomed to naval warfare, taking the lead—all in high spirits, although ‘there were in the city at least two hundred persons for every single soul in the army.’ The scaling-ladders were prepared, though the walls were crowded with the English and Danes (the Varangians of the Greek army), who fought bravely with their battle-axes.—

‘Now shall you hear of the dauntless valor of the Duke of Venice; who, old and blind as he was, stood upon the prow of his galley, with the standard of St. Mark spread before him, urging his people to push on to shore, on peril of his high displeasure. By wondrous exertions they ran the galley on shore, and, leaping out, bore the banner of St. Mark before him on the land. When the Venetians saw the banner of St. Mark on the land, and that their duke’s galley had been the first to touch the ground, they pushed on in shame and emulation; and the men in the palanders sprang to land in rivalry with each other, and began a fierce assault. And I, Geoffry de Villehardouin, marshal of Champagne, the author of this work, affirm that it was asserted by more than forty persons that they beheld the banner of St. Mark planted upon one of the towers, and none could tell by what hand it was planted there; at which miraculous sight the besieged fled, and deserted the walls, while the invaders rushed in headlong, striving who should be foremost, seized upon twenty-five of the towers, and garrisoned them with their soldiers.’

The victory was ere long won; and then, 'that same night, the emperor, with much treasure, fled, and abandoned the city;' so, by one of those sudden changes which made Constantinople so often resemble the cities of Bagdad or Damascus, the blind emperor Isaac was drawn forth from his dungeon, and arrayed in the imperial robes in the palace of Blachernae; whither a deputation of the Croises proceeded on the following morning, and beheld him 'attired in such splendour as to dazzle them; and the empress, a most fair lady, the daughter of the King of Hungary, sat beside him.' Our narrator was spokesman on this occasion; and Isaac, it may be readily imagined, consented to whatever was demanded. The barons conducted the young prince to his father; and there was great joy and festivity. Ere long, the Greeks looked anxiously for the departure of the pilgrims; while young Alexius, who knew how much he was bound to them, secretly requested their stay. At this, Nicaetas, the Greek historian, is very wroth, charging him with having 'disgraced the splendour and majesty of the purple,' by his associating with 'these barbarians'—as though anything could disgrace 'the purple' more than it had been already by the cruelty, falsehood, and utter negation of all high feeling of his predecessors. Meanwhile, serious disturbances broke out; a fire in the city, too, was attributed to the Franks, and the young prince seems to have taken advantage of this to postpone his payments. So 'a parliament' assembled, and it was determined to send an embassy to him; and 'Conon de Bethune, Geoffry de Villehardouin, and Miles de Brabant,' were chosen, with three Venetians:—

'These nobles having mounted their horses, their swords girt on, rode together to the palace of Blachernae, though, from the habitual treachery of the Greeks, in no trifling danger. Having alighted at the gate, and entered the palace, they found the two emperors seated on two thrones. Then the wise and eloquent Conon de Bethune spoke: 'Sir, we are deputed by the Duke of Venice, and by the barons of the host, to remind you of what they have done for you. You and your father have sworn to perform faithfully the covenant you had made with them; your letters patent are in their possession; but though you have been often called upon, you have not fulfilled that treaty as you were bound to do; and we again summon you, in presence of your lords, to perform all that is stipulated between us. If you do so, well; if you refuse, know that, from this hour, they renounce you as their lord and friend, and will pursue you to utter extremity. But they would have you know that treason is not their practice, nor the fashion of their country, nor do they make war on you, or on any one, without first sending an open defiance. This is our errand—decide according to your pleasure.' The Greeks were exceedingly surprised and incensed at this, saying that none before

had dared to defy the Emperor of Constantinople in his own palace. The tumult within was very great; but the ambassadors, turning round, reached the gate, and immediately mounted their horses.'

With this chivalrous passage we must reluctantly conclude our extracts, remarking that, soon after the pilgrims had begun the war, young Alcxius was deposed, and murdered, by Mourztuphles, a noble, who seized the empire; and upon his defeat by the indignant Croises, the Latin empire at Constantinople was founded, under which our venerable chronicler became, in addition, marshal of Romania—probably closing his life in the service of the Latin emperors.

This fifth crusade, although most interesting as a military expedition, fell short of its intention. The Croises never reached the Holy Land, where the brunt of the battle was still borne by those gallant orders, the Templars and Hospitallers. The capture of Constantinople, too, had afforded another field, and one nearer home, for the adventurous exploits of our western chivalry; so but a few years after, John de Brienne, the titular king of Jerusalem, sent an earnest letter to Innocent III. for assistance, which he willingly gave. A goodly number joined this sixth crusade, and many nobles, even crowned monarchs, took part in it; and the English, under William Longsword, displayed great prowess. But meanwhile, the lax discipline which prevailed, and the vices of the mixed population of the cities that still owned the Christian sway, disheartened the more devoted Croises, and impeded the progress of their arms. Still, however, bands of enthusiasts pressed onward; and chief among them for eager and devoted feeling was Thibaut, sixth Count of Champagne, the posthumous son of that valiant count who, as Villehardouin has told us, died almost through joy, at the anticipation of the fifth crusade. It is strange that this 'Thibaut, who in 1234 became also King of Navarre, whose name has been handed down as one of the 'royal troubadours,' and whose poems were published a hundred years ago, should never have received the praise so justly his due, as a most spirited writer of crusade poems. While his 'chansons' are little better than nonsense verses, those with which he summoned Christendom to the seventh crusade are forcible and inspiring as the war trumpet. Here is his first summons (No. 54):—

'Barons, know well, he who now lists to fare
Forth to the land where our Lord lived and died,
He, who His blessed cross denies to bear
With stedfast heart across the ocean tide,
Scarce shall he enter Paradise—O then,
Think of His love, His pity to us men!
And aid that blessed land, crushed down by paynim pride.

- ' The evil doers heed not ;—hearken ye !
They love not God, nor duty, nor fair fame ;
 Each his excuse hath, " Shall I cross the sea,
 Leaving my wife, my lands, my friends, my name ?"
 O ! crowd of blinded ones—can *these* aught do,
 Compared with what our Lord hath done for you ?—
 He, who hath borne for us the cross and shame ?
- ' Remember who for us the cross did bear,—
 Remember, too, the day that soon shall come !
 Then will He say, " O ye, whose patient care
 Helped me to bear my cross, behold your home
 With angels, Mary mother, and with me,
 Dwell here for aye, in full felicity—
 But ye who aided not—go, meet your doom !"
- ' O ! all, O ! every one—haste, haste away !
 Each one who hateth ill, and firm would stand
 Against the scorn of scoffers. What are they ?
 Senseless, and powerless—feeblest to withstand
 Heaven's will. Then, gracious Lord, each thought subdue
 That tends to sin, our fainting grace renew,
 That holily we all may visit thine own land.'*

But Thibaut was not merely the poet of the crusade. He met the nobles who assembled at Lyons, and joined heartily with them in rejecting the councils of the Legate, who urged delay; another emphatic proof of the voluntary character of these expeditions. Many yielded to the Legate's views; but Thibaut braced on his mail as a hardy soldier of the cross, addressing a graceful farewell to his lady-love, whom he assures he should never have quitted but for the more commanding claims of duty. We regret our space will not admit of its insertion; but the following spirited verses, addressed to his friend, Philip de Nanteuil, written most probably after his arrival at Acre, well illustrates the indignant feeling of the devoted Croise, on witnessing the shameful depravity of the professed soldiers of the cross. The metre in this, as in the former, is the same as the original :—

- ' Aye, full of all iniquity—
 Of envy, hatred, every ill,
 Are these our times; yet carelessly
 Our nobles bear themselves, and still
 Heed neither truth, nor courtesy.—

* The reader may like to see a few lines of the original. These are the first four :

' Signors sacier, ki er ne s'en ira
 En cele terre, u Diex fut mors e vis,
 E ki la crois d'outre mer ne prendra
 A peines mais ira en li Paradis."

Therefore, lest Heaven in wrath awake,
 And holy church her terrors take,
 I'll set in verse, and order due,
 The grievances I mourn to you.

'The realms of Syria loudly cry,
 "Amend ye Croises, swift amend!"
 Will Heaven behold with favouring eye
 Our cause? Will God his succour lend
 While ye by deeds His name deny?—
 God loveth aye the upright heart,
 To such doth He his grace impart,
 And they shall magnify His name,
 And they alone advance His fame.

'Hold fast thy vow! and stedfastly,
 Chuse rather in that blessed land
 To toil, than bold, and fancy free
 To wander at thine own command.—
 Poor caitiffs, who this burthen flee!
 O! Phillip will not Paradise,
 In brighter glory to our eyes
 Shine forth,—if we through toil, and pain,
 At length its blessed guerdons gain?"

Thibaut was, however, doomed to be unsuccessful in the field; he and his small company advanced unmolested as far as Ascalon, where they met the paynim host, and were driven back. Much censure has been cast on Thibaut for his hasty retreat, and yet more hasty return to Europe. The reason for this may, we think, however, be easily found in the bitter disappointment which he felt when he discovered that instead of an army of brave and devoted men, he was called upon to lead a dissolute crew, who had scarcely even the merit of personal bravery. Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother to our Henry III., succeeded to Thibaut's command; but 'Richard that tricharde,' as the old scoffing song terms him, possessed none of the qualities of a devoted Croise. That 'the sweet land over the sea' was a land of untold wealth, 'of gold, and silver, and precious stones,' was its chief attraction in his eyes, although his English followers fought bravely and well. Still his astuteness wrested from the paynim more important concessions in the council than might have been gained on the battle-field; for Jerusalem was restored to the Christians, together with all the castles and villages between that and the coast.

But the spirit which once glowed with such mighty force was now about to expire; and in Louis IX., and his faithful vassal and biographer, Joinville, we behold its last gleams.

Very pleasant is the memoir of the good king, as told by the

loving pen of his companion in arms and in danger; and very touching the simple recital of their toils and sufferings. When Louis, after a deadly sickness, called for the crucifix, and hung it round his neck, his mother, the stern and stately 'reine Blanche,' instead of rejoicing like the mother of Godfrey, 'was 'panic-struck, and seemed as if she would rather have seen him 'dead,'—sure proof that the crusade-spirit was dying out. But Louis persisted; and he, and his three brothers, together with his queen, and many of his nobles, 'put on the cross at Easter, '1248. Before my departure,' says Joinville,

'I summoned all my vassals, and addressed them thus: 'Gentlemen, know that I am about to go to the Holy Land, and it is uncertain whether I may ever return: should there be any of you, therefore, to whom I have done wrong, and who thinks he has cause of complaint, let him come forward, for I am willing to make him amends as I am accustomed to do.' So I withdrew while they consulted together. I likewise adopted this measure because I was unwilling to carry with me a single penny wrongfully, and to fulfil any demands that might be made, I had mortgaged to friends a great part of my inheritance. . . . When I was nearly ready to set out, I sent for the Abbot of Cheminon, who gave me my scarf, and I bound it on me, and likewise put the pilgrim's staff in my hand. Instantly I quitted the Castle of Joinville, without ever re-entering it, until my return from beyond sea. I made pilgrimages to all the holy places in the neighbourhood. As I was journeying from Bliccourt to St. Urban I was obliged to pass near to the Castle of Joinville; but I dared never turn my eyes that way for fear of feeling too great regret, and lest my courage should fail on leaving my two fine children, and my fair Castle of Joinville, which I loved in my heart.'

Who can withhold admiration from this self-denying spirit, though unhappily mixed up with so much superstition? It was in August that Joinville and his companions embarked at Marseilles, where he seems to have been much interested in the process of embarkation, especially the good war-steeds, walking in at the ports of the vessel, 'and when we were all on board, 'the port was caulked up as close as a large tun of wine, because, 'when the vessel was at sea, the port was under water.' And when they at last embarked—

'The priests and clerks mounted to the forecastle to chant psalms in praise of God, that he might be pleased to give us a prosperous voyage. They all with loud voice sang the beautiful hymn of *Veni Creator*, from the beginning to the end, and while they were singing, the mariners set their sails in the name of God. Instantly after, a breeze filled our sails, and soon made us lose sight of land, so that we only saw sea and sky. I must say here that he is a great fool who shall put himself in such dangers, having wronged any one, or having any mortal sins on his conscience; for, when he goes to sleep in the

evening, he knows not if in the morning he may not find himself under the sea.

Through all its dangers good Joinville passed safely, and met the king at Cyprus. Here they were delayed till the following spring, when they bent their course towards Damietta. ‘On the shore we saw the whole force of the sultan, who wore arms of gold of so fine a polish, that when the sun shone on him, he seemed like a sun himself.’ Joinville remarks the tumult and noise of the drums and horns, ‘which was frightful to hear, and very strange to the French.’ He also gives a more minute description of the dreaded ‘Greek fire’ than the earlier chroniclers, ‘for this Greek fire was like a large tun, and its tail was the length of a long spear, the noise which it made was like to thunder, and it seemed a great dragon of fire flying through the air, giving so great light with its flame, that we saw our camp as clearly as in broad day.’

On landing at Damietta, ‘the good King Louis leaped into the sea, which was up to his shoulders, and advanced to the land with his shield on his neck, his helmet on his head, and his lance in his hand,’ ready to attack the Saracen army in the distance, while a messenger was sent with defiance to the sultan. The sultan, however, had just died, and the inhabitants, after setting parts of the city on fire, fled, so there was nothing to be done but to sing *Te Deum* and take possession. Ere long the usual results of indolence and abundance became manifest in the army, and ‘the good king’ lamented his ineffectual attempts to curb its profligacy. But war soon followed,—the Turks with their Greek fire did great injury, and the knights were in imminent danger, for,—

‘Thrice this night they threw fire from *la perriere*, and four times from cross-bows. Each time that our good king heard them make these discharges of fire, he cast himself on the ground, and with extended arms, and eyes turned to heaven, cried out with a loud voice to our Lord, and shedding heavy tears, said, ‘Good Lord, preserve thou me and all my people;’ and believe me, his sincere prayers were a great benefit to us.’

Soon after, the fatal battle of Massoura was fought, of which Joinville gives a most characteristic account. Then followed the famine, and sickness of the army, while the paynim intercepted their return to Damietta; at length, when the king was preparing to embark with the sick and wounded, he was taken prisoner with his two brothers, and the greater part of his followers. Joinville’s account of how, when the knife was at his own throat, he found favour in the sight of a Saracen, who protected and nursed him, and led him to ‘the admiral,’ who

became his friend, and of his subsequent meeting with the king, is very interesting. Louis at length obtained his liberty and that of his army, on the payment of 800,000 besants. His high conscientiousness is forcibly shown in this transaction :—

‘Before it was all paid, there were some who advised the king to withhold it until the Saracens had delivered up his brother; but he replied, that since he had promised it, he would pay the whole before he quitted the river. As he said this, Sir Philip de Montfort told the king that the Saracens had miscounted one scale weight, which was worth 10,000 livres. The king was greatly enraged at this, and commanded Sir Philip, on the faith he owed him as his liege man, to pay the Saracens then. He added that he would not depart until the uttermost penny was paid.’

Louis retired to Acre, where he continued nearly four years, repairing its fortifications, and strengthening the neighbouring ports, but he was unable to gain any permanent advantage over the Moslem.

‘During the king’s stay at Jaffa, he was told that the Sultan of Damascus would allow him to visit Jerusalem. The king would most willingly have gone thither, but his great council dissuaded him from it, as it would leave the city in the hands of the enemy. Moreover, they told him of King Richard, who, when one of his officers cried out, ‘Sir, sir, come hither and I will show you Jerusalem,’ threw down his arms, saying, with tears, ‘Ah, Lord God! I pray thee, let me not see thy holy city of Jerusalem, since I cannot deliver it from the hands of thine enemies.’ This example was laid before St. Louis because he was the greatest monarch in Christendom, and if he should perform a pilgrimage to Jerusalem without delivering it from the enemies of God, every other king who might wish to make a similar pilgrimage, would think he had amply performed it, without seeking to do more than the King of France had done.’

This argument was quite sufficient for the conscientious king, who ere long set forth on his return. On the vigil of St. Mark, they set sail, when the king telling Joinville that he was born on St. Mark’s day, ‘I replied, that he might well say he had been born again on St. Mark’s day, in thus escaping from such a pestilent land, where he had remained so long.’ Indeed, the worthy seneschal hints, tolerably plainly, that the vocation of the Croise had no great charms for him.

But the time was at hand when these wild expeditions were to cease. The ninth and last crusade was conducted by a prince whose only claim to the honour, was unquestioned bravery. This was our ‘ruthless king,’ Edward the First; and his ferocious massacre at Nazareth, was but a foreshadowing of his after-conduct in Wales and Scotland. Louis, though an aged man, however,

again responded to the call of Palestine, and again grasping the sacred oriflamme with feeble hand, set out. But he, tempted to land on the coast of Africa, breathed his last on its sands; and the old defenders of the Holy Land, the Templars and Hospitalers, had now, unsustained, to endure the shock of Moslem warfare. Driven from every stronghold, save Acre, there they determined to make their last defence. In April, 1291, Sultan Khalil, with 200,000 troops, beleaguered that doomed city. Marvellous was the valour displayed by the besieged; and stern, we think, must be the prejudices of the reader, who can trace the story of their energy, and their self-devotion, without sorrow for their fate. After fierce and gallant resistance, for fifty days, the defenders of the last tower agreed to an honourable capitulation; but the gate being opened, their perfidious foemen rushed in; the tower, already undermined, gave way, flames burst forth, and the gallant Templars and their foemen were buried together in the smoking ruins. An indiscriminate massacre followed, unexampled in extent, and after one hundred and ninety-four years' contest, Palestine again became the prey of the infidel.

In the foregoing sketch, illustrated by extracts from *contemporary* writers alone, our chief aim has been to illustrate 'the crusade spirit,' a spirit which, as we have remarked, some writers have almost denied, and which many have, we think, greatly mistaken. That these great expeditions did not originate in 'deep policy,' as Fuller asserts, is obvious, because we do not find either monarchs or pontiffs unremittingly affording them aid. In some instances, it is true, the preaching of the crusade followed the mandate of the pope, but in more instances it preceded. Men in arms against their liege sovereign, too, have led their vassals to the Holy Land, and monarchs actually under the ban of the pontiff have fought there; indeed, the policy of the Vatican, so far from holding itself pledged to one line of action, repeatedly played fast and loose with the affairs of Palestine. Nor was it desire of plunder that impelled the vast myriads who went forth. From the poor husbandman of the first crusade, who abandoned all that he might go, down to Joinville in the eighth, who mortgaged his patrimony, we have proof that gain was not sought. Indeed to the rapacious spirit of their more worthless followers, the chroniclers repeatedly point as the chief cause of the disasters and defeats of 'the army of God.' What were the crusades, then, but a mighty popular movement, originating in the peculiar circumstances of Christian Europe, and carried on by appeals to that devotional spirit, which, though debased by superstition, flowed warmly in the breasts of a rude, but impulsive race?

And benefits, great benefits, did the crusades confer on Europe. There was marvellous unselfishness in the very principle of this mighty movement, and with what beneficial effect this told on the as yet unformed character of European society, the gentle spirit of chivalry alone will show. Then there was a subject of intense excitement presented to the popular mind, just when beginning to arouse itself,—a subject that drew it from the contemplation of the narrow round of every-day life, to far off lands, and lofty objects, and thus enlarged and invigorated it. And then—more important than all—the voluntary principle came forth, with a might, which the ancient world never saw. The right of self-government was constantly kept in view by the Croises, and the pope himself saw his mandates oftentimes rejected by the free soldier of the cross, long ere his power was questioned at home. Now all these benefits were the gain of that long and bitter strife on the frontiers of Christendom, which for almost two centuries kept the Moslem power at bay.

At the close of the eleventh century, when Malek Shah contemplated the descent of his myriads upon Europe, how, had they once crossed that narrow strait, could they have been driven back? The Greeks had already fled before them; Sicily and Southern Italy had already been colonized by them; the rising cities of Northern Italy were at war among themselves; the more warlike Gothic kingdoms of Spain, with the enemy in their very midst, must have found their ancient valour unavailing against foemen both within and without. And, the Pyrenees once passed,—they had once before been overpassed by the Moslem—there was France, a collection of small and almost independent states, so was Germany; while the cities of the Netherlands were sternly wresting their freedom from their lords, and England was chafing under the yoke of her Norman sovereigns.

Where was unity to be found? where the one leader, the one war-cry which could alone afford chance of successful resistance? Now this was wonderfully provided for by the crusades. While the Moslem hosts marched under one banner, and with one war-cry, so did the army of Christendom. The distinctions of race and country were postponed, in 'the holy war,' for the one name of 'soldier of the cross;' and the native of France or England, of Germany or Italy, went forth, not to uphold his national banner, but that standard which bore the patriarchal cross of Jerusalem, 'the mother of us all.'

For more than six generations did that unexampled warfare continue, though disaster and defeat tracked its progress, and marked its end. But the victory of Christendom was won, even when the Croises were driven from every inch of ground in the

Holy Land. If *they* retreated, still the paynim had been kept from advancing, and, during that long strife, the communities of Western Europe had acquired strength, and power, and consolidation. 'Make way for liberty!' cried Arnold von Winkelreid, and the spears were buried in his breast; but over their dead leader the troops passed onward to victory. So, the serried hosts of the Croises—the devoted Croises—kept back, at the cost of their lives, that fierce inundation of eastern barbarism, holding out until the danger that menaced Western Europe had passed away, and she was free to pursue her onward career—to fling defiance at St. Peter's chair, even as she had flung defiance at the Moslem host, and to become the centre of learning, of science, of civilization to the whole world.

ART. IV.—(1.) *A Treatise on Electricity in Theory and Practice.* By AUG. DE LA RIVE, Ex-Professor in the Academy of Geneva, &c., &c.

(2.) *The Soul in Nature; with Supplementary Contributions.* By HANS CHRISTIAN OERSTED. Translated from the German by LEONORA and JOANNA B. HORNER. Hans Christian Oersted. Et Mindeskraft, læst i det Kongelige danske Videnskabernes Selskabs Møde, den 7^{de} November, 1851, af G. FORCHHAMMER.

(3.) *Magnetical Investigations.* By the Rev. WILLIAM SCORESBY, D.D., &c.

(4.) *Lectures on Electricity and Galvanism, in their Physiological and Therapeutical Relations.* By GOLDING BIRD, A.M., M.D., F.R.S.

(5.) *On Animal Electricity: being an Abstract of the Discoveries of Emil du Bois-Reymond.* Edited by H. BENGE JONES, M.D., A.M. Cantab., F.R.S.

(6.) *Elements of Electro-Biology, or the Voltaic Mechanism of Man; of Electro-Pathology, especially of the Nervous System, and of Electro-Therapeutics.* By ALFRED SMEE, F.R.S.

THE age in which we live deals, in a peculiar manner, with the utilities of science, and is too commonly disposed to reject as worthless those discoveries to which a practical application cannot immediately be given. Man commonly overlooks the steps by which he has advanced to a certain end, in his admiration of the advantages which are derived by the race from the realization of that end. He sees some great power of Nature chained in obedience to human will, and compelled to do the biddings of humanity: he becomes proud of human intelligence,

and in his eager desire to add to the list of useful applications, rushes into hasty generalisations.

In the hurry which characterises the great movements of society, it may be doubted if the sum of human knowledge is largely increased. The diffusion of the knowledge already possessed over a wider surface, and the great moral advantages which have arisen from that diffusion, are results that will not be questioned. The very facilities, however, by which, without any great toil of thought, a large amount of information can be gained, have not been favourable to those concentrated efforts of mind, by which alone the new can be added to the old. Happily, great and 'quiet minds' have existence amongst us—which, while their brother men rush to and fro in eager uncertainty, pursue their path, and know how to *wait*.

Amongst the most striking applications of science to the uses of mankind, those of Electricity will peculiarly distinguish, as an epoch, the middle of the nineteenth century. It will be instructive, therefore, to study its history—to mark its slow but steady progress—to note how fact was added to fact, each one appearing in the highest degree abstract—and all of them very far removed from any apparent utility, until a culminating point is attained, when the world is surprised at finding a host of useful purposes to which the subtle agency can be applied. By this we shall be taught several lessons of high import. From the discoveries of inductive science, we are enabled to establish guiding laws; and by the study of them, we may deduce the probability of a grand law of human progress, and proclaim that the periods appointed for truths to be born into the world are amongst the established ordinances of Heaven. Again, we shall be taught that man cannot create, but that he is gifted with powers by which he can employ everything which is created; that he may almost mould the organic kingdoms to his will; that he may fashion the inorganic masses to his desire—employ alike the grossest and the most subtle forms of matter, and bring under his control the vast phenomena of physical energy—Phenomena which appear to link the earthly with the spiritual, which we know only by their manifestations of power, by effects of which the causes will probably remain for ever mysteries, on which the speculative thinkers may exert their ingenuity and fashion their hypotheses.

We learn from Theophrastus and from Pliny that a Greek philosopher, Thales of Miletus, had observed, that, when amber was rubbed it attracted straws. The greatest of naturalists, Aristotle, describes the torpedo, and its power of benumbing fish, which swim over it, when desiring to seize them for its prey. The earliest poets clearly indicate their knowledge of the magnet

—and Lucretius distinctly refers us to Magnesia as the locality in which the natural lode-stone was found. Beyond these, and a few similar facts, proving merely that the phenomena of electric and magnetic attraction had been observed by the ancients, we have no information which would lead us to suppose that any investigation of the subject had ever been made by the Greeks or Romans. Indeed, until the commencement of the seventeenth century, if we except a loose notice by St. Jerome of '*magnete lapide et succinis*' we find the intermediate period a blank. The facts which the Greeks had discovered, the Fathers of the Church had preserved; but they lay like the grains of wheat in the hands of the mummy, without signs of vitality, shut up from those influences which were necessary to excite germination.

In the year 1600 Dr. Gilbert published his '*De Magnete*,' a work of an extraordinary character, showing a rare amount of original research, the most acute attention, and singularly clear views upon all matters connected with frictional electricity. To the careful experiments of Dr. Gilbert, and his judicious reasoning, we must refer therefore the foundation of the *science* of electricity. During the next century we find the attention of men turned forcibly in this direction—Boyle and Newton investigated many of the phenomena; and Otto Guerickc, the burgomaster of Magdeburg, constructed an electrical machine, by mounting a globe of sulphur on a revolving axis, and exciting it with the hand. In 1705, Mr. Hawkesbee invented his glass electrifying machine, and brought forward a series of brilliant experiments, which however attracted little notice. The grand discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton were absorbing the attention of men—the mathematical principles of the Newtonian system were the engrossing studies of the Universities; and the physical truths of the *Principia* were given to the public in popular lectures, extensively illustrated by experiments. Thus, there was but little room left in the public mind for truths of another order. Gravitation and light appeared far grander subjects for human contemplation than electricity and magnetism; and it was not until thirty years had passed by, and Mr. Stephen Grey drew attention by his papers in the *Philosophical Transactions* to some new wonders of electrical power, that it again became the subject of investigation. From this time there arose numerous experimentalists—Muschenbroeck of Leyden enunciated the principles of the Leyden-jar, and drew attention to its remarkable powers; Bishop Watson improved its construction, and left it in the condition which it still retains. Beyond this, the Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge investigated some

points connected with the distance to which electricity might be conveyed, and the rate of its motion. Dr. Watson received a shock from the jar, by passing a wire along Westminster Bridge, and making the water of the Thames, through its whole width, part of the chain of communication.

In 1747 a much more extensive experiment was made by this celebrated electrician at Shooter's Hill. A wire 3868 feet long was supported upon baked sticks, and connected with one coating of a large Leyden jar, placed in the second story of a house. Another wire, 6732 feet in length, was similarly supported, and connected with an iron rod, which was employed to produce the discharge. The two remote extremities of the wires were two miles apart; the ends being connected with the earth, either directly, or through the bodies of those assisting in the experiment. In this way the electrical circuit was made up of about two miles of wire and two miles of the ground. A man was stationed near the machine and battery with a gun, which he fired at the same moment as the discharge of the jars was effected by completing the circuit. The wires at the remote ends being held by some of the operators, they received severe shocks at the instant they perceived the flash of the gun, and always a long time before they heard the report. In many of the experiments the insulation was rendered imperfect, and the electricity being thus diverted from the wires no shocks could be transmitted, but on avoiding the causes of interruption the discharges passed freely, and many most interesting experiments were performed, the current in every case traversing the circuit of earth and wire for four miles.

Here we have the earliest indication of that dynamic condition, which required another hundred years to ripen into the electric telegraph. In the history of science we are constantly meeting with similar examples of man's approach to practical applications of great truths which still elude his grasp.

Mr. Grey, about this time, in one of his Memoirs on the power of accumulating electricity, says, 'It is probable in time there may be found out a way to collect a greater quantity of the electric fire, and consequently to increase the force of that power, which by several of these experiments, *'si licet magnis componere parva,'* seems to be of the same nature with thunder and lightning.' The Abbé Nollet, and some other European philosophers, had indeed perceived many analogies between the spark from the electrical machine and the flash of lightning from a cloud, but it was reserved for Benjamin Franklin to realize the fable of Prometheus, and draw the electric fire from the heavens. The annals of experimental science do not present a more noble

picture than that of Franklin mounting his silken kite into the air, and waiting calmly for the manifestations of power. The clear induction by which the empirical philosopher of America had convinced himself of the identity of lightning and electricity guided him in the arrangement of his plans, and enabled him to execute, with almost superhuman boldness, an experiment which was surrounded with danger, and, involved as the result was, in profound obscurity, calculated to shake the temerity of any ordinary man. Let us not forget the fate of Richman of St. Petersburg, who a short time after this became a martyr to science; the lightning of a passing cloud, discharged through the conductor which he had reared, piercing his brain, deprived him instantly of life.

Were we writing the history of electricity it would be incumbent on us to notice the labours of Wilcke, of Æpinus, of Priestley, of Cavendish, of Coulomb, and others, who have added to our knowledge of the laws by which the development of electrical power are regulated. The object, however, which we have in view, is merely to trace in outline the order of the more important discoveries, and their connexion with each other, to take a rapid glance over this fertile field of science, and examine the steps by which man has arrived at that sufficiently exact knowledge which the useful applications of a science demand.

The discovery of Franklin taught the philosophers that the subtle agency they had studied with so much industry in its minute and almost insignificant phenomena was intimately connected with the grander operations of nature, and they began to inquire if the speculation of Gilbert, '*globus telluris per se electricæ congregatur et cohæret*,' was not a truth. 'From this epoch,' says Humboldt, 'the electric process passed from the domain of 'speculative physics to that of the cosmical contemplation of 'nature, from the chamber of the student to the open field.'

The name of Galvani, the anatomist and physiologist of Bologna, is for ever associated with electrical science; and it is agreeable to find one of the most refined experimentalists of our own time clearing away the clouds of doubt which had surrounded the physician's fame, and giving to Galvani and to Volta their proper positions in the bead-roll of science. Du Bois-Reymond writes—

'No one who has read Galvani's writings can, without reverence, turn away from the simple picture of that man, whose restless yet blind labours, and naïve desire of knowledge, were destined to bear such fruits. Every one will easily excuse his having wandered in that way which we shall soon see him take. The problem presented

to him was an equation with two unknown quantities, one of which was the Galvanism, which Volta discovered; the other, Animal Electricity, which latter, after half a century, now again appears claiming its proper place. Galvani really discovered not only the fundamental physiological experiment of galvanism, properly so-called (the contraction of the frog when touched with dissimilar metals), but also of the electricity inherent in the nerves and muscles. Both of these discoveries were, however, hidden in such a confusion of circumstances, that the result in both cases appeared to depend upon the limbs or tissues of the animals employed. Galvani was by profession an anatomist and physiologist. He was possessed with the idea, which was then popular, of an animal electricity; which he demonstrated to his class in the anatomical theatre. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that he should endeavour to solve the problem in that manner which appeared to open the way to the explanation of a multitude of facts. Volta, indeed, held the same opinion, though at first he was sceptical, in consequence of the many deceptions which had already occurred in this branch of knowledge. He passed, as he himself tells us, from unbelief to fanaticism, as soon as he had handled the wonderful facts. Nevertheless he was ready to reject those bright prospects which Galvani's discoveries appeared to unfold for the physiology of the muscles and nerves, as soon as he considered that he had proved that they were not tenable in the existing state of science. No one who wishes to judge impartially of the scientific history of those times and of its leaders, will consider Galvani and Volta as equals, or deny the vast superiority of the latter over all his opponents or fellow-workers, more especially over those of the Bologna school. We shall scarcely again find in one man gifts so rich and so calculated for research as were combined in Volta. He possessed that incomprehensible talent, as Dove has called it, for separating the essential from the immaterial in complicated phenomena; that boldness of invention which must precede experiment, controlled by the most strict and cautious mode of manipulation; that unremitting attention which allows no circumstance to pass unnoticed; lastly, with so much acuteness, so much grandeur of conception, combined with such depth of thought, he had a hand which was the hand of a workman.—*On Animal Electricity.*

The story of the discovery of Galvanism has been variously told and generally misrepresented. During the summer of 1786 Galvani examined the shock, produced by a spark from the electric machine, on a frog prepared for that purpose. He then endeavoured to discover the action of atmospheric electricity on the prepared legs of a frog when the sky was stormless. In September of the same year we discover a remarkable inscription on the cover of a journal, in Galvani's handwriting, '*Esperimenti circa l'Elettricità de' metalli,*' showing that he started on his inquiry with correct views, which he however abandoned in October, when he refers all the results obtained to '*Animali*

Electricitate.' Galvani continued his experiments until 1791, when he published his celebrated work, '*De Viribus Electricitatis in motu musculari commentarius*,' in which he mentions the employment of both copper and iron hooks in his experiments on the limbs of frogs. There is a curious popular desire to attribute great advances in knowledge to accident, and hence we have the discovery of the means for determining specific gravity by Archimedes, of the law of gravitation by Newton, and of chemical electricity by Galvani, constantly attributed to fortuitous circumstances, whereas we have the evidence in these, and in most other similar examples, of a close system of inductive research leading up to the final result. As a general proposition it may be affirmed that there are no accidents in science. In those cases even which assume the character of accidental circumstances, it still requires the observation of a well-trained mind to develop the truth. The same set of circumstances may occur repeatedly before the eyes, and under the hands of ordinary men, without attracting their attention; and even when this is the case their transient curiosity leads to no inquiry. But that mysterious power, which belongs as an exclusive privilege to genius, seizes the indication, howsoever slight it may be, and advances at once on the path of discovery. This was the case with Volta and chemical electricity.

Galvani referred the results which he obtained to animal electricity, and the physiologists of that day believed their visions of a vital power would soon be realized. They saw the mangled limbs of frogs convulsed as if with life—they heedlessly advanced hypotheses to explain all kinds of nervous diseases, and they taught the removal of tetanus, epilepsy, and similar afflictions, by modifications of electricity. Even in our own day, when we boast of an inductive science of the highest order, and of a deductive philosophy of an exalted class, we find these exploded views revived. In the work on '*Electro-Biology*,' which we have quoted, we have a remarkable example of the dangers attendant on any system of reasoning by analogy. Every sense, it is contended, is dependent upon changes in the voltaic conditions of the brain; and even memory is explained as a voltaic phenomena.

'When a man receives an impression, it is not evanescent, passing immediately away, but it is retained in the system to regulate future actions. Now, in voltaic constructions, it is not difficult to produce an action which shall influence future motions, and *thus exhibit the effects of memory*. If we take two wires, and place them in a solution of argento-cyanide of potassium, and direct a voltaic current through them, silver would be reduced at that wire constituting the negative

pole. The two wires would be ever afterwards in different electric relations to each other: one would be positive, the other negative; and thus the effects of memory would be shown, and future actions regulated.'—*Elements of Electro-Biology*.

We refrain from offering a remark upon the absurdity of this, being satisfied that the fallacy of such reasoning is too transparent to escape our readers.

As this is the only section of the present article in which the phenomena of animal electricity will be referred to, we cannot close it without a few remarks. The investigations of Galvani, of Humboldt, of Aldini, and more recently the delicate researches of Matteucci, Du Bois-Reymond and others prove beyond all doubt, that every motion of the body, and every emotion of the mind reacting on the material organism, produces an electrical disturbance, the weak manifestations of which can be measured by the delicate galvanometers we now employ. During life the struggle of antagonistic forces to maintain the requisite equilibrium produces a continual change of state, and consequently as continued an indication of electrical pulsation. When life has ceased, and the full play of chemical disintegration has set in upon the body, lying 'in cold obstruction,' this all-diffusive power is still detected in its wondrous workings,—it is no less energetic in the disorganized mass than it was in the form in its full beauty of organization. So far from our philosophy leading us to the conclusion that life—vitality, is electricity, every step of our enquiry shows us that the physical force is infinitely inferior to that mysterious principle which human science cannot reach. Whether we examine life in the vegetable or in the animal worlds, it so evidently lies beyond the pale of the physical forces which human intellect may try and test its powers upon, that each true philosopher feels the strength of the words—'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.'

LIFE is beyond the search of the most exalted human intelligence. VITAL FORCE in its lowest development is infinitely superior to electricity in its highest manifestations, and it requires no great penetration to perceive subtle powers, which are not yet 'dreamed of in our philosophy,' beyond these physical forces with which we are, as yet, so imperfectly acquainted, and these still inferior to that approach to spiritualization which we call *life*. We must return from this digression.

Volta had not been long engaged in the investigation of Galvani's phenomena of muscular contraction, when he began to doubt the correctness of his conclusions. By a very simple experiment he determined the fact—that the contractions were

due to some power developed by the heterogeneous metals. He touched the upper and under surface of the tongue with tin and silver respectively, and found when the two metals came in contact, that instead of the anticipated contraction, a peculiar taste was generated. This experiment was sufficient to prove that there was no discharge of animal electricity, but a manifestation of some mysterious power, generated between the moist surface of the tongue and the metals employed. The contest between Galvani and Volta was long continued,—the result on one side was the proof of an electrical power residing in the nervous and muscular fibres, which however was eclipsed by the startling discovery, on the other side, of a method for developing this force by a combination of dissimilar metals and a fluid.

Galvani, in the very height of a controversy which exhibited much of that bitterness which, it is to be regretted, so often marks the discussions of philosophers, left the field to his opponent; dying on December 4, 1798: his nephew Aldini, still exerting himself to sustain the cause of animal electricity.

Twelve months after the death of Galvani, Volta announced his discovery of the battery, and by the powers which he thus obtained, completely placed the theories of animal electricity in a state of temporary extinction. The pile of Volta, with its wonderful powers, which were capable of almost infinite multiplication, necessarily attracted the attention of all experimentalists. The pile or battery of Volta is too familiar to our readers to require any particular description. In all the various modifications of form, two dissimilar metals are employed,—one of which is oxidised by the action of the fluid in which they are placed. Amongst the more remarkable investigators of voltaic electricity, was Sir Humphry Davy, who, with the enormous battery of 2000 pairs of plates, placed at his disposal by the Royal Institution, produced some of the most brilliant results which have ever distinguished the labours of an English chemist. Not merely did he startle the aristocracy of science by the luminous arc which he exhibited between the charcoal poles of his battery—a radiance so intense that it appeared to the astonished crowds who flocked to his lectures as equal in brilliancy to the meridian sun—but he employed its powers upon some of the most intractable substances in nature, and succeeded in extending our knowledge; by the discovery of the metallic bases of the earths and alkalies. It is not our intention to trace out each step of progress in this highly interesting department of science; it is sufficient for the purpose we have in view, that we state the substantive proof, that the quantity of electricity which is set in motion in the voltaic battery bears a direct relation to

the amount of chemical change which one of the metals undergoes.

In 1806, Sir Humphry Davy, in his celebrated 'Bakerian Lecture,' directed attention to the remarkable character of *electro-chemical decompositions*; but notwithstanding the extensive researches of electricians, it was not until 1833, that the law determining these was correctly enunciated. In that year Dr. Faraday announced '*That for a constant quantity of electricity, whatever the decomposing conductor may be, whether water, saline solutions, acids, fused bodies, &c., the amount of chemical action is also a constant quantity, i. e., would always be equivalent to a standard chemical effect founded upon ordinary chemical affinity.*'—*Faraday's Experimental Researches in Electricity.*

The definite chemical action of electricity was subsequently proved, and the law established *that the chemical power of a current of electricity is in direct proportion to the absolute quantity of electricity which passes.* On this point Dr. Faraday employs the following emphatic words,—

'Now it is wonderful to observe how small a quantity of a compound body is decomposed by a certain portion of electricity. Let us, for instance, consider this and a few other points in relation to water. *One grain* of water, acidulated to facilitate conduction, will require an electric current to be continued for three minutes and three quarters of time to effect its decomposition, which current must be powerful enough to retain a platina wire, $\frac{1}{164}$ th of an inch in thickness, red-hot in the air during the whole time; and if interrupted anywhere by charcoal points, will produce a very brilliant and constant star of light. If attention be paid to the instantaneous discharge of electricity of tension, as illustrated in the beautiful experiments of Mr. Wheatstone, and to what I have said elsewhere on the relations of common and voltaic electricity, it will not be too much to say that this necessary quantity of electricity is equal to a *very powerful flash of lightning.* Yet we have it under perfect command; can evolve, direct, and employ it at pleasure; and when it has performed its full work of electricalization it has only separated the elements of a *single grain of water.*'

We have advanced, in the order of time, too rapidly, in our desire to render as distinct as possible the *connexion* of these physical forces as indicated by the present advanced state of our knowledge, and must now return to one of those starting points which mark the grand advances of human knowledge.

We have already seen each decided step in advance made by individual exertion, and we have already marked a certain order in time between the faint twilight, as it were, of a slowly as-

ascending star, and the full development of each particular truth. Although there were numerous able experimentalists between Gilbert and Franklin, who added materially to our knowledge of electrical phenomena; yet these two names, and particularly the latter, stand out in brilliancy beyond all others. In like manner Volta and Davy mark the extreme ends of a line of progress; and in the ordinary sequence of events, Hans Christian Oersted boldly distinguishes a new and most important point of departure—important in all its relations to science, and of the highest interest, as leading by a few steps to one of the most wonderful applications which science has ever bestowed upon the altar of utility.

At the end of the last century, Denmark produced a knot of distinguished men—poets, sculptors, and philosophers. Amongst these, the names best known to the English reader are those of Thorwaldsen and Oersted; with the latter alone are we at present concerned.

Hans Christian Oersted was born in the little town of Rudkøbing, on the island of Langeland, in 1777, and he died at his country residence, near Copenhagen, on the 9th of March, 1851, aged 74; and of this period at least half a century had been spent in the closest contemplation of nature. In the strictest sense, Oersted was a philosopher, and consequently a poet. The high intelligence of a ‘chosen mind,’ to use Akenside’s delicate expression, marks all his speculations. In his Essay ‘On the Comprehension of Nature by Thought and Imagination,’ this is manifested in a remarkable manner. As an investigator of natural science himself, he feels it still a duty to demonstrate how the truths which are obtained by reflection and observation of Nature, contain rich material for the imagination; and he contends that the practical character of the present century more than ever demands that the leaders in literature and science should enforce the necessity of reconciling the world of reason and imagination. A reconciliation not to be effected in a moment—but one which may be brought about as the fruit of repeated efforts. ‘A succession of examples,’ says Oersted, ‘will serve to prove how the intuitive—the prophetic view of ‘Nature—may be more exactly defined and further developed ‘by means of the profounder knowledge which is derived from ‘reflection.’ We are desirous of giving a clear view of the mind of this departed philosopher of Denmark; and we cannot do so more pleasingly than by a short quotation from this Essay, which shows how poet-like his contemplative spirit dwells upon the theme—the improvement of our perceptions of the beautiful and sublime by the advance of knowledge.

'We need scarcely mention the vastness of the impression which the starry heavens produce, since it is so powerful as to be felt by every one. He ever, who seeks no more than the gratification of his sense, and whose dawning reason is but faintly traceable in his sensational apprehensions, must acknowledge that the canopy of heaven is the grandest object he knows: this vast extent, however, would be dead and blank to us were it not enlivened by the innumerable host of stars. Their light comes to us with double force from the darkness of the surrounding earth, when those objects which remind us of the trivial circumstances of daily life, or which are of transitory importance, and which would otherwise attract our attention on all sides, are invisible. This enlarges the scale of our ideas, and quickens our perceptions for the reception of that light which proceeds from a higher, a greater, and a less transitory world. The glorious nature of light is here wonderfully manifested; its animating and beneficial effects have in all times caused it to be the most beautiful emblem of life and virtue. Beneath the mild, clear, undazzling light of stars, which scarcely enables us to see anything around us, while, if I may so express myself, the light shines but to manifest itself, we feel as if Light and Life and Happiness dwelt far away above us in those distant regions; while, on the other hand, Darkness, Death, and Terror remained here on earth. This idea interpreted in one manner may be easily misunderstood; but the feeling which such a sight exercises upon the unperverted senses has nothing to do with these misconstructions. Added to all this, we have the deep, and, we may say, tangible silence of night, by which the ear receives as faint impressions of the world beneath us, as are conveyed to the eye by mild starlight. In short, it is not a mere flight of the imagination which causes our devotional feelings to be excited on a starlight night, but it springs from a feeling deeply rooted in our nature. How different is the impression of a moonlight night. The mild light of the moon's disk, unlike that of the sun, does not oblige us to lower our eyes, but rather draws them upwards to heaven. At the same time, it so far overpowers the light of stars that they no longer attract our notice, and sometimes become invisible. Moonlight also shows just so much of earth as to prevent our entirely forgetting it; thus, Fancy and Thought wrapt in mild enthusiasm, hover indefinitely between heaven and earth.'

Such is the strain in which Oersted proceeds, examining at every step the different feelings of man according to the amount of cultivation which each mind has received, and he concludes—

'The better we understand these truths, the wider will be the view unfolded to us, and futurity promises to reveal still more secrets; the wonders of the globe, unravelled by science, prove that we are not isolated beings, but that we are related to the whole universe; and with the same comprehensive grasp—though in a different direction—reveals the fundamental doctrine of universal attraction. The observant student is carried upwards, penetrated and animated by the

voice of Nature; and he himself, though possibly in the smallest degree, reacts on her.'

When the British Association held its meeting in 1846 at Southampton, the writer of this paper eagerly awaited, in the Chemical Section, the arrival of Professor Oersted. An aged, but still active man, having nothing remarkable in his external appearance, at length made his appearance on the platform. The English men of science who gathered around this individual marked him as the discoverer of Electro-Magnetism. He sat, while some ordinary business was proceeding, calm and contemplative; but the first impression was one of disappointment. There was a peculiar abstractedness about Oersted, but no outward mark beyond this of his ever-active mind; but at length he was appealed to on some point of scientific interest, and the lambent light of his intelligence lit up his eye, and gave a beautiful and energetic expression to his countenance. Oersted communicated two papers at that meeting—one '*On the deviation of falling bodies from the perpendicular*,' and the other '*On the changes which mercury sometimes undergoes in glass vessels hermetically sealed*.' In the first, he confirmed the observations which had been made by Guglielmini that a falling body must strike a point somewhat easterly from the perpendicular, and added the new and unexplainable fact that it has also a southern deviation. In the second, he showed that remarkable changes took place in fluid mercury in hermetically sealed glass tubes, which appeared to involve some mysterious conditions of molecular arrangement. Either of these communications distinctly marked the order of that mind to whom was permitted the privilege of developing the connexion of magnetism and electricity. Of this man, a brother philosopher has spoken so truthfully and so earnestly, that we desire to quote a few of his brief but expressive sentences.

'In science there was but one direction which the needle would take, when pointed towards the European continent, and that was towards his esteemed friend, Professor Oersted. * * * To look at his calm manner, who could think that he wielded such an intense power, capable of altering the whole state of science, and almost convulsing the knowledge of the world. * * * It was in the deep recesses, as it were of a cell, that, in the midst of his study, a fair idea struck upon the mind of Oersted. He waited calmly and long for the dawn which at length opened upon him, altering the whole relations of science and, he might say, of life, until they knew not where he might lead them to. The electric telegraph and other wonders of modern science, were but mere effervescences from the surface of this deep recondite discovery, which Oersted had liberated, and

which was yet to burst with all its mighty force upon the world. If we were to characterize by any figure the advantage of Oersted to science, he would regard him as a fertilizing shower descending from heaven, which brought forth a new crop, delightful to the eye and pleasing to the heart.

Such was the language of Sir John Herschel, the truth of which was felt by every one who listened to the English philosopher and looked upon the Dane of whom he spoke.

At the period to which we desire particularly to refer—between 1812 and 1820—the chemical and physical powers of the voltaic battery were exciting considerable attention amongst the chemists and electricians of Europe, and to these points the attention of Oersted was turned. In 1813 we find him in Paris, publishing '*Recherches sur l'identité des forces électriques et chimiques*,' and from these he was led by slow, but certain, steps to the conviction that electricity and magnetism were likewise identical. The Danish electrician was not the first who expressed this view, as we have seen; but in every other case it was a random guessing at truth—in Oersted it was the expression of a deep conviction. The growth of all great thoughts is slow, the period of incubation is a prolonged one; and it was not until the year 1820 that the experimental proof of the connexion of electricity and magnetism was obtained.

There appears to be a law regulating the progress of discovery. Is there not an appointed time when each truth is to be born unto mankind? The story of Archimedes—the guesses of Kepler—the development of the law of gravitation—the discovery of Galvani—and the result of the labours of Oersted, all appear to support this idea. Oersted reasoned, if galvanism is only a hidden form of electricity—then magnetism is only a still more secret condition of this strange force. He saw that exactly according to the amount of electrical disturbance which takes place in a conducting body, so is the radiation of light and the manifestation of heat; and he asked, may not a greater or a less amount of electrical vibration produce the state we distinguish as magnetism? He was confirmed in this view by the fact which he had himself observed, that lightning reversed the poles of compass needles which it had *not* struck; and that pieces of steel became magnetic when involved in a discharge of atmospheric electricity. Still, he requires the experimental evidence necessary to prove the identities of these forms of power. Mark the discovery. Oersted was in his class room—his students were around him, and he was discussing the relation of the physical forces to each other. The voltaic battery was before him—the mysterious disturbance was circulating through the wires con-

nected with its poles, and a magnetic needle was there—the decision of his long cherished anticipation approached with unavoidable reality. Oersted paused—the birth of the truth was at hand—he invited his audience to a practical trial. The wires through which the electricity was circulating were brought near the delicately adjusted needle, and it was immediately deflected. The needle was placed beneath a glass, and the wires approached it, then, it was perceived that the glass was penetrated by the electricity circulating in the wire in precisely the same manner as by magnetism.

Oersted continued his experiments for many months, and eventually determined, with all the exactitude demanded for the establishment of a law, that *there is always a magnetic circulation round an electric conductor, and that the electric current, in accordance with a certain law, always exercises determined and similar impressions on the direction of the magnetic needle when circulating near it.* The attention of the physicists of all nations being directed to these phenomena, many remarkable facts—all of them confirmatory of Oersted's views—were discovered. Amongst others the construction of the electro-magnet may be named as not the least remarkable—an invention due to the labours of Mr. Sturgeon, late of Manchester, a self-educated man, whose labours in the science of electricity have not received that reward which they fairly claim.

There is much subject for thought in the electro-magnet. A bar of soft-iron, which exhibits neither attractive nor repulsive powers, has, wound around it a few coils of copper-wire, insulated, by being covered with silk, the ends being connected with a voltaic battery, so that the current circulates around the bar, and it becomes at once capable of exerting an enormous attractive force. A bar weighing but a few pounds, will thus sustain many hundred; indeed electro-magnets capable of lifting tons have been manufactured; this enormous power, too, may be regulated by the hand of a child—separate but the wire from the battery, and the mechanical force is gone; connect it again, and the magnet is restored to its power.

It is not surprising, seeing how easily this great power can be obtained and destroyed, that many attempts have been made to apply electro-magnetism as a motive power. At one time it appeared almost certain that electricity would be employed to drive the car and propel the ship, that by *lightnings* we should urge our railway trains, and traverse the Atlantic in our ocean steamers. The largest experiments of this class were those of Professor Jacobi, who succeeded in driving a boat at the slow rate of three miles an hour upon the Neva, after expending upwards

of thirty thousand pounds advanced by the Emperor of Russia for his experiments; those of Mr. Davidson of Edinburgh, of Professor Page in America, and of Mr. Hjorth, a native of Copenhagen in London. Each and all have alike to be regarded as failures. It is now proved that in the present state of our voltaic batteries—the source of our *power*—which stand in the same relation to the electric engine as does the boiler to the steam-engine—the cost exceeds by at least one hundred times that of coal. If, therefore, we desire to employ electricity as a motive power, or, indeed, to apply it for illuminating purposes, the point to which attention must be directed is the improvement of the arrangement of our voltaic batteries, by which the full quantity of electricity, developed by chemical change, may be made available. Intensity or force is required to produce dynamic power equal to the movement of machinery, or the development of light; and this is only obtained by employing all the voltaic pairs of an extensive series, (except the last,) to drive out with the requisite energy, the electricity developed in the last cell. When we reflect on the enormous amount of electricity which is thrown into motion by the slightest chemical change, it would appear possible, could we avail ourselves of the *whole quantity* with a sufficient degree of rapidity—or, as we express it, obtain *intensity*—to apply this wondrous agent in the place of steam or of gas. This, however, can only be done by the most rigorous inductive examination of the conditions under which current electricity can be developed.

It had now been shown that a current of electricity circulating around a bar of iron gave to it magnetic powers of an extraordinary character; and a delicately suspended magnetic needle being placed over or under a wire through which an electric current was circulating, became the measurer, when the galvanometer was properly constructed, of the weakest manifestations of electricity. It now became important to ascertain if the converse result could be obtained. Electricity had been shown to produce magnetism. Could we from a permanent steel magnet produce any of the ordinary forms of electricity? The steps towards this proof were gradual and certain, and the solution of the problem was not long delayed.

M. Arago observed some remarkable phenomena between metals and magnets of the following character. If a plate of metal be revolved close to a magnetic needle, suspended in such a way that the latter may rotate in a plane parallel to that of the former, the magnet tends to follow the motion of the plate:—Or, if the magnet be revolved, the plate tends to follow its motion, and the effect is so powerful that magnets, or plates, of many pounds weight may be thus carried round. If the magnet and

plate be at rest relative to each other, not the slightest effect, attractive or repulsive, or of any kind, can be observed between them.

Dr. Faraday, in November, 1831, communicated to the Royal Society the result of some experiments based on results similar to the above, which demonstrated the production of a permanent current of electricity by ordinary magnets. Copper-plates, made to revolve in front of the poles of a permanent magnet, the plate being connected by wires with a galvanometer, indicated with the slightest movement, an electric current. This discovery soon led to a method of arranging insulated coils of copper wire on the armature of the magnet, which was fixed on an axis, and made to revolve. By this means a magneto-electric machine was formed, from which could be obtained currents capable of effecting chemical decomposition, of producing brilliant sparks, and igniting platinum wire.

The beautiful series of "Researches in Electricity" which were communicated from time to time to the Royal Society by Dr. Faraday, may be referred to, with honest pride, as examples of the highest class of Baconian philosophy. By these researches the identities of the electricities and magnetism have been sufficiently proved; by analysis and synthesis the relations of voltaic and magnetic electricity have been satisfactorily determined.

The following quotation from the work of M. Augustus de la Rive, places in a stronger view, than any words of our own could do, the difficulties of following out in our rapid glance the vast subject to which this paper is devoted.

'When viewed in relation to the successive progresses that it has manifested, electricity offers so prodigious a variety of scientific features, that the mind runs a risk of being lost when, by following the historic order, it is most commonly obliged to contemplate them all at once. Whilst it is following with Coulomb the researches of the laws, to which static electricity is subjected, it is called upon to scrutinize with Galvani the mysteries of animal electricity, and to travel with Volta to the discovery of the pile. Then, again, whilst it is endeavouring to comprehend the beautiful calculations on which Poisson has founded the theories of electricity, it is seized with admiration at the magnificent as well as unexpected results that Davy obtained from the voltaic pile. But it is when setting out from the year 1820, which Oersted's discovery has made so remarkable in the history of the sciences, that the task of him who wishes to follow day by day the movement impressed upon electricity, becomes still more difficult. In the first place, it assists in the creation of that new branch of the sciences which includes, under the name of electro-dynamics, the general laws of electricity in motion—the very interesting study to which it leads, of the works of Arago, of Ampère, and of Faraday, the founders of this part of physics, is constantly interrupted by dis-

coveries of a very different order. There is Seebech, who discovers thermo-electric currents; here is Becquerel, here is Nobili, who analyze them, at the same time as they are laying the foundations of electro-chemistry. Here are Marianini, Matteucci, and Du-Bois-Reymond, who, in taking up the labours of Galvani and of Volta on animal electricity, give to this part of physiology a development which threatens entirely to usurp it. Then there are the works upon the theory of the pile and its effects, which have called into the field very many philosophers as Ohm, Pouillet, Fechner, Faraday, &c., and amongst whom is included the author himself of the present treatise. Then, again, there is an uninterrupted succession of new researches—the magnetic, the chemical, the calorific, and the luminous phenomena that are produced by currents and electric discharges, and on the application of which these properties of electricity are susceptible. Finally, there is the study that is being prosecuted at once by many philosophers of the sources of electricity, and of the laws by which they are regulated. Every day there are new names, introducing into the science of electricity their contingent of discoveries; and old names which are far from ceasing to furnish theirs. There is Becquerel continually reappearing with the results, as various as they are numerous, which he derives from his galvanometer. Here is Faraday astonishing the scientific world, after his induction currents, with diamagnetism, and all the other productions of his creative genius.'

Neglecting all these in our present review of electrical science, except the last, we were glad to avail ourselves of De la Rive's sketch as neatly filling up a gap which we must otherwise have left. To the student in electricity we earnestly recommend this admirable work of M. De la Rive, as giving a complete view of the science.

Coulomb was one of the first to discover traces of magnetism in non-magnetic bodies; Becquerel detected some peculiar influences exerted by magnets on needles of wood and gum-lac; and Bruggmanns and Lebailliff, separately observed the repulsion exercised by bismuth and antimony upon the pole of a magnetized needle; but it was reserved for Faraday to develop the important phenomena of diamagnetism, the discovery of which is thus described by De la Rive:

'The learned English philosopher, as the result of researches relating to the influence exercised by magnetism over a polarized ray of light, transmitted through certain transparent substances placed under the action of a powerful electro-magnet, endeavoured to submit to the directive action of the electro-magnet the same transparent substances; and he thus arrived at a remarkable discovery. The transparent substance that he principally employed, and which is most suited to the manifestation of phenomena of this kind, is a particular glass of a yellowish colour, prepared by Mr. Faraday himself, with a view to optical purposes, and which he named *heavy glass* on account of its great density; it is a boro-silicate of lead. A prism of this glass,

two inches in length, with a section of one-fifth of an inch, is suspended horizontally by means of a waxed silk thread, above, and very near to the two poles of a powerful electro-magnet, so arranged that its two branches are vertical. At the moment when the electric current traverses the wire of the electro-magnet, the glass prism is seen to put itself in motion, and after a certain number of oscillations, to place itself perpendicularly to the line that joins the two poles, a position which Mr. Faraday termed *equatorial*, in opposition to that assumed by magnetic bodies which place themselves in the line of the poles, and which he called *axial*. If it is deranged from its equatorial position, the glass prism tends to return to it, at least so long as the electro-magnet is magnetised. When, in its oscillations between the two poles, it approaches the edge of one or other of the two polar surfaces, it is seen to stop, and to be sharply repelled by this edge.

A very extensive series of experiments tried on other bodies proved that *rock crystal*, a great variety of *non-metallic salts*, and many chemical compounds—*iodide of phosphorus, sulphur, resin; cooked or raw meat, blood, a feather, a piece of apple or potato*, acquire the equatorial direction between the poles of the electro-magnet.

Faraday classes all bodies which are *attracted* by the two poles of a magnet, or which arrange themselves *axially*, or *polar*, as *magnetic* bodies; these include *steel, iron, cobalt, nickel, manganese, chromium, cerium, platinum, palladium, and osmium*, amongst the metals, and oxygen amongst the gaseous bodies. All those bodies that assume an *equatorial* position, or which are *repelled* by the poles, are called *dia-magnetic*; these are essentially *bismuth, antimony, zinc, tin, cadmium, mercury, silver, and copper*.

It becomes necessary that we impress upon the mind the fact that the conditions of a magnetic body are those which involve *attraction* of and towards the poles of another magnet, whereas those of a dia-magnetic body are distinguished by *repulsion* from either pole.

Numerous essays were made to discover some body which should be strictly neutral, that is, neither *magnetic* or *dia-magnetic*, but, with the exception of a very few artificial mixtures, in which the forces were nicely balanced, it was long before such a body was discovered. The results to which we have now arrived are, that every solid body in nature, excepting those above named as magnetic bodies, belong to the dia-magnetic class, as do also the fluids *water, alcohol, and ether*. Therefore, it would appear, that by far the larger number of bodies in nature have their physical conditions determined by this repulsive force. In our atmosphere we have, however, discovered magnetic conditions of a new and peculiar order. The oxygen of the air is powerfully magnetic; it stands, indeed, in relation to all other gases as iron does to the metals, while nitrogen exhibits the most

complete neutrality to the magnetic or dia-magnetic forces. This neutral element is balanced against the magnetic one; and since the magnetic character of oxygen bears a distinct relation to its density, and is consequently changing with every variation of temperature, we arrive at a tolerably clear perception of the causes regulating our diurnal and monthly variation in terrestrial magnetism.

Did our space permit we should proceed to the examination of the researches of M. Plucker, of Tyndall, and Knoblauch. We can only, however, briefly state the results to which those have led us. It had been observed that heat was conducted differently along and across the fibre of organic bodies, and Plucker imagined it probable that the direction of the fibres might influence the magnetic or dia-magnetic properties of a body, or that the packing together of the particles would determine one or the other condition, 'when the molecular constitution of any body is such that the particles of which it is formed are nearer to each other, according to a certain direction, than in the rest of the mass, this direction, all other circumstances remaining the same, is that in which the forces which are acting upon the body manifest their action with the greatest energy; so that the line which represents this direction places itself axially or equatorially, according as the substance is magnetic or dia-magnetic.'

It is scarcely possible to see where these discoveries may eventually land us; they appear to show that the operations of all the outward and visible phenomena of physical force are dependent upon the secret molecular structure of bodies. We have learnt that there is a most intimate relation between the phenomenon of the passage of a ray of light (*polarized*), of heat, or of magnetism, through a transparent mass. Our investigations enable us to determine those lines along which the atoms of a body lie in the nearest degrees of contiguity—to see, in fact, the arrangement of particles in the most transparent glass and in the most pellucid gem.

We think we have sufficiently, though hastily, indicated the grand starting-points of electrical research. Gilbert opened the road which led to the discoveries of Franklin. Volta, in like manner, opened up a line of research which resulted in the decomposition of the earths and alkalies, by Davy. Oersted arrested a truth which has advanced our knowledge with rapidity—until the very secret forces, which bind masses of matter together are developed at the bidding of Faraday.

On the subject of terrestrial magnetism, a few brief words must suffice. The needle pointing to the pole has passed into a proverb, and this peculiar and striking phenomenon was long thought to depend upon some attractive principle situated at the

poles of our earth. We have now a clearer and better explanation to give. It was long suspected,—but the wires of our electrical telegraphs have enabled us to prove,—that currents of electricity,—set in motion by the solar radiations,—are constantly traversing around the earth from east to west, their force varying with the degree of heat to which the atmosphere and the soil of the earth, are subjected. The Egyptian fable which tells us of the musical undulations of the Memnonian harp, awakened at the rising of the sun, appears as a dim outshadowing of a philosophic truth. The first sunbeam of morning occasions a wave of vibration which determines the electric condition of the day; and in obedience to the law of which, the Christian philosopher of Denmark discovered, the magnetic needle places itself at right angles to these currents,—or north and south.

Let us, however, pursue our subject a little further, and examine the connexion of solar phenomena with those of apparently terrestrial origin. The variations in the intensity of terrestrial magnetism have been for many years the subject of the closest attention in many widely separated localities, under the direction of competent observers, sent by the governments of Russia, Austria, France, and England. These investigations have determined many important laws relative to the operations of magneto-terrestrial force; the lines of equal magnetic intensity, and the order of variation have been well established, and some most remarkable magnetic disturbances have been observed. These *Magnetic Storms*, as they have been called, are rendered sensible by strange vibrations in our magnetometers: and, since these discursions of the needle have been made to register themselves by the agency of photography, they are known to be of frequent occurrence. These disturbances extend simultaneously over wide portions of the earth's surface, and may be regarded as the passage of a great magnetic wave. That they are connected with changes in the temperature of the earth is probable, but the connecting links in the chain are yet wanting.

Certain it is that there is a connexion between the isodynamical lines, or lines of mean equal winter temperature and those of equal dip of the needle. Thermo-electricity has taught us that the slightest change in the heat of any body gives rise to electricity in the condition of a current. Observation has proved the circulation of such currents around the earth, in immediate dependence on the solar-heat radiations; and we deduce from our electro-magnetic experiments, the law which determines the direction of the compass-needle in obedience to these streams of the electric element. Experiment has determined that as the temperature of the air and of the earth is reduced in any locality, the magnetic intensity over that area is increased. The attractive

power being, not improbably in some immediate dependence on the *difference* of temperature between this and some remote locality.

Spots on the sun's disc were observed in 1611 by Fabricius, and carefully examined by Galileo. These dark spaces on the bright face of the centre of our system, were observed with much attention by Dr. Wilson of Glasgow, in 1769, and they were carefully studied by Sir William Herschel at various intervals from the commencement of the present century. The latter astronomer noticed some singular connexion between these spots and the earth's temperature; and in his important memoir in the *Philosophical Transactions* on the *Physical condition of the Sun*, he attempts to show some relation between the prices of corn in the English market and the number of those spots visible in a summer. These were, however, but very faint out-shadowings of a great truth. Hofrath Schwabe, of Dessau, has been an observer of solar spots since 1826, and he gives the following table as the result of his daily observations.

Years.	Groups.	Days free from spots.	Days of Observation.
1826	118	22	277
1827	161	2	273
1828	+ 225	0	282
1829	199	0	244
1830	190	1	217
1831	149	3	239
1832	84	49	270
1833	— 33	139	267
1834	51	120	273
1835	178	18	244
1836	272	0	200
1837	+ 333	0	168
1838	282	0	202
1839	162	0	205
1840	152	3	263
1841	102	15	283
1842	68	64	307
1843	— 34	149	312
1844	52	111	321
1845	114	29	332
1846	157	1	314
1847	257	0	276
1848	+ 330	0	278
1849	238	0	285
1850	186	2	308

A brief glance at this table, aided by the + and — marks will show that a period of about ten years distinguishes the order of these very peculiar solar phenomena. The maxima of the spots occurred in 1828, 1837, and 1848, and minima in 1833 and 1843. The magnetical investigations which have been made at the numerous magnetic observatories in the four quarters of the globe have proved the remarkable fact, that the variations in the earth's magnetic intensity travel in cycles of ten years, and bear a curiously direct relation to the order of variation in the number of spots on the face of the sun.

Thus, by slow steps, has man advanced from his knowledge of the attractive power of a piece of amber when rubbed, to the discovery of an all-diffusive agency, working actively in the deep and silent recesses of the earth, regulating the physical character of the rocks and the order of our mineral deposits. Advancing still, we have learnt many of the mysteries of the lightning cloud—the influences of temperature in determining the magnetic conditions of our atmosphere; and beyond this, we have learnt the connexion between the great centre of our planetary system and the variations of the earth's magnetic phenomena.

Mau has applied this knowledge to defend himself and his structures from the terrors of the storm—to mould metals to his will, whether in forms for ornament or use—and to convey his thoughts, with their own rapidity, over land and under ocean; thus linking nations together which have been strangers, and breaking down the barriers of tongue. Can we venture to say that we perceive in this, the finger of Him, who laid the foundations of the earth, employing the physical elements by which he regulates the material world, to improve the spiritualities of the human race?

ART. V.—*Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY, jun. 2 vols. J. W. Parker and Son.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE compares heresies to the river Arethusa, which loses its current, and passes under ground in one place, to reappear in another. He talks, in his quaint fashion, of a certain metempsychosis of ideas, according to which the soul of one man appears to pass into another, and opinions find, after sundry revolutions, 'men and minds like those that first begat them.' No philosopher has yet arisen fully to follow out the hint of that fanciful old physician to whose egoistic yet genial soliloquizing we still hearken in the pages of the *Religio Medici*. A

cynic might, perhaps, regard Adelung's *History of Human Folly* as already occupying nearly all the ground embraced by such a study. Has not Shakspeare said—

'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-born gauds,
Though they be framed and fashioned of things past?'

True,—as Shakspeare always is—yet what a fascinating theme does the very rebuke disclose. Such an inquiry into the processes by which antiquity has been thus attired in the show of novelty,—into the history of that mysterious interpenetration of old and new,—into the laws, if laws there be, according to which dead thoughts are periodically raised to life, and the past is summoned to play its part under the freshly-painted mask of the present, might well task the largest powers, would be replete with interest and instruction. It is interesting, in the fairy land of fiction, to watch the transit of the classic into the romantic fable,—to see Jason and Medea reappear as venturous knight and sage princess,—to find the Fates transformed into duennas keeping watch over Proserpine, and to recognise Cerberus in that 'hideous giant horrible and high,' who guards the melancholy castle of King Pluto. It is yet more so, in the higher provinces of thought, to trace the transmigration of error or of truth into forms familiar to a later age, and to observe the resumption, as in a new element, of conflicts apparently decided long since. What tradition long reported concerning that terrible engagement between the utmost strength of the Roman and the Hun, philosophy exhibits as true respecting the more subtle struggles of human opinion. It was said that, on the night after the battle,—above the vast plains of Châlons, stretching with their heaps of dead miles away into the darkness on either hand—the ghosts of the slain warriors arose, and, marshalled in the upper air, renewed, with unearthly arms and hate, the strife which death had interrupted. Thus has the antagonism of rival modes of thought perpetuated its contest, while the early champions or propounders of either principle are sleeping the sleep of death below. '*Non enim hominum interitu sententiæ quoque occidunt.*'

A comparative survey of the modifications of opinion such as we propose, would furnish many a valuable lesson. It would illustrate, in its course, that substantial identity of human nature which makes one kindred of all times and countries. It would point out those common wants and common hopes which, under every superficial difference, are the foundations of man's nature, somewhat as science finds the inorganic crust of the earth unaltered by varieties of clime, and trap and basalt, porphyry and granite, everywhere the same, whether crested by the branching palm, or

mantled shaggily by stunted firs. It would separate between the original and the stolen property of modern speculation, and bring about such a general gaol-delivery of plagiarisms as might well remind us of those grotesque mediæval pictures of the last judgment, in which the fishes appear bearing in their mouths the heads, arms, and legs of the drowned men they have devoured. It would show how often the prophetic words of the confessors and the martyrs of reform in religion or in science—which seemed to be shed like an untimely product on the earth—to be scattered by winds, and trodden into mire by the hoof of beasts, have been in reality conserved, and made to utter their voice in another form to another generation, even as the withered leaves in the fabled island of the Hebrides were said to be changed into singing-birds as soon as they had fallen to the ground. Such an inquiry would occupy a space in the kingdom of mind as comprehensive as that of physical geography in the kingdom of nature. It would be the metaphysical ‘Cosmos’ of the mysterious microcosm—man. As the botanist can trace the course of certain races of the human family by the presence of particular plants, which are only found where they have trodden, so would our investigator pursue the history of a certain order of mind by those modifications of mental product, and those practical and moral fruits which uniformly spring up in its train. As the zoologist has always derived, from the examination of monstrous and aberrant forms, material to extend his knowledge of the regularly-developed organism, so the mis-shapen creations of mental extravagance or disease would throw light for the philosopher on the sources of man’s danger, on the true power and province of man’s mind. As the votary of science learns to distinguish between the physiological and the morphological import of the organs of a plant, when he finds the same vital function which belongs to the leaf in one species, carried on by the stem in another,—so would it be with our inquirer, if possessed of a sagacity equal to his undertaking. He would find the intellectual life of successive periods fostered, now by one class of men, and now by another,—that no order or institution can be declared the necessary organ by which society shall breathe or feed,—and that he must often look for the vitality of an age, not in the professed centre of its culture, but in some portion of its growth which, to a superficial eye, would appear only an unsightly excrescence, or an unimportant appendage. He would learn, too, to anticipate, from the revival of old errors, the revival of old reactions appropriately modified, and would contemplate with wonder that beneficent provision by which the most baneful opinions appear, almost invariably, accompanied by their anti-

dotes—the excess of the evil provoking a healthful antagonism, so that the poison and the medicine grow side by side, as the healing trumpet-tree is said always to raise its purple blossoms in the neighbourhood of the deadly manchineel.

From the somewhat enigmatical title of Mr. Kingsley's tale, we had looked for a contribution, which we felt sure would be of value, in the direction now indicated. It appeared to be his purpose to indicate the substantial identity of the past and the present strife waged between that wisdom of this world accounted foolishness by God, and that preaching of the cross so often accounted foolishness by man. The past conflict he has depicted fully, and with admirable skill. But its parallel with the present antagonism of similar parties is but generally hinted at in a summary remark or two on his last page.

This reticence may have proceeded from æsthetic or from prudential considerations. Cyril of Alexandria, with his bitter worldly heart and oily sanctimonious phrase, with his capacity for business and for hatred, alike enormous, is a shadow among shadows. But the bishop of Exeter, into whose body the soul of Cyril has unquestionably transmigrated, is a living reality in lawn. It might not be pleasant to approach too nearly that ecclesiastical mud volcano, which, always growling and simmering, may explode in an instant with such terrific force its bespattering baptism of abuse. Again, Mr. Newman, like Porphyry, aspires to be a religious man without being a Christian, and in behalf of an ambitious and unintelligible religious sentiment assails the Old Testament and misconceives the New. Like Iamblichus, too, many of our sceptical spiritualists are credulous votaries of the theurgic pretensions of our time. They find the gospels incredible, but they have surrendered to the Pough Keepsie Seer. Their reason rises in disdain against the claims of an apostle, but falls prostrate before an American rapping. Their faith resembles that of Dr. Johnson, who refused to credit the report of the earthquake at Lisbon, but could believe in the Cock-lane ghost. These spiritual manifestations of our own day are the counterpart of those pretended marvels which deluded the Alexandrian adepts who were too wise to receive the faith of the Nazarene. If Mr. Kingsley had pursued his parallel, therefore, he would have had work enough upon his hands. The two foes he had so faithfully portrayed would have united against him. The bigots would have assailed him on the one side, and the infidels on the other. In the hands of adversaries so embittered, his reputation could scarcely have escaped the fate of his heroine Hypatia.

But no one acquainted with the spirit of Mr. Kingsley's

writings will readily believe that he has in any undue measure the fear of man before his eyes. He is more likely to have paused where he has done, from deference to what he deemed the dictate of taste, than from any cautious heed to the presentiments of timidity. He considers, probably, the history he has revived as a parable, which, like all parables good for anything, carries its main lesson on the surface. He would urge, with some truth, in his justification, that the moral of a story should be suggested rather than obtruded,—that a romance is not the place for a homily,—that the painter is only indirectly the preacher,—that those who have ears to hear will hear with advantage, and those who have not will never be prosed into wisdom. Still we think that some farther application of the results brought out by this study of the past should have been attempted. A concluding chapter, embracing some such thoughtful and suggestive summary, and indicating the real analogies and distinctions between the old conflict and the new, would greatly have enhanced the value of the book.

In point of style, Mr. Kingsley differs widely from Mr. Maurice and Mr. Trench, with whom, in matters of opinion, he appears to possess much in common. Mr. Maurice is easy and natural; his flowing language carries the reader with him right pleasantly, and there is a pellucid simplicity about the sentences severally which is not a little charming. But the effect of the whole is marred by a want of definiteness. Much is suggested, little is established. An ingenious succession of side-lights are thrown upon the subject, but in some way they perplex each other. We miss that vigorous and telling summary of results, without which we may be dazzled or amused, but are left uninstructed after all as to the contemplated conclusion of the whole.

Mr. Trench, again, is less defective in this respect, though accustomed sometimes to invest his theme with an unnecessary abstraction, and apt to handle it in a large aerial manner, imposing enough, but unsatisfactory to such as desire to see eloquent philosophical generalizations always well supported by the evidence and detail of facts. The style of Mr. Trench, where his subject allows him full scope, is stately, rich, and full—a kind of ecclesiastical antique,—now breathing out some pensive imagination—

‘to the Dorian mood
Of flutes, and soft recorder,’—

and now again rising into grandeur, coloured by the many slanting hues of his cathedral window—Fancy. It is characterized more by beauty than by power, yet it possesses so much

of the former as never to be wholly destitute of the latter, Its appeal is that of taste and learning to a circle comparatively limited.

Mr. Kingsley, on the other hand, addresses a larger auditory in another tone. His vehement and daring nature has marked out a course for itself. He is thought to have been even too oblivious, at times, of the smooth-shaven proprieties—of the starched and white-neckclothed nicety of ecclesiastical conventionalism. In fact, he would seem, at one time, to have taken the Carlyle fever, and to have had it very badly indeed. But the sickness did not with him, as with poor Sterling, develop into a life-long disorder. Mr. Kingsley got over his Carlyle-period as other strong minds have survived their Werter and Byron periods—their era of affectation and sentimentality—that time of life wherein, as of old,—

‘Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness.’—

So Mr. Kingsley recovered, and now exhibits a mental constitution whose vitals the disease has left untouched. In all he has written, the freshness and vigour of an independent and powerful mind are apparent. Even where we think him wrong, we cannot but respect his motive, and honour his conscientiousness and courage. The excellences of his style are his own, its faults those of the school in which he appears first to have studied. There is observable in many parts of his writings a strain and violence hardly compatible with the highest order of power—a certain self-conscious and spasmodic effort which cannot dare to be calm and natural, which fears repose as though it were dulness and death inevitable. He loves abrupt transitions, dashes, intervening chains of dots, and has used, but too freely, stage property of this sort, for the purpose of effect. But his sins in this respect are venial, compared with those of Mr. Carlyle. Already he is outgrowing such faults; and Hypatia, while thoroughly characteristic of the author of *Yeast*, and *Alton Locke*, manifests a patient, thoughtful comprehensiveness, to which neither of those very clever books can lay claim. The vices to which, under such influence, Mr. Kingsley was most exposed—those of exaggeration and one-sidedness, he appears now to have almost completely escaped. It may not be flattering to Mr. Carlyle, but we believe it to be true, that by far the larger proportion of the best minds, whose early youth his writings have powerfully influenced, will look back on the period of such subjection as the most miserably morbid season of their life. On awaking from such delirium to the sane and healthful realities of manful toil, they will discover the hollow-

ness of that sneering, scowling, wailing, declamatory, egotistical, and bombastic misanthropy, which, in the eye of their unripe judgment, wore the air of a philosophy so profound.

It is but justice to Mr. Kingsley to bear in mind what, so circumstanced, he refrains from doing, as well as what he does. He does not imagine that, to speak to the universal heart, he has only to 'thou' the reader, to apostrophize him as 'brother,' or loudly to cry, 'O man!' He does not believe that a short-winded Emersonian sentence is great of necessity with oracular majesty. He does not regard it as indicative of vast superiority, to call his fellow-labourers in the historic field, or his fellow-men, anywhere, dry-as-dusts, pudding-heads, imbeciles, choughs, beetles, apes, and ostriches. He does not reckon a certain vituperative volubility among the supernatural privileges of the inspired priesthood of letters. He does not believe that either originality or depth can be secured by the virtue inherent in capital letters. He does not serve up pages liberally besprinkled with Silencies, Eternities, and Abysses, as a condiment attractive to the jaded appetite, which loathes everything natural. He does not fill with the commonest verity some monstrous and unwieldy sentence, till it seems a discovery of appalling import, while the whole may be compared to a giant in a midsummer pageant, 'marching,' as saith an old writer, 'as though it were alive, and 'armed at all points, but within stuffed full of browne paper and 'tow, which the shrewd boyes, under peeping, do guilefully discover, and turne to a greate derision.'

The strength so conspicuous in Mr. Kingsley's writings is power of that kind which results from the consecration of great gifts to a great purpose. His convictions are strong, his aim is worthy. He is not one of the many clever men of our time whose acuteness and whose talents are rendered almost futile by a lack of earnest conviction. Now Mr. Kingsley does believe strongly; as Austin Caxton would say—he never forgets 'the saffron-bag.' What he believes he must speak, and what he says he must make men hear. He is not to be precluded by his profession from the use of any legitimate means which shall secure attention to his message. If men will not hear his truth in essays, sermons, and big books, they shall receive it in the drama, the tale, and the historical romance. In addition to this intensity and concentrativeness, this faculty of gathering up in a present purpose all the energy he possesses, Mr. Kingsley is endowed, in no small measure, with that gift of language which communicates to other minds the creations and the feelings that people his own. There are only certain words which will do this. The faculty which detects and rightly places them

makes a man a painter with the pen. Such terms and epithets are the *vincula* between the unseen world of an author's mind and the actual world constituted by his public. They are the magic formulæ, the runes and spell-words by which marvels are wrought in the poet's 'heaven of invention.' In his slightest touches Mr. Kingsley displays the artist. He discerns at a glance those features of an object which must be brought out to realize the whole to the eye.

This power of selection as to what shall be described, and this choice of what is perhaps the one only epithet in the language which could vividly and accurately indicate it, is the secret of that life and force which distinguish his delineations. Thus there is so much chilly verisimilitude about his description of the hunting-field on a foggy morning, with which 'Yeast' opens, as to make a susceptible reader quite damp and uncomfortable. It is like Constable's picture of rain, which made Fuseli open his umbrella. In like manner, to read of those Goths in sunny, dusty, broiling Alexandria, singing of northern snows, is verily like the refreshment of an ice in the dog-days. And so throughout, those who will give themselves up fairly to the enjoyment of Mr. Kingsley's pages may be carried within an hour to the remotest extremes of climate, physical or moral; they may travel from Hyperborean frosts to burning Abyssinia—from the mental territory of the ice-bound sceptic to the dangerous heats of brain-sick fanaticism.

But, apart from this descriptive faculty, there is another attribute to which Mr. Kingsley owes no small proportion of his deserved success: this quality is sympathy. Without this insight of the heart an acute and comprehensive mind may accomplish not a little as a philosopher, but, as an artist, must be powerless. It is much to be able to entertain two ideas at the same time—at least, such capacity would seem to be more rare among us than could be wished, judging from the desperate haste with which we see men daily rushing from extreme to extreme, and stultifying themselves by arguing from abuse against use. But higher yet is his endowment who possesses a heart in some measure open to all mankind—who can enter into the hopes and fears, the sorrows and the temptation of minds the most opposite. We admire the calmness which can so deliberately estimate the strength and the weakness of either side in the battle between truth and error. We pay our tribute of praise to the graphic skill which realizes, with equal truth, the religious stillness of the desert, and the tumultuous horror of the amphitheatre—which exhibits, with such ease and clearness, almost as it were in passing, that strange compound, yclept

Alexandrian philosophy, and can compress into a sentence the system of Lucretius, till we seem to see the forlorn world as he saw it—an aimless and everlasting gravitation of innumerable atoms. But most of all do we love that true-hearted kindness, the tenderness of the strong, which gently and reverently lifts the veil from the dark and mournful sanctuary of hearts that have found no God—that tremble bewildered between their devotion and their doubt—that seek, but seek amiss, or that are seen in one place denying the use of search, and, in another, discovering a deity only to be crushed with terror. It is from the heart alone that any writer could have limned those changing features of the soul that we behold working, now in aspiration, and now in despair, in the history of Hypatia, of Aben Ezra, and Pelagia. The same sympathizing spirit can detect traits of nature not wholly alien yet from the fellow-feeling of fellow-sinners, in Cyril, in Eudæmon, in Miriam,—in the scheming prelate, in the frivolous and selfish sciolist, in the fierce and abandoned procuress. Even in the case of Peter the Reader, cowardly, mean, and bloodthirsty as the man is, a retrospective word or two shows us that he too had his affections once, was not thus evil always, and had been open to the touch of pity. Thus the geologist may point to the watermarks on the fragment of hardened rock, revealing a primæval history, and recalling the time when it was a bright and yielding sand, traversed by the silver ripples of some pool, or frith, that shone and murmured amid the solitudes of the unpeopled world.

Hypatia exhibits, as a work of art, a manifest advance on the former productions of Mr. Kingsley. The same power in the delineation of character, the same passion and pathos, intermingled now with humour and now with sarcasm, which characterized his earlier writings, are equally manifest in the present story, with a result more satisfactory, a truer unity of design, more judgment, and apparently more careful thought in the management of incident and dialogue. As a whole, the work is more successful in a province confessedly more difficult.

Mr. Kingsley never gives such scope to his indignation as when speaking of that worst thing—the corruption of the best. His severest lash is reserved for the smiling malignity and the sleek villainies of Pharisees and zealots. He is at home in detecting and holding up to abhorrence the secret Atheism that lurks in the heart of all intolerance, the iniquity of that unbelief which sins in the name of holiness and attempts the work of God with the tools of the devil. He is the sworn enemy of all those pretences under which men would part off the religious from the civil world, and override the sanctions of morality for the pro-

motion of an ecclesiastical interest. But, unlike many loud-voiced denouncers of 'wind-bags,' 'red-tape-isms,' and 'shams,' he tells us what he loves, quite as plainly as what he hates, what he believes as clearly as what he disbelieves. He does not with incessant bark assail every effort philanthropy actually makes, and after snapping at the legs of every messenger of mercy, withdraw into his tub—the cynic prophet of negation. He has something positive to announce and to commend. He does not see in the mass of mankind a flat and dreary deluge of common-place—an aggregate of transitory waves lifted up into a momentary being, raised for a transitory glance at sun and moon, and then subsiding into unfathomable night. He believes in a gospel which the poor hear gladly. Through all the gathered clouds of error, amidst the countless misbegotten phantoms of darkness that blot her glory, he beholds in history the Church of Christ—the Jerusalem which is from above, and is happy in the sight of the gleaming gold and sapphire, darting ever and anon a ray through the vapours from the mouth of the pit. While bringing out in unsparing relief the ill-omened features of that corruption which, in the fifth century, had already maimed and defiled the church, he does not fail to indicate aright the secret of her real power. One great lesson is plainly taught by his book. Christianity—in spite of its doctrinal disputes, so subtle and so envenomed, on questions utterly insoluble,—in spite of those wrangling, persecuting factions, whose inveterate hatred embroiled East and West, Roman and Barbarian, Greek and Goth, throughout the length and breadth of the tottering empire,—in spite of the trumpery of miracle-mongering, ecstasies, and exorcisms,—of the fanaticism and the stupor, the fury and the filth, of oriental monasticism—Christianity had, in his view, nevertheless, an answer for the deepest cravings of man's heart, which philosophic culture could not in its dreams surmise, and was busy with a benevolence, and glorious with a self-devotion, that attested daily a celestial origin—a divine commission.

Hypatia is no one-sided apology for Christianity; it is a faithful representation of the thinkings and doings of men called Christians at Alexandria, in their conflict with the vanishing theories and the too substantial evils of the dying giant heathendom. The intellectual opposition they encountered was comparatively feeble—the moral, gigantic. Pagan philosophy had made, now and then, an effort to stay, with the arms of rhetoric and dialectics, the vices of the time. But the weapons belonged to one element, and the adversaries aimed at to another. The immorality which peopled the atmosphere of old Hellas mocked

the efforts of the sages, and seemed to say from the high place of the powers of the air—

‘the elements
Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with hemlock’d at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowe that’s in my plume.’

Then came Christianity,—winning her first purifying successes in a world noisome with the accumulated and legitimized impurity of many ages,—appealing to the heart, to sanctions, to motives, to hopes, drawn from the highest, and tending thither. But the struggle soiled ere long her garments—the spirit of the world she had overcome entered into her, and the arts of the conquered became the lesson of the conqueror.

Accordingly we find the Alexandrian church, in the fifth century, already accomplished in the questionable practices of that secularity she professed to sway and aspired to reform. The sectarianism, the ignorance, the pride, the clerical place-hunting, the bigotry, the sanctimonious pretence of fashion or of coarseness, the unholy passions baptized by Christian names,—all, in short, that which makes up in our own day the common stock objection of the irreligious to Christianity, was as odiously apparent then as now. Not small will be the service of Mr. Kingsley’s story if it awakens in some wavering minds the inquiry—‘Has not Christianity now believers like Augustine, Marjoricus, and Victoria, as well as its Cyrils and its Peters; and its message to the weary sceptical Raphaels of the nineteenth century even as to him of the fifth?’

The opening chapter of the tale introduces us to the dwelling-place of a colony of monks among the ancient ruins and the burning sand hills near the banks of the Nile, about three hundred miles above Alexandria. A young monk, named Philamon, seized with the desire of viewing for himself the great world without, obtains from his anxious superiors permission to depart, and on a summer’s night glides down the river in his little skiff towards the famous metropolis. Once arrived there, each day amazes with a new wonder the innocence of the youthful anchorite. He views with admiration the state, the discipline, the numbers, of the Christian world at Alexandria. With all the zeal of novelty, he gives himself to his share in the benevolent labours of his monastic brethren. But he learns, to his astonishment, that Christianity is not the only power at work. The state is not Christian, though at Constantinople the emperor professes the Christian faith. Strange speculations, lofty and

fascinating, maintain their place, denounced as hellish by his brother monks, but having, in the very mystery and prohibition, a potent charm for a mind longing after knowledge, and strong in an untried faith. Hypatia, a woman, young, beautiful, and wise, fills her lecture-hall day after day with the fashion, the talent, and the wealth of the city, as she expounds this lofty and time-honoured philosophy. He thirsts for the opportunity of some great achievement: might not he, Philammon, hear and judge, rise up and refute, and bring the wanderer home into the fold of Christ? The attempt is made. Philammon is treated by Hypatia with forbearance, by the coarse jealousy of his brethren he is heaped with wrong and insult. He takes refuge, from a church so much worse than he had thought it, with a philosophy so much better, and becomes the pupil of Hypatia. But, in the sequel, he discovers that what is refined in heathendom, cannot be practically separated from what is brutal and licentious,—that philosophy, even in the person of its best and holiest representative, is powerless to purify and slow to pity, and the prodigal returns repentant to his forsaken home.

Such is the mere threadwork of a story, in the course of which the author contrives to bring his readers in contact with most of the motley phases of life that made up the sum of Alexandrian existence, and to afford them the advantage Philammon enjoyed, of hearing for themselves both sides. The advancing action presents to view Orestes, the prefect—an indolent debauchee, a fair type of many a provincial ruler in those days of feebleness and expediency; Hypatia, the priestess of philosophy, mourning over the extinct 'Promethean heat,' for ever departed from the shrines at which she worships; the giant Goths, stalking terribly among the donkey-riding Alexandrians, drinking, lounging, singing of Asgard and the northern heroes, and ready to sell their doughty sword-strokes to any cause not compromising their rude ideas of honour—finely contrasting, in their savage dignity, with the mass of that pauper populace, so cowardly and cunning, and, at times, so turbulent and fierce, hungering after shows and largesses, after bread without work, and blood without danger; the monks, swarming everywhere, blindly rancorous, and blindly beneficent, disciplined like an army by the stern and methodical Cyril, every now and then raising a riot, hunting down a heretic, and persecuting the Jews, yet constantly employed in nursing the sick, succouring the distressed, and toiling in benign attendance on those social maladies which imperial misgovernment produced, perpetuated, and left the church to cure as best she might.

The following picture of sunrise, in the desert region

of Scetis, is a fair specimen of Mr. Kingsley's descriptive powers:—

'As he spoke, a long arrow of level light flashed down the gorge from crag to crag, awakening every crack and slab to vividness and life. The great crimson sun rose swiftly through the dim night mist of the desert; and as he poured his glory down the glen, the haze rose in threads and plumes, and vanished, leaving the stream to sparkle round the rocks, like the living twinkling eye of the whole scene. Swallows flashed by hundreds out of the cliffs, and began their air-dance for the day; the jerboa hopped stealthily homeward on his stilts, from his stolen meal in the monastery garden; the brown sand-lizards, underneath the stones, opened one eyelid each, and having satisfied themselves that it was day, dragged their bloated bodies and whip-like tails out into the most burning patch of gravel which they could find, and nestling together, as a further protection against cold, fell fast asleep again; the buzzard, who considered himself lord of the valley, awoke, with a long querulous bark, and rising aloft in two or three vast rings, to stretch himself after his night's sleep, hung motionless, watching every lark which chirruped on the cliffs; while from the far-off Nile below, the awakening croak of pelicans, the clang of geese, the whistle of the gadwit and curlew, came ringing up the windings of the glen; and, last of all, the voices of the monks arose, chanting a morning hymn to some wild Eastern air; and a new day had begun in Scetis, like those which went before, and those which were to follow after, week after week, year after year, of toil and prayer, as quiet as its sleep.'—p. 232, vol. i.

This compressed and rapid sketch of the squire-bishop Synesius is very life-like:—

'What, is the worthy old man as lively as ever?'

'Lively? He nearly drove me into a nervous fever in three days. Up at four in the morning, always in the most disgustingly good health and spirits, farming, coursing, shooting, riding over hedge and ditch after rascally black robbers; preaching, intriguing, borrowing money; baptizing and excommunicating; bullying that bully Andronicus; comforting old women, and giving pretty girls dowries; scribbling one half hour on philosophy, and the next on farriery; sitting up all night writing hymns and drinking strong liquors; off again on horseback at four the next morning; and talking by the hour all the while about philosophic abstraction from the mundane tempest. Heaven defend me from all two-legged whirlwinds!'—p. 37, vol. i.

Synesius is a specimen of a remarkable class of men not unfrequently met with during the transition period of the fifth century. The opinions he represents are familiar in their outlines to every student of the times, but it is peculiarly gratifying to have presented to us so fresh and graphic a portraiture of the daily habits and mode of life of one of the most interesting individuals of the species. Synesius is a kind of Christian Orpheus

writer of mystical hymns that read like a rhapsodical strain from Apuleius intermingled with echoes from the psalter. He accepts a Christian episcopate, but he cannot repudiate the lessons of Pappus, and of Hieron. The doctrine of the resurrection, in its literal acceptation, is too carnal for his ethereal Platonism. He cannot surrender the pre-existence of the soul, or admit the destruction of the world. He holds fast the dogma of emanation, invokes the Father as Plato's primordial Unity, and the Son as the Platonic Demiurge. He aspires to heaven as the region of the ideal—the native realm of Intelligible Archetypes. He must be allowed to philosophize at home, while he announces the popular religion out of doors. The inconsistency he reconciles to his conscience by reflecting that the eye of the vulgar is weakly,—that too much light might produce the effect of falsehood,—that an element of fable is indispensable in the instruction of the multitude. The old aristocratic intellectualism of the heathen world reigns in him to the last; but a kind heart often gets the better of philosophic pride, and he has much more of the Christian in him than the name.

Such was the position of the historical Synesius in the controversy between philosophy and faith, and the Synesius of Mr. Kingsley's fiction is a truthful and vigorous conception of the character as exhibited in those remains which time has preserved to us.

Men like Synesius united in their own persons the civilization of the old world and the new. They exemplify the combination of that civil life of the empire which was so decrepit, and that ecclesiastical life which was so vigorous. Throughout the west the emperors encouraged schools and libraries, with their several complements of learned men, in every considerable town. Imperial patronage provided amply for the ancient culture, and professors of rhetoric and grammar, of philosophy and law, stood ready in great numbers to meet the intellectual wants of the time. But these institutions, endowed and privileged as they were, could scarcely be said to live. A Christian youth was rarely seen in their lecture-rooms. The pagan teachers spent their days in trying to make knowledge easy to a handful of listless pupils from the families of the provincial aristocracy. The monasteries were destined ere long to supersede such instructors, and the class they instructed was speedily to disappear. While such institutions vegetated thus pitifully, Jerome and Augustine influenced the Christian world from one extremity of the empire to the other. Had some Christian lady a case of conscience, or some Christian com-

munity a question of doctrine to be settled, priests were found who, at a moment's notice, would traverse sea and land, would cross the perilous passes of the Alps, or brave the heats of the Syrian wildernesses, to bring an answer from some saintly authority far away. The readers of idyls, and of eclogues, of epitaphs, epigrams, and panegyrics, were few. A religious treatise, or the life of a saint, circulated everywhere. The trivial and pedantic imitations of the past, produced by pagan writers, touched the present scarcely in a single point. The letters and pamphlets of Christian authors were written for immediate effect, oftentimes with haste and heat, but always with earnestness. They handled, with a power that made itself felt, momentous questions like that of grace and freewill, and discussed themes in which every Christian felt a common interest. The ecclesiastical writers had not yet lost their liberty; the professors of pagan literature had never any liberty to lose. State-patronage involved state-surveillance. Imbecile and servile, without power and without a purpose, without the vitality which fosters genius, or the freedom which gives it play, these last representatives of antique conservatism offered in vain to supply what the world had ceased to demand. Like children, they were occupied in building paper boats, while the sinewy arms of the churchmen were fashioning an ark which should ride the deluge of barbaric invasion. They remind us of a fairy tale concerning an old man who had literally lost his heart. He told his young wife that it was in the coverlet, and she covered that with gay feathers and with flowers to delight his heart. 'Nay,' said he, 'your kindness is vain—it is in the door.' She covered the door in like manner, with no better result. At last he confessed that it was within a bird that lived in a church secured by iron doors, and surrounded by a deep moat. It was thus that the heart of mankind had withdrawn itself from antiquity—had abandoned the aged body to its natural decay, and taken up its dwelling in the Christian church. In vain did the devotees of the past adorn its institutions with every ingenious fancy a fond regret could devise, the flowers they wove could only make a funeral garland, the heart was fled for ever. Many of these worshippers of by-gone taste and by-gone abstractions were heard to complain that the gospel was not adapted to their wants. To the people, indeed, it might appear as food,—to their æsthetic intellectualism it was but foolishness. There are some among us now who echo this objection. Such men are maimed and sickly specimens of the species. It is not to be wondered at that men who have morbidly developed one half of their nature at the expense of the other, should find

insufficient attraction in a religion which addresses the heart equally with the head, and is conspicuous for the absence of that oneness which is their especial pride. Such allegations are in no respect more reasonable than the objection urged by the half-drunken Udaller against the two-handled plough proposed by Triptolemus Yellowley,—‘Tell me,’ said Magnus Troil, ‘how it were possible for Neil of Lupness, that lost one arm by his fall from the crag of Nekbrechan, to manage a plough with two handles.’

The best surviving remnants of Roman civilization were the class of educated country gentlemen. They are found in the fifth century throughout the western empire residing on their estates, the petty lords of the neighbourhood, men of large property and cultivated taste. They have fine libraries, houses beautifully furnished, often a private theatre where some rhetorician performs his comedy before the patron, himself a writer of odes and epigrams, and perhaps no indifferent composer of music. Their time is given to the chase, to elegant banquets, to literary conversaziones. Looking with disdain as philosophers on the degeneracy around them, and with indifference as men of wealth on the ordinary objects of ambition, they take little part in public affairs. Indifferent on religious matters, they make no effort to revive the old faith, or to oppose the new. Give them their books, and their hounds, their generous wines, and their little circle of dilettanti, a pleasant friend to rattle the dice with them, or a lively party at tennis, and they are happy. They will chat the morning through under the vines without touching once on a theme of moment to church or state, to gods or men. The news of battle and revolt, of lost provinces and changing empire, they will vote a bore, and forget it presently, as, with a jest or a yawn, they return to a new drama, or the last impromptu, to a critical conjecture, or a disputed etymology.

Meanwhile the earnest business of life goes on without these trifling egotists, and power is daily passing into other hands. Men find the Christian bishop everything which such luxurious idlers are not. They detest business; he toils in a whirl of it from morning to night. They stand aloof from the people; he lives among them, visits, preaches, catechises, settles disputes, has an ear for every applicant, finds time for every duty. While they are given up to self-enjoyment, he is the admiration of the country round for his austerity and active self-denial. While they are occupied by fits and starts with the curious indolence of a rhetorical philosophy, he is proclaiming a living truth to the multitude. He teaches the wakeful earnest husbandry of life,

while they are dreaming it away with questions which, to the working many, are not worth a straw.

It was to be expected that, in process of time, these two characters would frequently unite in the same person. The more thoughtful, active, or benevolent among the members of this imperial squirearchy would discern, ere long, that through the church alone could they take any effective part in the real work of their day. Some embracing more, and others less of the popular Christian doctrine, they entered the episcopal or priestly office, and exercised an influence they could never otherwise have acquired. While thus far identifying themselves with the new order of things, they did not, however, relinquish all their old tastes and pleasures. The man of the world and the man of wit, the devotee of pagan philosophy and the wooer of the classic muse, were still apparent beneath the robes of the bishop. Such was Synesius in Cyrene, Sidonius Apollinaris in Gaul, and many more.

But leaving these occupants of the frontier line, let us visit the camp of the enemy, and endeavour to realize the character and purpose of the last antagonist arrayed by antiquity against the youthful faith of the Cross.

First of all, as to what Neo-Platonism really was, and then as to the cause of its feebleness and utter failure when tested in conflict, even with the Christianity of the fifth century. Let us hear a part of the lecture Mr. Kingsley puts into the mouth of Hypatia. She has read aloud, from the *Iliad*, the well-known parting of Hector and Andromache, and then gives the following spiritualized exposition of the passage, treating it, in the style of her school, not as a tale of human passion, but as a philosophical allegory. 'Such,' she says, 'is the myth.'

'Do you fancy that in it Homer meant to hand down to the admiration of ages such earthly commonplaces as a mother's brute affection, and the terrors of an infant? Surely the deeper insight of the philosopher may be allowed, without the reproach of fancifulness, to see in it the adumbration of some deeper mystery.

'The elect soul, for instance—is not its name *Astyanax*, king of the city; by the fact of its ethereal parentage, the leader and lord of all around it, though it knows it not? A child as yet, it lies upon the fragrant bosom of its mother, Nature, the nurse and yet the enemy of man. Andromache, as the poet well names her, because she fights with that being, when grown to man's estate, whom as a child she nourished. Fair is she, yet unwise; pampering us, after the fashion of mothers, with weak indulgences; fearing to send us forth into the great realities of speculation, there to forget her in the pursuit of glory; she would have us while away our prime within the harem,

and play for ever round her knees. And has not the elect soul a father, too, whom it knows not? Hector, he who is without—unconfined, unconditioned by Nature, yet its husband?—the all-pervading plastic soul, informing, organizing, whom men call Zeus the lawgiver, *Æther* the fire, Osiris the lifegiver; whom here the poet has set forth as the defender of the mystic city, the defender of harmony, and order, and beauty, throughout the universe? Apart sits his great father—Priam, the first of existences, father of many sons, the Absolute Reason; unseen, tremendous, immovable, in distant glory; yet himself amenable to that abysmal unity which Homer calls Fate, the source of all which is, yet in Itself Nothing, without predicate, unnameable.

‘From It and for It the universal Soul thrills through the whole creation, doing the behests of that Reason from which it overflowed, unwillingly, into the storm and crowd of material appearances; warring with the brute forces of gross matter, crushing all which is foul and dissonant to itself, and clasping to its bosom the beautiful, and all wherein it discovers its own reflex; impressing on it its signature, reproducing from it its own likeness, whether star, or demon, or soul of the elect:—and yet, as the poet hints in anthropomorphic language, haunted all the while by a sadness—weighed down amid all its labours by the sense of a fate—by the thought of that First One from whom the Soul is originally descended; from whom it, and its Father, the Reason before it, parted themselves when they dared to think and act, and assert their own free will.

‘And in the meanwhile, alas! Hector, the father, fights around, while his children sleep and feed; and he is away in the wars, and they know him not—know not that they, the individuals, are but parts of him, the universal. And yet at moments—oh! thrice blessed they whose celestial parentage has made such moments part of their appointed destiny—at moments flashes on the human child the intuition of the unutterable secret. In the spangled glory of the summer night—in the roar of the Nile-flood, sweeping down fertility in every wave—in the awful depths of the temple shrine—in the wild melodies of old Orphic singers, or before the images of those gods, of whose perfect beauty the divine theosophists of Greece caught a fleeting shadow, and with the sudden might of artistic ecstasy smote it, as by an enchanter’s wand, into an eternal sleep of snowy stone—in these there flashes on the inner eye, a vision beautiful and terrible, of a force, an energy, a soul, an idea, one and yet million-fold, rushing through all created things, like the wind across a lyre, thrilling the strings into celestial harmony—one life-blood through the million veins of the universe, from one great unseen heart, whose thunderous pulses the mind hears far away, beating for ever in the abysmal solitude, beyond the heavens and the galaxies, beyond the spaces and the times, themselves but veins and runnels from its all-teeming sea.

‘Happy, thrice happy they who once have dared, even though breathless, blinded with tears of awful joy, struck down upon their

knees in utter helplessness, as they feel themselves but dead leaves in the wind which sweeps the universe—happy they who have dared to gaze, if but for an instant, on the terror of that glorious pageant; who have not, like the young Astyanax, clung shrieking to the breast of mother nature, scared by the heaven-wide flash of Hector's arms and the glitter of his rainbow-crest! Happy, thrice happy! even though their eyeballs, blasted by excess of light, wither to ashes in their sockets! Were it not a noble end to have seen Zeus, and die like Semele, burnt up by his glory? Happy, thrice happy! though their mind reel from the divine intoxication, and the hogs of Circe call them henceforth madmen and enthusiasts. Enthusiasts they are; for Deity is in them, and they in It. For the time, this burden of individuality vanishes, and recognising themselves as portions of the Universal Soul, they rise upward, through and beyond that Reason from whence the soul proceeds, to the fount of all—the ineffable and Supreme One—and seeing It, they become by that act, portions of Its essence. They speak no more, but It speaks in them, and their whole being, transmuted by that glorious sunlight into whose rays they have dared, like the eagle, to gaze without shrinking, becomes an harmonious vehicle for the words of Deity, and passive itself, utters the secrets of the immortal gods. What wonder if to the brute mass they seem like dreams? Be it so. . . . Smile if you will. But ask me not to teach you things unspeakable, above all sciences, which the word-battle of dialectic, the discursive struggles of reason can never reach, but which must be seen only, and when seen, confessed to be unspeakable. Hence, thou disputer of the Academy!—hence, thou sneering Cynic!—hence, thou sense-worshipping Stoic, who fanciest that the soul is to derive her knowledge from those material appearances which she herself creates! . . . hence—; and yet, no; stay and sneer, if you will. It is but a little time—a few days longer in this prison-house of our degradation, and each thing shall return to its own fountain; the blood-drop to the abysmal heart, and the water to the river, and the river to the shining sea; and the dew drop which fell from heaven shall rise to heaven again, shaking off the dust-grains which weighed it down, thawed from the earth-frost which chained it here to herb and sward, upward and upward ever through stars and suns, through gods, and through the parents of the gods, purer and purer through successive lives, till it enters The Nothing, which is The All, and find its home at last.'—Vol. i. pp. 185—189.

The foregoing extract is a fair exposition of the prominent characteristics in the teaching of the more spiritual section of the New-Platonist school. The reader will have marked its subtle pantheism, its soaring mysticism, its strained and fanciful interpretation of the worshipped creations of the past. Like Swedenborgianism, such a system furnished a certain kind of intellectual ingenuity with constant employment. This chase after hidden meanings is as illimitable as it is worthless.

The idea which presided at the foundation of Alexandria was the establishment of a great Hellenic empire which should unite opposing races. Greece and Egypt were to be renewed together at the mouth of the Nile. The wisdom of Ptolemy Soter and of Philadelphus laboured to teach the pride of the Greek and the fanaticism of the Egyptian their first lesson in toleration. But it is not to the Museum of Alexandria, with all its munificent endowments, that philosophy owed those last glories which illumined, but could not avert her fall. Plotinus taught at Rome, Proclus at Athens. The apartments of the Royal Institute were tenanted, for the most part, by men like Theon,—mathematicians, critics, and literati, who spent their days in laborious trifling,—who could collect and methodize, minutely commentate, or feebly copy, but who could originate little or nothing,—who were alike indifferent and unequal to the mighty questions on which hung the issue of the conflict between Greek conservatism and the new religion. Such men chained philosophy to the past and starved it—they offered up the present as a funeral victim at the obsequies of antiquity, and science, in their hands, perished, like the camel which the ancient Arabs tied to the tomb of a dead hero and left to linger and expire on the desert sand.

For full five centuries, from the days of Philo to the days of Proclus, Alexandrian philosophy, half rationalist, half mystical, endeavoured to reconcile the East and the West by one never-failing expedient—allegorical interpretation. The book of Genesis was to Philo what the Iliad was to Hypatia. In his treatise, *De Confusione Linguarum*, Philo declares that the sky the Babel-builders sought to reach with the top of their tower, is the mind, in which dwell the 'divine Powers.' Their futile attempts, he says, represents the presumption of those who place sense above intelligence, and think to storm the Intelligible World by the engine of the sensuous. Waller said that the troopers of the parliament ought to be both faithful men and good riders,—the first, lest they should run away with their horses,—the second, lest their horses should run away with them. Philo fulfilled the former condition in his advocacy of what he deemed the truth. No disputatious Greek could cavil at the books of Moses without finding himself foiled at his own dialectic weapons by the learned Jew. In the latter, he fails, and the wings of his hippogryph, Allegory, bear him far away into the dimmest realms of Phantasy.

Plato pronounces Love the child of Poverty and Plenty—the Alexandrian philosophy was the offspring of Reverence and Ambition. It combined an adoring homage to the departed

genius of the age of Pericles, with a passionate credulous craving after a supernatural elevation. Its literary tastes and religious wants were alike imperative and irreconcilable. In obedience to the former, it disdained Christianity; impelled by the latter, it travestied Plato. But for that proud servility which fettered it to a glorious past, it might have recognised in Christianity the only satisfaction of its higher longings. Rejecting that, it could only establish a philosophic church on the foundation of Plato's school, and, forsaking while it professed to expound him, embrace the hallucinations of intuition and of ecstasy, till it finally vanishes at Athens amid the incense and the hocus-pocus of theurgic incantation. Neo-Platonism begins with theosophy—that is, a philosophy, the imagined gift of special revelation, the product of the inner light. But soon, finding this too abstract and unsatisfactory, impatient of its limitations, it seeks after a sign and becomes theurgic. As it degenerates, it presses more audaciously forward through the veil of the unseen. It must see visions, dream dreams, work spells, and call down deities, demigods, and demons, from their dwellings in the upper air. The Alexandrians were eclectics, because such reverence taught them to look back; mystics, because such ambition urged them to look up. They restore philosophy, after all its weary wanderings, to the place of its birth; and, in its second childhood, it is cradled in the arms of those old poetic faiths of the past, from which, in the pride of its youth, it broke away.

The mental history of the founder best illustrates the origin of the school. Plotinus, in A.D. 233, commences the study of philosophy in Alexandria, at the age of twenty-eight. His mental powers are of the concentrative rather than the comprehensive order. Impatient of negation he has commenced an earnest search after some truth which, however abstract, shall yet be positive. He pores over the Dialogues of Plato and the Metaphysics of Aristotle, day and night. To promote the growth of his 'soul-wings,' as Plato counsels, he practises austerities his master would never have sanctioned. He attempts to live, what he learns to call, the 'angelic life;' the 'life of the disembodied in the body.' He reads with admiration the life of Apollonius of Tyana, by Philostratus, which has recently appeared. He can probably credit most of the marvels recorded of that strange thaumaturgist, who, two hundred years ago, had appeared—a revived Pythagoras, to dazzle nation after nation through which he passed, with prophecy and miracle—who had travelled to the Indus and the Ganges, and brought back the supernatural powers of Magi and Gymnosophists, and who was said to have displayed to the world once more the various know-

ledge, the majestic sanctity, and the superhuman attributes, of the sage of Crotona. This portraiture of a philosophical hierophant—a union of the philosopher and the priest in an inspired hero, fires the imagination of Plotinus. In the New-Pythagoreanism of which Apollonius was a representative, Orientalism and Platonism were alike embraced. Perhaps the thought occurs thus early to Plotinus—could I travel eastward I might drink myself at those fountain-heads of tradition, whence Pythagoras and Plato drew so much of their wisdom. Certain it is, that, with this purpose, he accompanied, several years subsequently, the disastrous expedition of Gordian against the Parthians, and narrowly escaped with life.

At Alexandria, Plotinus doubtless hears from Orientals there some fragments of the ancient eastern theosophy—doctrines concerning the principle of evil, the gradual development of the divine essence, and creation by intermediate agencies, none of which he finds in his Plato. He cannot be altogether a stranger to the lofty theism which Philo marred, while he attempted to refine, by the help of his ‘Attic Moses.’ He observes a tendency on the part of philosophy to fall back upon the sanctions of religion, and on the part of the religions of the day to mingle in a Deism or a Pantheism, which might claim the sanctions of philosophy. The signs of a growing toleration or indifferentism meet him on every side. Rome has long been a Pantheon for all nations, and gods and provinces together have found in the capitol at once their Olympus and their metropolis. He cannot walk the streets of Alexandria without perceiving that the very architecture tells of an alliance between the religious art of Egypt and of Greece. All, except Jews and Christians, join in the worship of Serapis. Was not the very substance of which the statue of that god was made, an amalgam?—fit symbol of the syncretism which paid him homage. Once Serapis had guarded the shores of the Euxine, now he is the patron of Alexandria, and in him the attributes of Zeus and of Osiris, of Apis and of Plato, are adored alike by East and West. Men are learning to overlook the external differences of name and ritual, and to reduce all religions to one general sentiment of worship. For now more than fifty years, every educated man has laughed, with Lucian’s satire in his hand, at the gods of the popular superstition. A century before Lucian, Plutarch had shown that some of the doctrines of the barbarians were not irreconcilable with the philosophy in which he gloried as a Greek. Plutarch had been followed by Apuleius, a practical eclectic, a learner in every school, an initiate in every temple, at once sceptical and credulous, a sophist and a devotee.

Plotinus looks around him, and inquires what philosophy is doing in the midst of influences such as these. Peripateticism exists but in slumber, under the dry scholarship of Adrastus and Alexander of Aphrodisium, the commentators of the last century. The New Academy and the Stoics attract youth still, but they are neither of them a philosophy so much as a system of ethics. Speculation has given place to morals. Philosophy is taken up as a branch of literature, as an elegant recreation, as a theme for oratorical display. Plotinus is persuaded that philosophy should be worship—speculation, a search after God—no amusement, but a prayer. Scepticism is strong in proportion to the defect or weakness of everything positive around it. The influence of *Ænesidemus* who, two centuries ago, proclaimed universal doubt, is still felt in Alexandria. But his scepticism would break up the foundations of morality. What is to be done? Plotinus sees those who are true to speculation surrendering ethics, and those who hold to morality abandoning speculation.

In his perplexity, a friend takes him to hear Ammonius Saccas. He finds him a powerful, broad-shouldered man, as he might naturally be, who not long before was to be seen any day in the sultry streets of Alexandria, a porter, wiping his brow under his burden. Ammonius is speaking of the reconciliation that might be effected between Plato and Aristotle. This eclecticism it is which has given him fame. At another time it might have brought on him only derision, now there is an age ready to give the attempt an enthusiastic welcome.

Let us venture, as Mr. Kingsley has done with Hypatia, to make him speak for himself, and imagine, as nearly as may be, the probable tenor of his lecture.

‘What,’ he cries, kindling with his theme, ‘did Plato leave behind him, what Aristotle, when Greece and philosophy had waned together? The first, a chattering crew of sophists: the second, the lifeless dogmatism of the sensationalist. The self-styled followers of Plato were not brave enough either to believe or to deny. The successors of the Stagyrte did little more than reiterate their denial of the Platonic doctrine of ideas. Between them morality was sinking fast. Then an effort was made for its revival. The attempt at least was good. It sprang out of a just sense of a deep defect. Without morality what is philosophy worth? But these ethics must rest on speculation for their basis. The Epicureans and the Stoics, I say, came forward to supply that moral want. Each said, we will be practical, intelligible, utilitarian. One school, with its hard lesson of fate and self-denial; the other, with its easier

' doctrine of pleasure, more or less refined, were rivals in their
 ' profession of ability to teach men how to live. In each there
 ' was a certain truth, but I will honour neither with the name of
 ' a philosophy. They have confined themselves to mere ethical
 ' application—they are willing, both of them, to let first prin-
 ' ciples lie unstirred. Can scepticism fail to take advantage of
 ' this? While they wrangle, both are disbelieved. But, sirs,
 ' can we abide in scepticism?—it is death. You ask me, what I
 ' recommend? I say, travel back across the past. Out of the
 ' whole of that by-gone and yet undying world of thought con-
 ' struct a system greater than any of the sundered parts. Repu-
 ' diate these partial scholars in the name of their masters. Leave
 ' them to their disputes, pass over their systems, already tottering
 ' for lack of a foundation, and be it yours to show how their
 ' teachers join hands far above them. In such a spirit of reverent
 ' enthusiasm you may attain a higher unity, you mount in spe-
 ' culation, and from that height ordain all noble actions for your
 ' lower life. So you become untrue neither to experience nor
 ' to reason, and the genius of eclecticism will combine, yea, shall
 ' I say it, will surpass while it embraces, all the ancient triumphs
 ' of philosophy.'

Such was the teaching which attracted Longinus, Hierennius, and Origen (not the father). It makes an epoch in the life of Plotinus. He desires now no other instructor, and is preparing to become himself a leader in the pathway Ammonius has pointed out. He is convinced that Platonism, exalted into an enthusiastic illuminism, and gathering about itself all the scattered truth upon the field of history; Platonism, mystical and catholic, can alone preserve men from the abyss of scepticism. One of the old traditions of Finland relates how a mother once found her son torn into a thousand fragments at the bottom of the River of Death. She gathered the scattered members to her bosom, and rocking to and fro, sang a magic song, which made him whole again, and restored the departed life. Such a spell the Alexandrian philosophy sought to work—thus to recover and re-unite the relics of antique truth dispersed and drowned by time.

Plotinus occupied himself only with the most abstract questions concerning knowledge and being. Detail and method—all the stitching and clipping of eclecticism, he bequeathed as the handicraft of his successors. His fundamental principle is the old *petitio principii* of idealism. Truth, according to him, is not the agreement of our apprehension of an external object with the object itself—it is rather the agreement of the mind with itself. The objects we contemplate and that which contem-

plates, are identical for the philosopher. Both are thought; only like can know like; all truth is within us. By reducing the soul to its most abstract simplicity, we subtilise it so that it expands into the infinite. In such a state we transcend our finite selves, and are one with the infinite; this is the privileged condition of ecstasy. These blissful intervals, but too evanescent and too rare, were regarded as the reward of philosophic asceticism—the seasons of refreshing, which were to make amends for all the stoical austerities of the steep ascent towards the abstraction of the primal unity.

Thus the Neo-Platonists became ascetics and enthusiasts; Plato was neither. Where Plato acknowledges the services of the earliest philosophers—the imperfect utterances of the world's first thoughts,—Neo-Platonism (in its later period, at least) undertakes to detect, not the similarity merely, but the identity between Pythagoras and Plato, and even to exhibit the Platonism of Orpheus, and of Hermes. Where Plato is hesitant or obscure, Neo-Platonism inserts a meaning of its own, and is confident that such, and no other, was the master's mind. Where Plato indulges in a fancy, or hazards a bold assertion, Neo-Platonism, ignoring the doubts Plato may himself express elsewhere, spins it out into a theory, or bows to it as an infallible revelation. Where Plato has the doctrine of Reminiscence, Neo-Platonism has the doctrine of Ecstasy. In the Reminiscence of Plato, the ideas the mind perceives are without it. Here there is no mysticism, only the mistake incidental to metaphysicians generally of giving an actual existence to mere mental abstractions. In Ecstasy, the ideas perceived are within the mind. The mystic, according to Plotinus, contemplates the divine perfections in himself; and, in the ecstatic state, individuality (which is so much imperfection), memory, time, space, phenomenal contradictions and logical distinctions all vanish. It is not until the rapture is past, and the mind, held in this strange solution, is, as it were, precipitated on reality, that memory is again employed. Plotinus would say that Reminiscence could impart only inferior knowledge, because it implies separation between the subject and the object. Ecstasy is superior—is absolute, being the realization of their identity. True to this doctrine of absorption, the pantheism of Plotinus teaches him to maintain alike, with the Oriental mystic at one extreme of time, and with the Hegelian at the other, that our individual existence is but phenomenal and transitory. Plotinus, accordingly, does not banish reason, he only subordinates it to ecstasy where the Absolute is in question. It is not till the last that he calls in supernatural aid. The wizard king

builds his tower of speculation by the hands of human workmen till he reaches the top story, and then summons his genii to fashion the battlements of adamant, and crown them with starry fire.

Plotinus, wrapt in his proud abstraction, cared nothing for fame. An elect company of disciples made for a time his world; ere long, his dungeon-body would be laid in the dust, and the divine spark within him set free, and lost in the Universal Soul. Porphyry entered his school fresh from the study of Aristotle. At first the audacious opponent of his master, he soon became the most devoted of his scholars. With a temperament more active and practical than that of Plotinus, with more various ability and far more facility in method and adaptation, with an erudition equal to his fidelity, blameless in his life, pre-eminent in the loftiness and purity of his ethics, he was well fitted to do all that could be done towards securing for the doctrines he had espoused that reputation and that wider influence to which Plotinus was so indifferent. His aim was twofold. He engaged in a conflict hand to hand with two antagonists at once, by both of whom he was eventually vanquished. He commenced an assault on Christianity without, and he endeavoured to check the progress of superstitious practice within the pale of paganism. His doctrine concerning ecstasy is less extravagant than that of Plotinus. The ecstatic state does not involve with him the loss of conscious personality. He calls it a dream, in which the soul dead to the world, rises to an activity that partakes of the divine. It is an elevation above human reason, human action, human liberty, yet no temporary annihilation, but rather an ennobling restoration or transformation of the individual nature. In his well-known letter to Anebon, he proposes a series of questions which indicate that thorough scepticism concerning the pretensions of theurgy which so much scandalized Iamblichus. The treatise of the latter, *De Mysteriis*, is an elaborate reply, under the name of Abammon, to that epistle.

Thus much concerning the doctrine of the theosophic or spiritualist section of the Neo-Platonists. Iamblichus is the leader and representative of the wonder-working and theurgic branch of the school. With this party a strange mixture of charlatanry and asceticism takes the place of those lofty but unsatisfying abstractions which absorbed Plotinus. They are, in some sort, the lineal descendants of those *ἀγύρται* of whom Plato speaks—itinerant venders of expiations and of charms—the Grecian prototypes of Chaucer's Pardonere. Yet nothing can exceed the power to which they lay claim. If you believe Iamblichus, the theurgist is the vehicle and instrument of Deity,

all the subordinate potencies and dominions of the upper world are at his beck, for it is not a man but a God who mutters the words of might, and chants the prayer which shakes celestial thrones and makes the heavens bow. When the afflatus is upon him, fiery appearances are seen, sweetest melodies tremble through the air, heavy with incense, or deep discordant sounds betray some terrible presence tamed by the master's art. There are four great orders of spiritual existence peopling the unseen world—gods, demons or heroes, demi-gods, and souls. The adept knows at once to which class the glorious shape which confronts him may belong—for they appear always with the insignia of their office, or in a form consonant with the rank they hold in the hierarchy of spiritual natures. The appearances of gods are uniform (*μονοειδῆ*), those of demons various in their hue (*ποικίλα*). Often when a god reveals himself, he hides sun and moon, and appears, as he descends, too vast for earth. Each order has gifts of its own to bestow on those who summon them. The gods confer health of body, power and purity of mind: the principalities which govern the sublunary elements impart temporal advantages. At the same time there exist evil demons—anti-gods, who are hostile to the aspirant, who afflict, if they can, both body and mind, and hinder our escape from the world of appearance and of sense.

It is not a little curious to observe the process by which a more refined and intellectual mysticism gives way to a more gross, and theosophy is superseded by theurgy, in Neo-Platonism, Gnosticism, and Romanism alike. At first, ecstasy is an indescribable state—any form or voice would mar and materialize it—the vague boundlessness of this exaltation, of that expanse of bliss and glory in which the soul seems to swim and lose itself, is not to be even hinted at by the highest utterance of mortal speech. But a degenerate age, or a lower order of mind, demands the detail and imagery of a more tangible marvel. The demand creates supply, and the mystic, deceiver or deceived, or both, most commonly begins to furnish out for himself and others a full itinerary of those regions of the unseen world which he has scanned or traversed in his moments of elevation. He describes the starred baldrics and meteor-swords of the aerial panoply—tells what forlorn shapes have been seen standing dark against a far depth of brightness, like stricken pines on a sunset horizon—what angelic forms, in gracious companies, alight about the haunts of men, thwarting the evil, and opening pathways for the good—what genii tend what mortals, and under what astral influences they work weal or woe—what dwellers in the middle air cover with embattled rows the mountain side, or fill some

vast amphitheatre of silent inaccessible snow—how some encamp in the valley, under the pennons of the summer lightning, and others find a tented field where the slow wind unrolls the exhalations along the marsh, or builds a canopy of vapours—all is largely told—what ethereal heraldry marshals with its blazon the thrones and dominions of the unseen realm—what giant powers and principalities among them darken with long shadow, or illumine with a winged wake of glory the forms of following myriads, their ranks and races, wars and destiny, as minutely registered as the annals of some neighbour province, as confidently recounted as though the seer had nightly slipped his bonds of flesh, and made one in their council or their battle.

Thus the metaphysical basis and the magical pretensions of Alexandrian mysticism are seen to stand in an inverse ratio to each other. Porphyry qualifies the intuitional principle of his master, and holds more soberly the theory of illumination. Iamblichus, the most superstitious of all in practice, diminishes still further the province of theosophy. He denies what both Plotinus and Porphyry maintained, that man has a faculty inaccessible to passion, and eternally active. Just in proportion as these men surrendered their lofty ideas of the innate power of the mind did they seek to indemnify themselves by recourse to supernatural assistance from without. The talisman takes the place of the contemplative reverie. Philosophic abstraction is abandoned for the incantations of the cabbalist; and as speculation droops superstition gathers strength.

Such are the leading features of that philosophical religionism which attempted to rival Christianity at Alexandria, and which strove to cope, in the name of the past, with the spiritual aims and the miraculous credentials of the new faith. What were the immediate causes of its failure? The attempt to piece with new cloth the old garment was necessarily vain. Porphyry endeavoured to refute the Christian, and to reform the pagan by a single stroke. But Christianity could not be repulsed, and heathendom would not be renovated. In vain did he attempt to substitute a single philosophical religion, which should be universal, for the manifold and popular polytheism of his day. Christian truth repelled his attack on the one side, and idolatrous superstition carried his defences on the other. The Neo-Platonists, moreover, volunteered their services as the champions of a paganism which did but partially acknowledge their advocacy. The philosophers were often objects of suspicion to the emperor, always of dislike to the jealousy of the heathen priest. In those days of emperor-worship the emperor was sometimes a devouring deity, and, like the sacred crocodile of Egypt, more dangerous

to his worshippers than to his foes, would now and then break-fast on a devotee. The Neo-Platonists defended paganism not as zealots, but as men of letters. They defended it because the old faith could boast of great names and great achievements in speculation, literature, and art, and because the new appeared barbarian in its origin, and humiliating in its claims. They wrote, they lectured, they disputed in favour of the temple, and against the church, not because they worshipped idols, but because they worshipped Plato. They exclaimed against vice, while they sought to conserve its incentives, so abundant in every heathen mythology, fondly dreaming that they could bring a clean thing out of an unclean. Their great doctrine was the unity and immutability of the abstraction they called God; yet they took their place as the conservators of polytheism. They saw Christianity denouncing every worship except its own; and they resolved to assert the opposite, accrediting every worship except that Christianity enjoined. They failed to observe in that benign intolerance of falsehood, which stood out as so novel a characteristic in the Christian faith, one of the credentials of its divine origin. They forgot that lip-homage paid to all religions is the virtual denial of each. They strove to combine religion and philosophy, and robbed the last of its only principle, the first of its only power. In their hands speculation lost its scientific precision, and deserted its sole consistent basis in the reason; for they compelled philosophy to receive a fantastic medley of sacerdotal inventions, and to labour, blinded and dishonoured, an enfeebled Samson in the prison-house of their eclecticism, that these might be woven together into a flimsy tissue of pantheistic spiritualism. On the other hand, the religions lost in the process whatever sanctity or authoritativeness may once have been theirs. This endeavour to philosophise superstition could only issue in the paradoxical product of a philosophy without reason, and a superstition without faith. Lastly, the old aristocratic exclusiveness of Hellenist culture could hold its own no longer against the encroaching confusions of the time—least of all against a system which preached a gospel to the poor. In vain did heathen philosophy borrow from Christian spirituality a new refinement, and receive some rays of light from the very foe she sought to foil. In every path of her ambition she was distanced by the excellence, yea, by the very faults of her antagonist. Did Neo-Platonism take the higher ground, and seek in ecstasy union with the divine, many a Christian ascetic in the Thebaid laid claim to a union and an ecstasy more often enjoyed, more confidently asserted, more readily believed. Did she descend a step lower,

to find assurance for herself or win repute with others, to the magical devotion and materialized mysticism of theurgic art, here, too, she was outdone, for the Christian Church could not only point to miracles in the past, which no one ventured to impugn, but was growing richer every day in relics and exorcisms, and in every species of saintly marvel. Every Christian martyr bequeathed a progeny of miracles to the care of succeeding generations. His bones were the dragons' teeth, which, sown in the grave, sprang up the armed men of the church militant—the supernatural auxiliaries of the faith for which he died; and his sepulchre became the corner-stone of a new church. Pagan theurgy found its wand broken, and its spells baffled, by the more potent incantations of Christian faith or Christian superstition. A barbaric art, compounded of every ancient jugglery of priestcraft, contended as vainly against the roused elements of that human nature which Christianity had stirred to its depths, as do the savage islanders of the Southern Sea against the hurricane, when, sitting in a dusky circle on the beach, they try, with wild noises, to sing down the leaping surf, and to lull the shrieking winds, that cover them with flying spray. Philosophy, which had always repelled the people, possessed no power to seclude them from the Christianity which sought them out. It is, perhaps, too much to say that it never attracted minds from the lower walks of life, but when it did so, the influence it exercised was not really ameliorating or even diffusive. Mr. Kingsley has correctly exemplified, in the character of Eudæmon, the operation of philosophy on the vulgar mind. This little man, who keeps the parasols in the porch of Hypatia's lecture-room, has picked up sundry scraps of philosophy. He is, accordingly, just as disdainful of the herd about him, as the real philosophers, whom he apes, would necessarily be of himself. His frivolous and selfish pedantry is a perpetual satire on philosophic pretension. His philosophy, leaving his heart even as it was, imparts only a ridiculous inflation to his speech, and enables him to beat his wife with a high-sounding maxim on his lips. He resembles Andrew, the serving-man of the great scholar in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of the *Elder Brother*, who so delights to astound and mystify the cook with his learned phrases and marvellous relations of the scientific achievements of his master:—

'These are but scrapings of his understanding, Gilbert,
With gods and goddesses, and such strange people,
He treats and deals with in so plain a fashion,
As thou dost with thy boy that draws thy drink,
Or Ralph there, with his kitchen-boys and scalders.'

Such is the style in which Eudæmon discourses to the wondering Philammon, fresh from the desert, on the wisdom and the virtues of Hypatia. This windy fare of conceit and vanity, with a certain dog-like devotion to his mistress, is all that the transcendental diet of philosophy has vouchsafed him. Neither, in reality, were the young wits and dandies of Alexandria much more effectually nourished in virtue than this humble doorkeeper at the gates of wisdom. Bitterly did Hypatia complain that her pupils remained dead to those pure aspirations which exalted her own nature. They listened, admired, and were amused; idleness had found a morning's entertainment; they talked of virtue, but they practised vice. While Hypatia, like Queen Whims, in Rabelais' *Kingdom of Quintessence*, fed only on categories, abstractions, second intentions, antitheses, metempsychoses, transcendental prolepsies, 'and such other light food,' her admirers, like Pantagruel and his friends, did more than justice to all the substantial materials of gluttony and drunkenness. In short, the very struggles made by heathendom in the effort to escape its doom, served only to disclose more fatally its weakness, and to show to all that the doom was merited. In one of the stories of the *Gesta Romanorum*, we are told of a warden at a city gate who was empowered to receive a penny from every passenger who was one-eyed, hunchbacked, or afflicted with certain diseases. A humpbacked man appeared one day, who refused to pay the toll; the warden laid hands on him; in the scuffle his cap fell off, his clothes were torn, it was discovered that he had but one eye, and, finally, that he was a sufferer under each of the diseases amenable to the fine, so that he was mulcted, at last, in five pennies instead of one. Such has been the history of systems, political or religious, which have attempted, when their time was come, to resist the execution of the sentence. They have persisted in pretending to teach when they had nothing to impart,—in arrogating an authority already disowned,—or in obtruding a service which the world required no longer; and the more protracted and obstinate such endeavours, the more signal has been their overthrow, the more conspicuous the sickly feebleness of their corruption, the heavier the penalties they have been compelled at last to pay.

The career of Neo-Platonism, as we have now attempted to describe it, is faithfully traced by Mr. Kingsley in the character of Hypatia, in her aspirations, her mental struggles, her bitter disappointment. He might have exhibited the philosophical aspects of the time, as it were, side by side with the story, in the way of long speeches and occasional disquisitions. He might, on the other hand, have made Hypatia an abstraction—an imper-

sonation of the school she represents. Either course would have been easier than the one he has chosen—would have been, in fact, the danger of an inferior workman. In the first case, the book would have lacked interest, in the second, nature. But Mr. Kingsley has contrived, with no little art, to render the incidents of the story themselves indicative of the character and fortunes of the philosophy he has to depict,—to make Hypatia human and real, and, at the same time, to exhibit in her individual history the strength, the weakness, and the inevitable issue of that philosophic and pagan element which, in the fifth century, leavened so large a section of the social system. In this respect, his tale may be read as history, and those best acquainted with the period he handles will be the last to accuse his portraiture of untruthfulness. High, indeed, is the office of the novelist who endeavours not merely to recall the dress and manners of a by-gone age, but to pierce into the heart of society, and show us how the various classes of mankind were looking at those great questions concerning good and evil, right and wrong, which are the same in their moment for all time. Such an instructor widens the door of knowledge, and introduces to the lessons of the past that large number who, in our hurrying headlong days, have neither the time, the culture, nor the curiosity to seek them in the original records. Our literature is less rich in such productions than it should be, and we trust it will receive farther contributions from the same hand to which we owe Hypatia.

Almost at the outset of the story, Hypatia is made to feel the insufficiency of the philosophy in which she glories. To aid his schemes of usurpation, Orestes, the shrewd and selfish voluptuary, has offered her his hand. She loathes the man,—but, as Empress of Africa, she might abolish the church of Alexandria, and restore the worship of Athene. She hesitates. Spiritual as her philosophy is, it cannot teach her that the least wrong may not be excused by the largest advantage, and she submits—another Iphigenia—expediency her cruel Agamemnon. She writes the letter which contains the fatal consent, and tries to resume her Commentary on Plotinus:—

‘Alas! what were all the wire-drawn dreams of metaphysics to her in that real and human struggle of the heart? What availed it to define the process by which individual souls emanated from the universal one, while her own soul had, singly and on its own responsibility, to decide so terrible an act of will? or to write fine words with pen and ink about the immutability of the human Reason, while her own reason was left there to struggle for its life amid a roaring, shoreless waste of doubts and darkness? Oh, how grand, and good, and logical

it had all looked half an hour ago ! And how irrefragably she had been deducing from it all, syllogism after syllogism, the non-existence of evil !—how it was but a lower form of good, one of the countless products of the one great, all-pervading mind which could not err or change, only so strange and recondite in its form as to excite antipathy in all minds but that of the philosopher, who learnt to see the stem which connected the apparently bitter fruit with the perfect root from which it sprung. Could she see the stem there?—the connexion between the pure and supreme Reason, and the hideous caresses of the debauched and cowardly Orestes ? Was not that evil, pure, unadulterated with any vein of good, past, present, or future ?—Vol. i. p. 77.

Again, in her dialogue with Orestes (one of the best in the book) her ideal heathenism is brought face to face with the hideous reality. She would fain make paganism, in its most degenerate days, what it had never been in its best, and restore it purified from blood and lust. To re-establish heathendom she must have power,—to obtain power she must please the people,—to please the people she must give her consent to massacre, and her presence to shame, the arena must reek with the blood of the Lybian prisoners, and Pelagia must dance Venus Anadyomene. To this she must reconcile herself, and, after all, whispers her philosophy, ought not the intellectual few to be the real rulers, governing the masses for their good ; and in what way can those degraded natures, in whom no divine spark of life has been awakened, be possibly controlled, but by indulging them in their animal appetites ? Another compromise, another degradation, and meanwhile that inexplicable thing, Christianity, exhibits multitudes far surpassing in holiness (because more benevolent) the highest attainments of philosophic purity,—has won, maintains, daily extends her power, without being forced to stoop to such base compliance. It was Christianity which had done most to give real footing to such morality as Hypatia taught, but taught in vain. Why was it so strong, and she so weak ? Why could she not raise the soul of heathenism without that gross, corrupt body ?

Such were the doubts that darkened about her as she felt that, in spite of every hope and effort, the sun of heathendom seemed inevitably setting ; as she could find only evil means wherewith to combat evil, while Zeus and Pallas gave no sign, and appeared regardless, as the epicurean infidel had declared them, of the triumph of their destroyer, of the tears and the sacrifice of their last and truest votary. Philammon, too, discovers that even Hypatia cannot stoop from her pride of purity to succour his outcast sister,—that philosophy has no mercy to proclaim for publicans and sinners,—that, at his sorest need, it abandons him,

freezes pity with the name of destiny, and mocks, with a selfish abstraction, the pleading misery of his love and fear. As a last resource,—to reassure, if possible, her failing faith,—to grasp a something beyond her own thoughts, Hypatia has recourse to the ecstasy Plotinus taught. She discovers, to her dismay, that even the mystic trance brings her nothing from without; that she herself is her own object, even there; that she does but project the phantom of her own misery on the mysterious void. A step lower yet—desperate, but natural—she accepts the aid of Miriam's theurgic art, who professes to summon her a god in visible human form. But, alas! the Apollo proves a real, but too palpable man; and Hypatia, in an agony of shame and resentment, finds herself the victim of a shameful trick.

Raphael Aben-Ezra is one of those powerful characters in which Mr. Kingsley is most successful. His own sympathies manifestly lie most strongly with natures daring and robust both in mind and body. The chapter, entitled, 'The Bottom of the Abyss,' which describes the descent of Raphael from depth to depth of doubt, till he follows his dog as the best teacher he has, is a fine illustration of the utter inability of the most ingenious theories of the universe to satisfy minds of the largest capacity. He has nothing of the sentimentalism whose luxuriant growth could conceal, in the case of Hypatia, the gaps and crevices of her philosophic structure. To his keen insight, allegorical mathematics, the spiritual significance of conic sections, the divine lessons unfolded in the petals of the flower of Isis, appear, as they actually are,—the idlest child's play. He looks both sides of a question too fully in the face to be a common sceptic, only incredulous of what he resolves to deny, and blindly credulous of certain phantasms created in its place. A true doubter, he doubts concerning his doubts, and when, for the first time, he beholds near at hand that beautiful thing, a consistent Christian life, the vision shines on a mind as clear of the prejudices of scepticism as of the prejudices of faith—a mere *tabula rasa*, and awakes a hope which grows into conviction. It is because they lack the breadth of view exhibited in such a character, that men like Newman and Parker imagine they have found a medium and a resting-place in their deistic intuitionism, in a subjective religion of sentiment, which enables them to believe what they will without giving a reason to any man—a religion which bows to the witness of the fancy without a question, and disdains the testimony of history with as little question also—as though men could only be deceived by others, and never by themselves. Raphael says—

'I don't want to possess a faith. I want a faith which will possess

me. And if I ever arrived at such a one, believe me, it would be by some such practical demonstration as this very tent has given me.

‘This tent?’

‘Yes, sir, this tent; within which I have seen you and your children lead a life of deeds as new to me the Jew, as they would be to Hypatia the Gentile. I have watched you for many a day, and not in vain. When I saw you, an experienced officer, encumber your flight with wounded men, I was only surprised. But since I have seen you, and your daughter, and strangest of all, your gay young Alcibiades of a son, starving yourselves to feed those poor ruffians—performing for them, day and night, the offices of menial slaves—comforting them, as no man ever comforted me—blaming no one but yourselves, caring for every one but yourselves, sacrificing nothing but yourselves; and all this without hope of fame or reward, or dream of appeasing the wrath of any god or goddess, but simply because you thought it right. . . . when I saw that, sir, and more which I have seen; and when, reading in this book here, I found most unexpectedly those very grand moral rules which you were practising, seeming to spring unconsciously, as natural results, from the great thoughts, true or false, which had preceded them; then, sir, I began to suspect that the creed which produces such deeds as I have watched within the last few days, might have on its side not merely a slight preponderance of probabilities, but what we Jews used once to call, when we believed in it—or in anything—the mighty power of God.’—Vol. ii. p. 34.

To turn now from heathenism—divided between a fanciful spiritualism and a grovelling superstition—between a thoughtful scepticism and a thoughtless indifference—doomed alike in its belief and in its disbelief,—to its successful rival, the Church. Christianity in the fifth century was disfigured by a wide-spread corruption, but paganism was in no condition either to rival its excellencies or to take advantage of its faults. Only too many of the follies associated with heathen worship were conserved by incorporation in that church which made a ruin of every heathen shrine. There is an Indian valley in which it is said that gigantic trees have pierced and rent the walls of a long-deserted idol temple. That resistless vegetation, with its swelling girth and gnarled arms, has anticipated the work of time; but it has been itself distorted while it has destroyed. Large slabs and fragments of stone are encased in the wood, and the twisted bark discovers here and there, among the shadows of the leaves, groups of petty gods which its growth has partially enclosed. Thus did it happen with the mighty tree that sprang from the grain of mustard-seed, when by degrees it had received into its substance, or embraced in its development, many an adornment from those chambers of imagery which its youthful vigour had riven and overthrown. The heathen philosopher might, with

some show of justice, retort on the Christians the charge of idolatry when he saw them prostrate before an image, and confident in the miraculous virtues of a relic or a tomb. But the reproach availed him nothing, for the power of conviction lay with the adversary after all. He might accuse the Christian, as Mr. Martineau accuses Paley, of representing the Deity as a retired mechanist,—a creator withdrawn from the work of his own hands to a far-off heaven; but the evil was not amended by depriving the Divine Nature of personality and diffusing it pantheistically throughout the universe. The dispute between the heathen and the Christian on that question amounted to this—Did God create the universe by willing or by being it? (*τῷ βούλεσθαι, or τῷ εἶναι.*) If the latter, man has a criminal for a Deity; if the former (as the Church said), the mystery might be fathomless, but religion was at least possible. The Neo-Platonist might point to parallels, answering plausibly at least, to many features of the Christian doctrine, in the old religions of mankind. But the labour was as idle then as now, for this, at any rate, the adversary of our faith could not and cannot deny, that Christianity was the first to seek out and to elevate the forgotten and degraded masses of mankind.

A survey of such parallels is of service only, as indicative of the adaptation of Christianity to those obscure longings of the ancient world which are better understood by us than by themselves. The likeness observable between some of their ideas and those contained in the Christian revelation, is that of the dim and distorted morning shadow to the substance from which it is thrown. We see that their religious notions were not the nutriment their souls really needed, but substitutes for, or anticipations of, such veritable food. The pellets of earth, eaten by the Otomacs and the negroes, are no proof that clay can afford nourishment to man's system. They are the miserable resources of necessity, they deaden the irritability of the stomach and allay the gnawings of hunger, but they can impart no sustenance. The religious philosophies of the old world could, in like manner, assuage a painful craving for a time, but they could not reinforce the life-blood, and resuscitate, as healthful food, the faint and emaciated frame. Over against all points of similarity is to be set this striking contrast,—for that forlorn deep, the popular mind, Christianity had a message of love and power, while heathen wisdom had none. The masses of antiquity resemble the cairn-people of northern superstition—a race of beings said to dwell among the tombs, playing sadly on their harps, lamenting their captivity, and awaiting wistfully the great day of restitution. They call on those who pass their

haunts, and ask if there is salvation for them. If man answers yes, they play blithely all the night through; if he says, 'You have no Redeemer,' they dash their harps upon the stones, and crouch, silent and weeping, in the gloomy recesses of their cavern. Such a dark and ignorant sighing to be renewed was heard from time to time from those tarrying spirits in prison among the untaught multitudes of ancient time. They questioned philosophy, and at her cold denial shrank away, and hid themselves again in their place of darkness. They questioned Christianity, and at her hopeful answer they began to sing.

Once more, the enemy of the Cross was reduced in that time, as in our own, to the inconsistency of extending the largest charity possible to every licentious and cruel faith that had led man's wandering farther yet astray, while he refuses even common candour to the belief of the Christian in his Saviour. Similarly, Mr. Parker must speak with tenderness of those multifarious types of the religious sentiment which have identified homicide with worship and deity with lust; but when he comes across an evangelical—farewell calm philosophy, and welcome bitterness and bile! Mr. Parker might reply, in the nineteenth century, as Theon would have replied in the fifth—'But those Christians are so intolerant, and will have it that everything unchristian is ungodly; they will not suffer us to place their religion among the other creations of man's devotional aspiration, and to install it in the Pantheon of our philosophic empire with the rest.' Of course not, Christianity could exist on no other terms. It refused, in the days of the Cæsars, to be stabled in the Capitol among the hybrid and the bestial forms which made that centre of the world the gallery of its religious monstrosities. It declared that, as the true religion, it was the only one; that its claim was fatal to all others; and it disdained to receive, in company with a thousand falsehoods, the divided patronage of imperial policy. Just as that emperor-worship of declining Rome would fain have set the adoration of man in the place of that of God,—would readily, in its catholic state-craft, have accepted the homage of Christianity as of all other creeds—substituting human sanctions for divine; so our modern sentimental Deism would herd Christianity with all other faiths in a common philosophic pasture, and make religion the worship of man rather than of God. The difference in our time is, that the human authority is not now to be centered in any Divus Cæsar, or perpetuated by the gaudy celebration of an apotheosis; it is to be divided among an elect priesthood of letters. It is asserted, not by the sword but by the pen; not by the municipal organiza-

tion of an empire, but by the body corporate of publishers; and the Infinite is to speak, not through the carrier of a sceptre and wearer of the purple, but through an author in his study or a professor in his chair.

Mr. Kingsley has drawn no veil over the gross abuses which rendered the church of the fifth century so mournful a departure from the simplicity of more stormy times. He brings out to view the spiritual pride, the wasteful asceticism, the coarse fanaticism, of the church in the desert;—the intrigue and the faction, the ambition and the covetousness, of the church in the city. Yet, amidst it all, both in the wilderness and in the capital, we are permitted to catch glimpses of a piety strong in its simple-mindedness, however narrow;—of a principle, working in the lives of numbers, so holy, so benign, as still to vindicate the promised presence of the Highest with his people. Great as the actual corruption may have been, the evils it displaced were greater yet. Many of the faults with which Christianity was chargeable were accounted such only by her own standard. They were short-comings in a virtue, hitherto, not simply unattained, but undesired. They were stains upon her garment, only visible by the light she herself had brought into the world.

In a very touching passage, Mr. Kingsley depicts the anguish of Pelagia when, awakened to contrition, she learns that the horrors of hell-fire are to be averted only by the life-long misery of a hermit's cell. Already had men learnt, in such cases, to demand the violation of our nature as the condition of that salvation, which is without money and without price. 'This same doctrine of devils,' as Paul calls it, had already all but driven Aben Ezra out into his desperate sea of doubt again, just as his bark was entering the Christian haven. Pelagia is like one of the Undines or Sylphs of the Rosicrucian philosophy, a creature without a soul. These creatures of the elements, according to the Count de Gabalis, obtain an immortal soul by love with one of human race. The life of right and wrong at last awakens in Pelagia's heart; she knows that she has sinned, and yet she loves. Baptized in her infancy, only by the most dreadful penance can she win return into the awful sanctuary of the church. Ignorantly has she lived in guilt, now, in a moment, the light of knowledge is the flame of perdition—this newly discovered immortality is to be an immortality of torment. In the eyes of the church she is an apostate only to be reclaimed through a process of torture more dreadful to such a nature than the iron whips, the glowing pincers, the cautery, and the knife, with which, in Spenser's *House of Holiness*, that stern leech Patience disciplines the Red-cross Knight, while his groans and lamentations pierce the

heart of the weeping Una. Pelagia cannot tear love from her heart, yet what she has heard of a threatened hell and an angry God plunges her into a despair, which is about to seek relief in suicide. The voice which Mr. Kingsley has given to such anguish is profoundly affecting,—it is a passage in the tragedy of the soul, but too real, full to overflowing of pity and of terror. She exclaims,—

‘Ay, but God despises me too, and hates me. He will send me to eternal fire. Philammon said so—though he was my brother. The old monk said so—though he wept as he said it. . . . The flames of hell for ever! Oh, not for ever! Great, dreadful God! Not for ever! Indeed, I did not know! No one taught me about right and wrong, and I never knew that I had been baptized—indeed, I never knew! And it was so pleasant—so pleasant to be happy, and praised, and loved, and to see happy faces round me. How could I help it? The birds there who are singing in the darling, beloved court—they do what they like, and Thou art not angry with them for being happy? And Thou wilt not be more cruel to me than to them, great God—for what did I know more than they? Thou who hast made the beautiful sunshine, and the pleasant, pleasant world, and the flowers, and the birds—Thou wilt not send me to burn for ever? Will not a hundred years be punishment enough—or a thousand? Oh, God! is not this punishment enough already,—to have to leave him just as—just as I am beginning to long to be good, and to be worthy of him? . . . Oh, have mercy—mercy—mercy—and let me go after I have been punished enough! Why may I not turn into a bird, or even a worm, and come back again out of that horrible place, to see the sun shine, and the flowers grow once more? Oh, am I not punishing myself already? Will not this help to atone? . . . Yes—I will die!—and perhaps so God may pity me!’—p. 321, vol. ii.

It is a painful study to mark the growth of these harsh exaggerations in Christian teaching—to see priestly austerity taking the place of merciful holiness—the entrance to eternal life narrowed and sentinelled by priestcraft, and a morbid imagination peopling the realm of future judgment with terrors that make it the eternal torture-chamber of God, where the fellest ingenuity of the inquisitor is transcended immeasurably, and world without end, in the misery of countless myriads. It is sad to watch how, through generation after generation, the form of Sacerdotalism advances with the night, and scatters, with the sweep of her gorgeous and bloody vestments, the last embers of religious freedom and religious life. But those who marvel at this melancholy history would do well to remember what that material was with which Christianity had to work, and what were, and ever must be, the conditions under which it is ordained to labour.

The dialogue of Aben Ezra with Cyril is admirably suggestive

of what was at hand,—of times when the hierarchy would claim for themselves the money, the management, and the merit of all benevolence,—when men would endeavour to set up a religious world irresponsible to the secular, would destroy morality in the name of God, and trample, in the lawlessness of ecclesiastical ambition, on laws human and laws divine, and when having, for the honour and glory of God, sufficiently aggrandized themselves, they would for awhile succeed in establishing the kingdom of the devil and calling it the kingdom of heaven.

The story melts off, at its termination, into myth, in a manner perfectly true to the legend-loving spirit of the times, though, perhaps, little satisfactory to the sympathies of most of its readers. It may be true, that in Africa, as then it was, asceticism might urge the plea of necessity for its selfish flight from human sin and misery, with more force than in any other place or time. The monasticism of the East, while far less beneficent in its character, had perhaps a better excuse for its origin than that of the West. But we should rather have seen Philammon spending the remainder of his days in the endeavour to be of some use at Alexandria, than subsiding, after all, into the saintly and successful casuist among the torrid wastes of Scetis.

It now remains for us briefly to trace the influence of the Neo-Platonism of Alexandria on the Christianity by which it was vanquished—to mark the workings of its principle within the church, and afterwards the revival of its spirit in opposition to it.

The Platonism of the Middle Ages, be it remembered, was not so much the doctrine of Plato as of Plotinus. The old Greeks were lost to the monastic world, and were known only through the Alexandrians, who corrupted the philosophy they professed to interpret. Neo-Platonism was studied through the medium of Augustine on the one side, and the Pseudo-Dionysius on the other; was transmitted principally by writers like Apuleius and Boethius. To the monkish scribes of the scriptorium, the æsthetic culture, so precious in the eyes of Plato, the natural science so elaborately investigated by the Stagyrity, were matters of indifference. The Christian writers only assimilated from antiquity what seemed to fall within the province of the church. The ecclesiastical world took Augustine's word for it, that Plotinus had enunciated the real esoteric doctrine of Plato. They believed, on the authority of the Neo-Platonists, that Aristotle and Plato were not the enemies which had been supposed. They viewed the school of Aristotle as the forecourt, leading to the mystic shadows of that grove of Hecademus,

wherein Plato was supposed to discourse of heaven and obscurely to adore the Christian's God.

Realism and Asceticism were the common ground of the Christian and the Neo-Platonist. The same enthusiasm for abstractions, the same contempt for the body and the world of sense, animated the philosophy of the old world and the theology of the new. A spiritual aristocracy was substituted in Europe for the intellectual aristocracy of Greece. The exclusive spirit of the sage, with his chosen group of esoteric followers,—of the hierophant, with his imposing ritual and his folding gates of brass, excluding the profane, passed from paganism into the Christian priesthood. The church, too, learnt to glory in a treasured potency and secret doctrine, which must be veiled from the vulgar eye,—professed to speak but in the symbolism of painting, of sculpture, of ceremony, to the grosser apprehensions of the crowd, and transformed the Eucharist into an Eleusinian mystery.

In the eastern church the Neo-Platonists had their revenge. With a fatal sway they ruled from their urns, when dead, that Christianity which had banished them while living. It was not long after the death of Proclus, about the time when the factions of Constantinople were raging most furiously—when rival ecclesiastics headed city riots with a rabble of monks, artisans, and bandit soldiery at their heels—when the religious world was rocking still with the ground-swell which followed those stormy synods in which Palestine and Alexandria, Asia and Byzantium, tried their strength against each other, that a certain nameless monk was busy in his cell fabricating sundry treatises and letters which were to find their way into the church under the all-but apostolic auspices of Dionysius the Areopagite. These writings are an admixture of the theosophy of Proclus with the doctrines of the church; writings in which the heathen bears to the Christian element the same proportion as the sack to the bread in Falstaff's account. The pantheistic emanation-doctrine of the New Platonists; the evolution of the universe, through successive orders of existence, from the primal Nothing called God; and the returning tendency of all being towards that point of origin (the *πρόοδος* and *ἐπιστροφή*), are dogmas reproduced without any substantial alteration. The ideal hierarchy of Proclus does service, with a nominal change, as the celestial hierarchy of Dionysius. The Divine Word is removed from man by a long intervening chain of heavenly principalities and ecclesiastical functionaries,—becomes little more than an unintelligible museum of archetypes, and is rather the remote

Illuminator than the present Saviour of mankind. The tendency of the whole system was to represent the clerical order as an exact antitype of the ideal or celestial kingdom of God in heaven. Its aim was obviously to centre all truth and all power in the symbolism and the offices of the Greek church. Hence the success of the imposture. It was the triumph of sacerdotalism. Under the name of Dionysius, Proclus was studied and commented by many generations of dreaming monks. Under that name he conferred omnipotence on those Christian priests whom he had cursed in his heart, while reading lectures and performing incantations at Athens. Under that name he contributed most largely to those influences which held the religious world of the east in a state of stagnant servitude for nine hundred years.

In the West these doctrines have a very different history. It is a remarkable fact, that the ideas of the Alexandrian thinkers have operated powerfully, under various forms, both to aggravate and to oppose the corruptions of Christianity. In the ninth century John Scotus Erigena found time to translate Dionysius into Latin, while the Northmen were pillaging and burning up the Seine, gibbeting prisoners by scores under the eyes of the degenerate descendants of Charlemagne, and while monks and priests were everywhere running away with relics, or jumping for safety into sewers. But the spirits of Plotinus and of Proclus were now to become the ghostly tutors of a vigorous race of minds. The pantheistic system constructed by Erigena on the old Alexandrian basis was original and daring. The seeds he sowed gave birth to a succession of heretics who were long a thorn in the side of the corrupt hierarchy of France. Even where this was not the case, Platonism and mysticism together formed a party in the church, the sworn foes of mere scholastic quibbling, of an arid and lifeless orthodoxy, and, at last, of the more glaring abuses which had grown up with ecclesiastical pretension. The Alexandrian doctrine of emanation was abandoned, its pantheism was softened or removed, but its allegorical interpretation, its exaltation, true or false, of the spirit above the letter—all this was retained, and became the stronghold from which the ardent mystic assailed the formal schoolman, and the more enlightened advocate of the religious life exposed the hollowness of mere orthodoxy and ritualism. Thus many a thought which had its birth at Alexandria, passing through the last writers of the empire or the fathers of the church, was received, after a refining process, into hearts glowing with a love that heathendom could never know, put to higher and more beneficent uses, and made to play its

part again upon the stage of time in a guise of which its author could not even dream.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Neo-Platonism was revived in Italy by a class of men possessing much more in common with its original founders. At that period not a trace of the old conflict between Paganism and Christianity was found surviving in the south of Europe. The church had become heathen, and the superstition of polytheism was everywhere visible in her religious practice. The temples were now churches; Christian legends took the place of the old mythology; saints and angels became to the mass what the ancient gods had been, and were honoured by similar offerings; the carnival represented the saturnalia, and, in short, so far had the old faith and the new become united, that no ancient Roman returning from his grave, and beholding the shrines, the processions, the images, the votive tablets, the lamps, the flowers, could have failed for a moment to recognise the identity of the Eternal City. Now this world of Christianised heathendom was represented, in philosophy and letters, by men who had inherited both the doctrines and the spirit of Neo-Platonism; by men to whom the earnest religious movement of the north presented itself as the same mysterious, barbaric, formidable foe which primitive Christianity had been to the Alexandrians. Thus the old conflict between pagan and Christian—the man of taste, and the man of faith—the man who lived for the past, and the man who lived for the future—was renewed, in the sixteenth century, between the Italian and the German.

The Neo-Platonist Academy of Florence was not a whit behind the Alexandrians in the worship they paid to Plato. He was extolled from the pulpit, as well as from the chair, as the stronghold of Christian evidence. He was declared replete with Messianic prophecy. Ficinus maintained that lessons from Plato should make a part of the church service, and that texts should be taken from the Parmenides and the Philæbus. The last hours of Socrates, the cock offered to Æsculapius, the cup of poison, and the parting words of blessing, were made typical of the circumstances attending the Saviour's passion. Before the bust of Plato, as before the image of a saint, a lamp burned night and day in the study of Ficinus. The hymns of Orpheus were sung to the lyre once more, to lull those passions which apostolic exhortation had done so little to subdue. Gemisthus Pletho blended with the philosophy of Plato the wisdom of the East and the mythology of Greece, in the spirit of the Alexandrian eclectics. Like them, he dreamed of a universal religion, which should harmonize, in a philosophic worship, all human

creeds. Cusanus renovated the mystic numbers of Pythagoras, discovered new mysteries in the Tetractys, and illustrated spiritual truth by the acute and the obtuse angle. But Ficinus did not restore the Athenian Plato, nor Nicholas of Cusa, the Samian Pythagoras. The Plato of the first was the Plato of Plotinus; the Pythagoras of the second was the Pythagoras of Hierocles. Pico of Mirandola, the Admirable Crichton of his time, endeavoured to combine scholasticism with the Cabbala, to reconcile the dialectics of Aristotle and the oracles of Chaldæa; and produced, in his *Heptaplus*, an allegorical interpretation of the Mosaic account of the Creation, which would have seemed too fanciful in the eyes of Hypatia herself. Patritius sought the sources of Greek philosophy in Zoroaster and Hermes, translated and edited the works which Neo-Platonists had fabricated under their names, and wrote to Gregory XIV., praying that Aristotle might be banished the schools, and Hermes, Asclepius, and Zoroaster appointed in his place, as the best means of advancing the cause of religion, and reclaiming the heretical Germans.

Protestantism was too strong for these scholars, just as Christianity had been too strong for the Alexandrians. Their feebleness sprang from the very same cause; their whole position was strikingly similar. They were the philosophic advocates of a religion in which they had themselves lost faith. They attempted to reconcile a corrupt philosophy and a corrupt religion, and made both worse. Their love of literature and art was confined to a narrow circle of courtiers and literati; and while the Lutheran pamphlets, in the vernacular, set all the north in a flame, the philosophic refinements of the Florentine dilettanti were aristocratic, exclusive, and powerless. Their intellectual position was fatal to sincerity, their social condition equally so to freedom. The despotism of the Roman emperors was more easily evaded by a philosopher of ancient times than the tyranny of a Visconti or a D'Este, by a scholar at Milan or Ferrara. It was the fashion to patronise men of letters, but the natural return of subservience and flattery was rigorously exacted. The Italians of the fifteenth century had long ceased to be familiar with the worst horrors of war; and Charles VIII., with his ferocious Frenchmen, appeared to them another Attila. Each Italian state underwent, on its petty scale, the fate of imperial Rome, and the Florentine Academy could not survive for a twelvemonth its princely master, Lorenzo de Medici. The philosophic and religious conservatism of Florence was thus as destitute of real vitality, of all self-sustaining power, as its prototype at Alexandria. The Florentine Platonists, moreover, did

not exhibit that austerity of manners which gave Plotinus and Porphyry no little authority even among those to whom their speculations were utterly unintelligible. Had Romanism been unable to find defenders more thoroughly in earnest, the shock she then received must have been her death-blow; she must have perished, as Paganism perished. But, wise in her generation, she took her cause out of the hands of a religious philosophy, committed it to the ascetic and the enthusiast, and, strong in resources heathendom could never know, passed her hour of peril, and proved that her hold on the passions and terrors of mankind was still invincible. The Platonists of Alexandria and of Florence both were twilight men; but the former were men of the evening, the latter men of the morning twilight. The passion for erudition, which followed the revival of letters, might be wasted, south of the Alps, on trifles; it was consecrated to the loftiest service in the north. The lesson conveyed in the parallel we have attempted to draw is a grave one; twice has the effort been made to render the abstractions of a philosophised religion a power among mankind—in each case without success. The attempt to refine away what is distinctive of a revelation, real or imaginary, and to subtilise the residuum into a sentimental theism, has always failed. Such a system must leave the indifferent many as they were, and superstition is unchecked. It must excite the disdain of the earnest few, as a profane and puerile trifling with the most momentous questions which can occupy the mind of man. As its inconsistencies become apparent, it will always be found to strengthen the hands of the parties it professes to oppose. It must urge the higher class of minds into a thorough and impartial, instead of a one-sided scepticism, and so reinforce the ranks of consistent and absolute unbelief. It must abandon minds of a lower order to all those religious corruptions which lull the conscience, and gratify the passions. It has done nothing to reform the world; and, never strong enough long to oppose a serious obstacle to progress, it has been suffered repeatedly to die out of itself. Such examples in the past should much diminish the dread which many feel of that would-be religious scepticism among ourselves which essays to emasculate the truths of revelation, much as the Alexandrian and Florentine Platonists proposed to etherealise the myths of polytheism and the doctrines of Christianity into a vague sentiment of worship.

While the theosophy of the Alexandrian school enjoyed a revival in the hands of men of letters, its theurgy was destined to impart an impulse to the occult science of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is not a little interesting to trace the

baptized paganism we call popery. These religions for the few, however, with their arrogant refinement and idle subtlety, have played the part of priest and Levite too often. That faith which has proved the Good Samaritan and true neighbour to suffering humanity can alone finally secure its homage and its love.

ART. VI.—(*Des Intérêts Catholiques au XIX^e Siècle.*) *Catholic Interests in the Nineteenth Century.* By COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT. Second Edition. 1853. Paris: Lecoffré. London: Nutt, 270, Strand.

THIS is the Romanist song of triumph. The chivalrous Montalembert, who has grown grey in the service of the papacy, and in all the turnings of the wheel of fortune in France, has ever remained faithful to legitimacy and the pope; who has the high merit of being an honest and sincere man 'in a wicked and perverse generation,' and whose earnest tone of speech, and child-like enthusiasm of faith, conciliate respect even in the absence of a good cause and sound logic, here recounts the victories achieved and the conquests effected by Romanism, and, on the ground of past triumphs, and present prosperity, foresees and predicts the universal ascendancy of Rome.

In order to give full effect to his survey, the author places himself at the beginning of the present century, and, in a series of sketches, offers a contrast between the palmy state of the papacy now, and its depressed condition then. On the first of January, 1800, there was no pope in existence. Pius VI. had died in exile. Not till after an interregnum of eight months was a successor chosen in the person of Pius VII. The selection was not made without extreme difficulty, and at last the choice fell on a monk whose obscurity was his principal title. The Austrians occupied the legations, the Neapolitans were masters of the city of Rome. The entire episcopacy was in banishment, and the clergy were decimated by transportation and the guillotine. There remained to the holy see neither material nor moral resources, for the vast patrimony of the church was gone; legislation, education, society at large, were a prey to the theories of the eighteenth century. In England, Romanism groaned and pined away beneath a Draconian code of persecuting laws. In Germany, the system of the papacy held no rank, either literary or political. In France it was a laughing-stock. In Italy it was an object of assault on the part of absolute monarchs at Naples, at Parma, at Turin, at Florence. In Austria the church slept on

the Procrustean bed made for her by Joseph II. Spain was sunk in voluptuous ease. Only by a slender thread did Portugal remain attached to the papacy. 'In a word, nowhere was there the slightest sign of salvation or of hope. Religion, everywhere forgotten or annihilated, seemed banished from the earth. Catholicism must have appeared, to the wise of this world, as a corpse which only waited for burial.'—pp. 1—9.

Such was the state of things in 1800; what is the condition of the church in 1852? Fifty years have sufficed to transform everything. Religion (that is, Romanism,) is everywhere acknowledged as a power of the first order. Look at Germany; there Protestantism has fallen under the blows of Rationalism, and Catholicism is fast succeeding to its lost inheritance. The old faith is regaining its dominion in Belgium and in Holland. In Austria, Catholicism is active and energetic, as well as predominant. But France presents the most gratifying aspect. Thirty, nay, ten years since, France had little but hatred and contempt for the papacy; now it burns with holy zeal on its behalf. And even in England—England, the bulwark of Protestantism, the persecutor of the faithful Irish church, equal civil rights are enjoyed by Catholics, whose ranks daily receive accessions from the high and the low. 'Finally, that which crowns the catholic revival, is the position which Rome and the papacy have regained in the world. You must go a long way back in history to find a time in which the holy see occupied, moved, and ruled men's minds as it has done since Pius IX. took his seat in the chair of St. Peter.'—pp. 9—36.

The contrast thus drawn receives a variety of illustrations and enforcements. The conclusion is, that the papacy is of divine origin, has a divine vigour, and will prevail more and more until it shall possess and govern the whole earth.

To our mind, the conclusion seems somewhat too wide for the premises. Let those premises, for a moment, be admitted. Let the contrast here drawn remain in all its breadth of light and shade. Let the year 1800 be very dark, and the year 1852 be very brilliant—what then? Why, then, says Count Montalembert, you have before you a convincing proof that the papacy is of God. What is this but to say that fifty years of varying fortunes ending in some splendour, suffices to affix to the papacy the seal of Heaven. Surely this is the doctrine of 'true, because successful,' in its broadest form. Why, in this way, what system of error is there that might not plead, in its behalf, the sanction and support of the Almighty? The very philosophy of the eighteenth century, which, we are told, Catholicism has crushed, had a longer life, and a more splendid career, and won more

brilliant triumphs than Romanism can boast, not only in the nineteenth century, but in any century since the dawn of the revival of letters. Besides, if success proves God's favour, what but his disfavour ensues from the want of success? In the year 1800, then, God had left the Roman camp. Papism, by its own argument, was then false, for it wanted that prosperity which now proves it true. And thus truth and falsehood in religion depend on sunshine and cloud; the papacy is of God when it is successful, but when it is in disaster, it is from below.

A Catholic champion is the last man that should have provoked such an issue. The defeats of the papacy in modern times have been very numerous. Who has forgotten the year 1848? The pope flying, disguised as a lackey, gives no very exalted idea of his potency, nor supplies a very satisfactory proof of divine favour. The condition of the papacy at the end of the reign of Pius VI. (1800) has been already described on the authority of our apologist. His successor, Pius VII., after having suffered the disgrace of being compelled to crown Napoleon Bonaparte, was, by that son of the church, dragged from Rome, and, after being subject to a thousand indignities from the emperor and his courtiers, he obtained his liberty only by the triumph of the arms of the allied powers. Thus, within the space of half a century (1799—1848) three popes have been torn from their chair, and the papal power has been reduced to almost a shadow. Three defeats to one victory! If the alleged decline of Protestantism at the present moment disproves its claims to be of God, what argumentative force against the divinity of papism must there be in three overthrows within so short a space! During that period Romanism has had but one revival—that which is said to be now proceeding. Surely three frowns suffice to neutralize the logical force of one smile.

Nor can the student of history fail to call to mind in such an issue, that at the same moment there have repeatedly been rival popes. In the year 366, there were at the same time two popes; in the year 498, there were at the same time two popes; in the year 685, there were at the same time three popes; in the year 687, there were at the same time three popes; in the year 757, there were at the same time four popes; in the year 824, there were at the same time two popes; in the year 855, there were at the same time two popes; in the year 891, there were at the same time two popes; in the year 972, there were at the same time two popes; in the year 996, there were at the same time two popes; in the year 1012, there were at the same time two popes; in the years 1033-48, there were at the same time three

popes; in the year 1057, there were at the same time two popes; in the year 1061, there were at the same time two popes; in the year 1073, there were at the same time two popes; in the year 1099, there were at the same time three popes; in the year 1118, there were at the same time two popes; in the year 1124, there were at the same time two popes; in the year 1130, there were at the same time three popes; in the year 1159, there were at the same time five popes;—but enough, and, for the papal argument, much more than enough. With which of these numerous pairs of popes was the truth? Out of this batch of three, or that batch of four, or again that batch of five popes, which was the real successor of Saint Peter? And did that succession vary with the fortune of war or the hand of the assassin? John XII. was dethroned by a council on an accusation of all kinds of sacrilege. Being so deposed, did he lose his right? Leo VIII. was elected as his successor; was John XII. the man of God's choice? Who then enjoyed that honour when the deposed John forced his way back to the seat of Saint Peter, and committed acts of frightful vengeance? When Boniface VII. (974) murdered his two competitors, Benedict VI. and John XIV. in order to seize the tiara, was God's favour with the assassin or the assassinated? All the world knows that not many centuries since, there were also two chairs, both alike infallible, yet hurling thunderbolts the one at the other. Was God's tabernacle at Avignon or at Rome? For a period of seventy years was the unity of the church broken in twain—with these or those, with which series was the genuine infallibility? The Roman popes at last prevailed; therefore, according to the argument under review, the Roman popes were the favourites of Heaven. If so, then the Avignon popes wanted only one thing, namely, success, to make them the favourites of Heaven. It has been said that poverty is the greatest fault a man can have. We may now add that failure and logical pravity are identical. But then, how the scales go up and down with the popes of Rome! when prosperous, they are of God, when in adversity, they are under God's condemnation. Now is the papacy true, and now is it untrue; now is it the way to heaven, and now is it the high road to hell. Had the papacy been always prosperous, the argument might have been safe, though not then would it have been sound. In the actual circumstances the defence is suicidal.

The author for the basis of his argument has given the contrast, the two extremes of which extend, as he intimates, over fifty years. Four would have been less incorrect than fifty. The downfall of the papal throne in 1848 was only an external sign

and token of the internal rottenness of the whole papal house. But let the opponent have the full advantage of his assumed half-century; and let it be supposed that, contrary to fact, that half-century was one of uniform and growing prosperity. Are fifty years a period long enough to justify his exultation? Those fifty years were immediately preceded by fifty years of papal degradation. In argument, the one cancels the other. But, any way, half a century can afford no criterion of truth. Within that space the religion of Jesus had scarcely crept beyond the upper room in Jerusalem where its first missionaries assembled. Only from longer reaches of time can the will of Divine Providence be safely inferred. The argument, indeed, is essentially one of the most delicate and the most dangerous. The pious man will pause before in any case he makes his interpretation of God's dealings the proof of his opinions, and when he does venture to identify his triumphs with those of Jehovah, he will require the surest and the fullest warrants. The Gospel is of God, he may say, because the Gospel has gone far to subdue the world. Here he has for his argument the support of nineteen centuries and the testimony of civilization. Compared with this, it is but a tiny spot of earth on which Count Montalembert stands. He has presented a contrast. But the contrast does not cover the whole of the ground. That ground is the history of the world since the days of Luther. Look on that picture and on this. Then the whole world was the pope's. What is the share of it which in reality he now possesses? But there is a reaction—what does that prove? Can fifty years of doubtful prosperity logically nullify three hundred of certain decline? Our author should have been careful how he provoked these comparisons. Let the reign of Gregory VII. be the remote point of the contrast, and that of Pius, even at the present moment, be the near point of the contrast. Then, the papal thunder brought the Emperor of Germany to the pope's feet; now, the bayonets of a perfidious republic and an imperial adventurer are the buttresses of the pope's throne. From the days of Hildebrand to those of Mastai Ferretti (1073—1846), the career of the papacy has, viewed as a whole, been in a downward direction. Periods of revival, seasons of bloom, there were. But as knowledge waxed greater, and intelligence spread, so more and more the authority of the pope declined, until now, that which is, offers only a shadow of that which was. Here, if you will, is the signature of the divine hand. In the tendency and the result of eight hundred years we may reverently recognise the finger of God. But the testimony is a verdict of condemnation against the papacy.

We have hitherto admitted Count Montalembert's report of the alleged prosperity. That report, however, we must now question. It is a grossly exaggerated statement. We do not bring a charge of intentional untruth against the author. But he is more of an orator than an historian, and he has allowed his recollections to be coloured by his wishes, and to be distorted by his predilections. That he loves truth is evident from a fact of no small importance in the issue he has brought up, namely, that when in the latter part of his book he reproves the parasites of the Gallic despot, he, with a truly amusing simplicity, supplies materials for an answer to the former part, in which he chants the victories of his beloved church.

The advocate does not seem quite sure of his ground himself:

'I say again, all which we have gained in so short a time may be taken from us; and I add, that *certainly all will be taken from us still more quickly*, if we do not all double our courage, our vigilance, our devotion. It is precisely to guard against such perils that I write.'—p. 56.

So then the logical force of this appeal lies, after all, not in the councils of Heaven, but in the weak and variable determinations of the human will. The tenure by which the actual prosperity is held is slender as a spider's web. The rather because there is great doubt whether even after the Count's valorous call to arms, the requisite effort will be made, for the picture has, it seems, its dark side:

'Certainly, if I wished to do so, it would be easy for me to point out many vulnerable places, many wounds opened or covered; to deplore here the luxury and the indolence of Catholics, there their avarice or their want of discipline, besides the complicity of too large a number with the worst enemies of the good cause.'—p. 57.

The danger of a relapse is increased by the fact that even within the chosen half-century, Romanism has retrograded more than once, losing any little space of earth it may have gained. Even the courage, vigilance, and devotion, which the advocate now asks for as the essential conditions for retaining the conquered territory, have previously failed of the wished for effect. Speaking of the elder Bourbons and their restoration, Count Montalembert says:

'God guard me from questioning the sincere and fervent zeal of the princes of that illustrious house toward the faith of Saint Louis. But I only present a fact in calling to mind that after fifteen years passed under kings whose devotedness to the church is incontestable, religion, far from having gained ground, *had fallen into the most afflicting dis-*

credit, and had lost nearly all influence over the lower as well as over the middle classes.'—p. 66.

The insecurity felt by this Romanist advocate may have also arisen from a consciousness that he had no definite facts to offer in support of his view. When a victory is gained it is easy to report the number of the enemy slain and captured, and the extent of the country taken possession of. What are the contents of this exulting bulletin? any kingdom become catholic? any petty German prince passed over into the Roman camp? Its statements are of the vaguest kind; its only figures are figures of speech; its only subjugation is the subjugation of statistics to rhetoric. Besides being vague, the manifesto is inaccurate. Witness the following:—

'The immense efforts of those Bible Societies, which can raise gold by millions, *but have never been able to produce one martyr.*'—p. 49.

'In the midst of the persecutions which, from 1840 to 1850, burst forth against them (the Jesuits) in nearly all the countries of Europe, that chosen militia *has never had to bewail a single defection.*'—p. 52.

'Everywhere heresy (Protestantism) is compelled to put itself under the shelter of oppressive laws and insurrectionary violence, in order to stop the progress of the Catholic faith; it is so in Sweden, *in England*, in Prussia, and in Switzerland, and even in the little duchy of Mecklenburg.'—p. 100.

The Bible societies have never produced a martyr! Jesuitism without a defection! England, at this moment, withstanding Romanism by persecuting laws and popular risings! Certainly, the man that could make statements known to all the world, except himself, to be grossly untrue, forfeits all claim to confidence. And so it has come to pass, that in numbering the slain, this representative of French chivalry has fallen into so boastful a strain as to remind one of the hero Falstaff, and his exposure in 'a room in the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap:'

'O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.'

The two we grant. But what are they? A few intelligent and sound-minded persons may have gone over to Rome. The impulses which actuate individuals cannot be easily ascertained, much less can they be judged by man. But of the bulk of defections from Protestantism we feel justified in speaking in terms alike definite and derogatory. Let Rome display her lists of perverts—only the more clearly will the catalogue appear a *chronique scandaleuse*. Distinguished names are trumpeted forth—are they not for the most part the names of persons who gave their health and strength to the corruptions of the world, and in

their age were driven to seek relief in the strong drinks of Romanist deceits? It is no new thing for the harlot to become a devotee. Others may be described by the French epithet *blasé*, 'burnt out,' the fire of the passions extinct, the heart a cinder; what in the logic of religion is the testimonial worth of men and women, who renounce their passions only when their passions have abandoned them? A very large number of those who have gone back 'to the moles and the bats,' (Is./ii. 20,) are persons of shallow learning, artificial feelings, slender judgment, inflated by self-esteem, and perverted by aristocratic leanings and antiquated pretensions; whose empty, worn, yet impressionable, natures drove them to seek 'some new thing,' and who accordingly hastened to join the standard of the great novelty of the day, all the more hastily, because that novelty had the additional attractions of strangeness and wonder. There are thousands and tens of thousands of people in this old and worn world of ours, who are ever waiting for some new excitement. It may be the Cock-lane Ghost; it may be Johanna Southcote; it may be Joe Smith; it may be Edward Irving; it may be 'the Poughkeepsie Seer;' it may be Table-rapping and Table-turning; or it may be 'From Babylon to Rome.' No matter what the name, provided the wonder be wondrous enough to make the *Gobe-mouches* open their mouths and swallow the dainty morsel. And even with those who are less gullible, fashion is an imperious mistress. In opinions, as in dress, every season novelties come up and bear sway. Who would be out of the fashion? Least of all they who have not the wholesome and corrective influence of regular and constant employment. Those 'who are at ease' in society become its intellectual and spiritual dandies, of whom some consort with 'Harry of Exeter,' others join 'the Plymouth Brethren,' and others, more thoroughgoing, boldly start for Rome. Meanwhile the great currents of thought and conviction remain untouched. Rome has still the weight of her abominations to bear. The sufficiency of the Bible for the work of salvation is undiminished. The healthy and vigorous faith of the English nation, considered as a whole, even receives illustration, and acquires vigour and impulse. And after a brief space, the artificial breezes begin, as now, to sink, and sinking, fall and cease, until at last people have a new wonder, namely, that they could ever have taken up with the old one.

To this state we, in this country, are surely, if slowly, coming. Meanwhile the heart of the English nation has never been more thoroughly Protestant than it is at this hour; never was there a truer, or a deeper, or so enlightened an appreciation of the value of Biblical Christianity, and never did there exist so

firm a determination to resist and crush by spiritual resources, the ambitious efforts of Romanism. That determination is backed by power, the power of a righteous cause, and the power of intelligent minds and regenerate souls. Speaking in the name of Protestants, we say, 'We both can and will, roll back the swelling waves of that tide, employing in the task no arms but such as the armory of God supplies.'

While it is known, on this our own English soil, that, as a matter of fact, the converts to Romanism are simply a few of the sophisticated classes, and that the increase of its numbers is scarcely anything else but the natural result of the Irish immigration, Count Montalembert, writing at a distance, indulges in the following braggadocio style:—

'Let us pass the straits, and let us contemplate with respect and gratitude one of the most astonishing spectacles which God has given to the world. England, that sovereign nation, the heir and rival of ancient Rome, by the extent of her power, the durable majesty of her institutions, the energy of her political administration, the perseverance of her designs; England, so long dear and faithful to the church; then in revolt against her mother; and in the bosom of her apostasy loaded with earthly prosperity; England, whom nothing can resist, and who, with imprudence and impunity, braves the perils before which other states have fallen; that proud and *all-powerful England* feels herself invaded, confronted, and *subdued by the invincible feebleness of that church*, which she has so many times thought she was annihilating.'—p. 30.

This even surpasses the Americanism, which takes credit for whipping the universe. After this, our readers will not be surprised, however much they may be shocked, when they learn that Daniel O'Connell is compared to the Lord Jesus. Here are the words:—

'At last she (the Irish Church) brought forth an avenger, but an avenger after the manner of *the Christ*, who saves while he punishes us. A man appeared, who, without having ever exercised any official function, without having ever asked or received a favour, a title, a decoration, reigned over his native land for thirty years, reigned over the hearts, over the arms, over even the purse of five millions of men. He reigned without having ever caused a drop of blood to be shed, without having ever engaged in a single violent or illegal struggle, purely by the power of speech. He received the name of *liberator*; and posterity will preserve it to him, not for having delivered his country, but for having delivered the church.'—p. 31.

So do they write history in Paris, and such is the information which is passing from the pen of this recognised champion of Rome into all the text-books of papist professors, into all the

pages of papist periodicals, and into all the mouths of papist preachers throughout the world. No wonder error has more heads and greater vitality than the Lernæan Hydra. Nevertheless, the word of God and the Spirit of God are more powerful—

——'quid *taurus*, Lernæaque pestis
Hydra, *venenatis* posset vallata *colubris*?'

Deduct, then, from the official catalogue of Romanist gains those which are unreal, and weigh the gains which remain—what is the result? We are fully persuaded that the success of which the French nobleman makes so much is, in truth, merely on the surface. It is the ripple of the wave in the great movement of the world's civilization. There is, we know, still among us ignorance enough, and vice enough, and shams enough, to encourage and increase Romanism, and by these our evils—and let it be honestly said, our shame—the pope has profited, and will profit. But success so gained is an augury of ruin; woe to the cause whose nutriment and support are in the offal of society.

Superficial or deep, the success of Romanism is not without an offset. The debtor side of the ledger has not been even looked at by this ecclesiastical accountant, who has been called in to make a report on the state of Saint Peter's establishment. Nevertheless, what has been lost is not an item that can be safely neglected. With the large measure of success that has rewarded the meritorious efforts of Protestant missionaries on the western side of Ireland, our readers, we may presume, are sufficiently well acquainted. We confine the few remarks we can here make to the United States. On the authority of the official Romish almanack for 1853, published at Baltimore, it appears that, during the year 1852, there was an increase of papists in the United States to the number of 116,300. Now, the ratio of natural increase in that country is three per cent. In the year 1851, 1,980,000 of the population of the States were Romanists. By the natural increase of the population an addition would be made of 59,400, leaving 56,900 as the total gain by both immigration and conversion. But at least 247,000 Roman Catholics arrived in the United States during 1852; so that the total gain should have been 306,400, without allowing for a single convert. There are, then, 190,100 not accounted for.* Some 200,000 lost in America will, we verily believe, far outweigh all the Romanist gains made in Europe. We are not

* *The Church Review and Ecclesiastical Register*, April, 1853. Trübner and Co. London. Pp. 22, 23. The late census reports the Catholic population of Ireland as four to three, not as seven to one, as so often asserted heretofore.

surprised at the magnitude of this loss. The free soil of the United States is uncongenial to Romanism; and the emigrant Irish are only too glad to escape from the galling and impoverishing yoke of the Romanist priesthood. At the present moment, there are in that country not more than 2,096,300 papists; yet there papism has had free and full scope. How is it that that system has been surpassed in the race by every one of the branches of the Protestant churches? Yet while (we here follow the official returns of the last census) there are of Methodist churches 12,483; of Baptist, 8797; of Presbyterian, 4590; of Congregational, 1674; of Episcopalian, 1430; of Lutheran, 1205; making in all 30,179 Protestant churches, only 1118 churches belong to the pope! This is, indeed, a contrast—a contrast of facts not of rhetoric—a contrast such as Rome is unwise to force men upon exhibiting. Thirty to one are fearful odds to be against a church whose advocates appeal to success as the test of truth.

We have already seen that there is a lurking fear in the eye with which the advocate of Rome regards the future. Only too much reason has he for apprehension. Very uncertain is it whether the ecclesiastical fisherman will be able to land the fish he has got into his net, and still more uncertain is it whether he will be able to get them to market, and turn them into ‘Peter’s pence.’ Our proof of these statements shall be taken from Count Montalembert’s pages. Three causes seem not unlikely to neutralize the efforts of the true sons of the church, and to turn actual victories into defeats. These three causes are, despotism, democracy, and servility; the first and the last are existing realities, the other is a possibility, for if existing despotisms should be overturned, the immediate result will be democracy.

Speaking of despotism in regard to the church, Count Montalembert, who would have the church supreme over the state, declares that despotism is hostile to the church, and that the church has nothing to expect from despotism but subjugation. After a general review of existing governments in regard to this point, he concludes:—

‘Wherever the enslavement of the church exists, or has existed, it has been the work of absolute power.’—p. 149.

Despotism is, indeed, paganism on a throne. Such is the paganism which now rules over France, as frequently reproved in these pages, in louder accents than we had thought permissible, and covertly indicated in the words:

‘The government of one man, who pretends to act for all, to speak for

all, to think for all, such is the ideal of paganism, as it appeared in the Roman Empire.'—p. 95.

Of the encroachments of despotism the author is sorely afraid. He knows that the world cannot bear two suns; and he rebukes the power whose supremacy he fears in these terms:—

'At this time of day, when there is scarcely a counting-house subaltern but revolts against the idea of a spiritual supremacy or intervention—now, I say, to desire, to call for, to obtain the re-establishment of absolutism, and of *lay absolutism*, without traditions, without beliefs, without rein, this would be an ignominy for every Christian, alike without example, without excuse, and without consolation.'—pp. 141, 142.

Look at the past; see how fatal despotism has been to the church, and then you will know what to expect:—

'Of all governments, that which has always exposed the church to the greatest danger, is absolute government. It matters little whether it is the absolutism of the mob, or the absolutism of a single individual. I know that the arm of God will never fail the universal church, but history proves that the church may *disappear* from certain countries where it long flourished; it *perished* in nearly all the East; in Scandinavia, in a portion of Germany; at this moment it is *perishing among the Slavonians*. But, wherever it has been ruined, it has been under the pressure of absolute power.'—pp. 91, 92.

At present the Romish church is in strict alliance with despotism. Such an alliance was the only chance it had of recovering its ascendancy. But the alliance, it is now confessed, is full of peril. It was the last throw of the dice on the part of a desperate gambler; and it was a throw with a reservation containing the quintessence of bad faith.—'Heads I win, tails you lose; establish your political power, it is to be to my profit, and having subdued the common enemy, you will receive my yoke; fail in the effort, your failure shall be my gain, for it is exclusively my own aggrandizement that I seek; run down the game, and I will carry it off; give up the chase from fatigue—you yourself will but the more easily be led captive at my will.'

Democracy is no less feared. Indeed, in France, the writer would seem to intimate, are united the two greatest of social evils, the absolutism of the individual, and the absolutism of the populace.

'I willingly acknowledge that the French democracy, that huge libertine, which has respected nothing, regarded nothing, spared nothing, does not deserve any consideration, and that it would be right to treat it as other libertines, by putting it under constraint.'—p. 88.

Yet this libertine in virtue of universal suffrage gave birth to the newfangled throne which fascinates France and fosters the papacy.

‘Thus, wherever democracy triumphs, it prepares and secures the triumph of absolute power; it renders absolute power necessary, it ends by becoming one with absolute power.’—pp. 79, 80.

The third danger to the Romish Church is servility. The author declares that the only soil in which the church can flourish is a free soil. His notions of freedom are of a very narrow kind. That, however, is his position; and, holding that position, he describes and reproves the servility which offers its base adulation to the newly-fashioned emperor, because he is of opinion that in the prevalence of such servility there is danger to the church. That servility certainly appears to exceed all bounds:—

‘Men, who all their lives have invoked liberty, who have acquired the confidence and the admiration of Catholics, by showing them how liberty might serve the good and the true—these same men have now brought themselves to declare liberty useless and dangerous. Constitutions, discussions, parliaments, the control of legislatures, of assemblies, *excite with them only laughter or disdain*. They have no other wish in political matters than to serve the power which exists. They have found a master who wishes them well, and they seem like blind men to trust in the favour of that master, and in the durability of that favour. *They shut their eyes, they stop their ears, at acts that have revolted all honest people, at manifest violations of the decalogue*, under the pretext that those are questions with which religion has nothing to do, or excusable reprisals. These persons proceed to such an extreme, as *to deny even the idea of human right*; they tell us that the word right ought never to be found on human lips.”—pp. 84, 85—88, 89.

The pages of this work overflow with statements and intimations of the kind, the general purport of which may be stated thus, namely, that such is ‘the systematic warfare’ against liberty, carried on by Romanist authorities in France, and such the vile homage which they offer to the *parvenu* who has destroyed liberty and seized a sceptre, that there remains in the country scarcely anything else but ‘mutes and lackeys.’ (pp. 96—176, &c.) Well may our author look to the future with alarm. This servility, the natural offspring of the adulterous nuptials consummated in France, in Italy, and in Austria, between civil tyranny and Romanist ambition,—this servility coming from the hand that holds the censer in sacred things, can hardly fail to make Romanism contemptible in the eyes of all good men, so-

that when despotism falls, as fall it shortly will, its adulator will be an intolerable offence to its democratic successor, and bring on itself the lasting contempt of the truly religious, and the politically wise, throughout the civilized world.

Whatever the degree of success may actually be, and whether it prove stable or not, it has come from either a liberty which Romanism would disallow, or a despotism which has sheltered Romanism from fair opposition. The Count admits—nay, argues, that Romanism owes its gains to the prevalence of liberty. (p. 69.) What is the nature of that liberty? Take England for an example. It is from the passing of the Act of Catholic Emancipation that our assailant dates the commencement of the Anglican revival. Well, Catholic emancipation gave free thought and free speech to Romanists. Would Romanists do as much for Protestants *mutatis mutandis*? No! Then it is in virtue of Protestant and not Catholic principles that the alleged progress has been made. Actuated by a pure and even chivalrous love of liberty, Protestants set the Catholics free; the freed men walk abroad, they show themselves, they gather a company around them, and say, ‘Behold the happy result of our regard to the rights of civil and religious liberty; we are free and we flourish; no thanks to you; and instead of acknowledging our obligation, we will, as we are bound to do by mother church,—we will throw on you the chains which, of your own accord, you broke for us.’ This is no fancy picture; this is not in the slightest an exaggeration. Witness these words:—

‘I do not hesitate to say, that if *one could suppress the liberty of error and of evil* (Protestant of course), *it would be a duty.*’—p. 99.

When Romanists speak in favour of liberty, they mean nothing else but liberty for themselves:—

‘Liberty of conscience, that principle so long invoked by the enemies of religion, now everywhere turns to its advantage. Beyond a doubt it would be madness to proclaim liberty of conscience in the lands where it does not exist, and where it is claimed by no one. But there where it does exist, let us avoid destroying it, *for it becomes the safeguard of the faith, and the bulwark of the church.*’—p. 99.

Equally is Romanism indebted to despotism. How long would Pius IX. occupy his seat if France withdrew her troops, and if Austria were to be stript of her power? But we need not resort to conjecture. Our opponent shows that the utmost repression of free thought has in France accompanied the in-

creased profession there of the religion of Rome. He boasts, that even opposition to Romanism has disappeared, as if he were unconscious of having informed his readers that a dead silence has been imposed universally. What painful truth is conveyed under this satire!—

‘At the present hour, France has perhaps even more liberty than she wishes; it would go so far as to endure oppression. That oppression does not exist, cannot exist, *for you oppress only what has life.* At the present hour, nothing is restrained, *for nothing moves*; nothing is suppressed, *for nothing resists. Everything is asleep.*’—p. 182.

What, then, is the worth of your vaunted success? You prevail, for no opposition is allowed. The mass alone is popular, for not a word may be breathed against that caricature of the sacrifice of Christ. Surely it required some hardihood on the part of this Romanist champion, to step forward of his own free will, and proclaim a triumph when he knew that no contest had been permitted. Victories are easy when you have no opponents. Yet the unholy alliance of civil and ecclesiastical despotism to which these easy achievements are due, is characterized—and truly characterized—by our Count as the extremity of evil:—

‘Of all despotisms, the most intolerable to the nations of this day is that which is exercised, or which seems to be exercised, with the concurrence of religion. It exasperates the best feelings of our soul, because we feel that a sacred thing is wrought for the benefit of a profane interest. On the one side, it foment in the breast of the priest the most incurable infirmities of human nature, pride and luxury. On the other, it furnishes to the everlasting enemies of truth, the most convenient and the most fertile pretext. They make use of that pretext with unfailing success. The church gradually loses its empire over men’s souls; it begins by being a dupe; by little and little it contracts the manners of an accomplice, it always ends by being a victim.’—p. 109.

With such a prospect before Romanism, has not its advocate been somewhat hasty to recount its victories and proclaim its conquests?

Before we quit the subject, we must notice one or two admissions inadvertently made by Count Montalembert. Few in this country are now ignorant that the liberty conceded in Catholic emancipation has been used for the furtherance of anti-social and oppressive principles, the prevalence of which would entail the loss of our civil and religious liberty. Now observe, this policy is expressly avowed in regard to the city of Geneva. At the settlement of Europe, in 1814, that canton, with characteristic liberality, received to the full rights of citizenship popu-

lations professing Romanism. On this fact and its result our author has these words:—

‘They did not calculate that, *thanks to the principle of religious liberty invented by their fathers, and* TURNED AGAINST THEMSELVES, THEY WERE THUS INTRODUCING AN ENEMY INTO THEIR ROOSE.’—p. 12.

In a similar way we have introduced an enemy into our house, but we did it ‘in ignorance and unbelief’ that such perfidy could be employed, much less avowed, as is here implied.

It has appeared that this representative of Romanism undertakes, against the professed advocates of servitude, to espouse the cause of liberty. Already something of what his idea of liberty is, has been seen. The point is very important, therefore we subjoin a word or two:—

‘Is it necessary that I should explain what I mean by liberty? Shall I be suspected of venerating, under that ancient and sacred name, the inventions of modern pride, the infallibility of human reason, the silly heresy of the indefinite perfectibility of man, the consecration of envy under the name of equality, the worshipping of numbers under the name of universal suffrage and the sovereignty of the people? Shall I be reduced to defend myself against all complicity with the preachers of unlimited, absolute liberty? I hope not. What I love, what I desire, is *regulated, restrained, ordered, moderated* liberty. Liberty defined and *limited*.’—pp. 70, 74.

That Romanism and despotism are the dire enemies of kings as well as people, and that they go hand in hand, is a well-known fact. This fact, too, finds corroboration from the Count’s pen. What are the two chief Catholic countries in Europe? France and Austria. See, then, how safe liberty and the throne are in those lands:—

‘Yes, France applauded the 18th brumaire (the overthrow of the Directory by Bonaparte), and the 2nd of December (the usurpation of Louis Napoleon), but alas! it has done more than applaud the fall of royalty; in 1792 and in 1830, it laboured to bring about that fall. In 1792, in 1814, in 1830, in 1848, four thrones fallen by the aid of France! Assuredly, the fall of power at Vienna in March, 1848, was as disgraceful and as complete as that of the French monarchy in February. Society has risen again there much less quickly than in France. All that vast empire was directed in a spirit absolutely opposed to parliamentary, constitutional, or liberal ideas: no liberty was there admitted or practised, no free speech, no press, no assemblies even for consultation, no changes of ministry, no party leaders, no right of petition, no discussion, nothing in any way hindered the action of the government. For nine and thirty consecutive years that noble country was governed by the same chief, the Prince

Metternich. Besides, and here I ask the attention of my Catholic readers, *there was nothing, absolutely nothing*, of what has been objected against the government of July (in France) *in regard to religion*. The prime minister did not conceal his religious convictions, *and twice under his administration was the Holy See saved from revolution by Austrian arms*. Solicitude for religious interests was carried *so far*, that the Emperor Francis had formed the plan of placing an ecclesiastic in all the departments of government, in all the courts, and even in his council of state. Nevertheless, this great government, in which authority was everything, and liberty nothing, that ancient and illustrious edifice fell in the twinkling of an eye, under the efforts of some Jews and some students; all that political system which neither the press nor the tribune had undermined, fell like a house built of cards, and but for the heroic sword of Prince Windischgrätz and Marshal Radetzky, who knows if Austria would now hold a place in the rank of nations.—pp. 122—124.

Yes, and at that time, when Catholic despots were flying for their lives, with the pope and the Emperor of Austria at their head, William of Prussia, and Victoria of England, the two chief Protestant princes of Europe, retained their thrones, the latter in the utmost security and in undisturbed tranquillity. Surely kings as well as people will in time open their eyes to these broad and unquestionable facts.

We have thus passed this rhetorical argument in review, and found it, like most rhetoric, hollow and of small avail. The author thereof appears to have been actuated by his wishes rather than his convictions. Certainly his statements are inexact and incorrect. Carefully has he omitted to notice not only qualifications but offsets. The small amount of superficial influence exerted by Romanism lately, is likely to be of short duration, for, even on the author's own showing, it is endangered by the servility of the Romanists, the ambition of kings, and the possible turbulence of the people. And even should any degree of consistency be acquired, Romanists owe the advantage rather to the justice and liberality of their opponents, than the essential merits of their cause,—a cause which, mixed up with political tyranny, and identified with religious thralldom, cannot permanently flourish in the present state of civilization.

But let the facts be never so true, and let them be reported in the exactest manner, they are utterly unable to sustain the author's conclusion. Thoroughly vicious is that logic which infers truth from prosperity, especially when that prosperity is in itself very recent, of uncertain duration, in imminent peril, and chequered by adversities numerous, signal, and disastrous.

And now, in conclusion, we would simply indicate the real

cause of the slight growth of Romanism at this hour. Independently of what has ensued from the increase of population, that growth is owing to the prevalence, within the course of the last fifty years, of a system of gross and low Rationalism, which has ever bordered on pantheism and atheism. From that system Romanism has suffered even more than Protestantism. To that system Protestantism and not Romanism has given unanswerable confutation, and on that system, which, if not called forth by the extravagancies of Romanism, Romanism has, however undesignedly, fostered and promoted, Protestantism has dealt the death-blow. Yes, Count Montalembert is premature in his rejoicing that the formative principle of the Reformation, 'justification by faith, is no longer anywhere professed.' (p. 14.) Even in Germany, where Rationalism, as a system, had its birth, the religion of the Bible, the religion of the Cross, has gone far to recover its due ascendancy, and we make no vaunt when we declare, that amidst all our diversities, the Protestant churches of Great Britain and North America, united in 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all' (Ephes. iv. 5, 6), venerate and love with the intensest affection their Scriptural religion, and their Christian liberty, and are fully resolved and determined, not only that no man shall take the jewel from them, but that they will manfully withstand and oppose until they have overcome every assailant, nor cease to labour, nor even pause for rest, until they have made their own advantages common as the air—diffused as the light.

- ART. VII.—(1.) *The Strikes: their Extent, Evil, and Remedy, being a Description of the General Movement of the Mass of Building Operatives throughout the United Kingdom.* By VINDEX.
 (2.) *Census of Great Britain, Population Tables.* Vols. 1 & 2.

A FEW years ago the universal philanthropy of England was painfully engaged in trying to discover some mode in which the 'surplus population' of the United Kingdom might be provided for, without inflicting an intolerable burden upon that portion of the community to whom the tax-gatherer pays an unwelcome visit twice a year. Numberless schemes were taken up, one after another, and then thrown aside, there being always some defect or other discovered in each of them. Emigration, home colonies, small farms, spade husbandry, self-supporting villages, co-operative associations, and a whole host of other projects, were

proposed, discussed, and abandoned, as either impracticable or not calculated to meet the great social grievance. The proposal to send our supernumerary hands to Canada or Australia, was the scheme which seemed to be received with greatest favour. Many an attempt was made to induce Government to organize an extensive system of emigration for that purpose, and, no doubt, Government would very willingly have complied with the demand, had it not been for the enormous cost of such an undertaking. Leaving Great Britain entirely out of sight, with its hundreds of thousands of unemployed, starving labourers, handloom weavers, and wretched needlewomen striving to maintain a miserable existence on 6*d.* a day; its half-employed factory operatives and artisans, and its regular increase of 200,000 pair of hands to the labour-market every year; the transportation of the surplus population of Ireland alone, in the cheapest way which an emigration board could contrive, would not have cost much less than 20,000,000*l.*, and that sum, even though borrowed on the most favourable terms, would have added about 600,000*l.* a-year—twice the amount of what is raised by the Newspaper Stamp Duty—to our annual expenditure. No wonder that a cautious Chancellor of the Exchequer lent a deaf ear to all proposals for getting rid of the Irish difficulty by so costly an experiment. And then, too, there was some doubt as to the efficacy of the plan proposed. Some of our political economists contended that the social disease of Ireland was not produced by a real excess of population, that it was even questionable whether the country contained a sufficient quantity of labour to develop its magnificent resources. It was undeniable that one half of the peasantry were nearly without work, and the other half not more than half fed; but that had always been the case in Ireland, even when it did not contain one-fourth part of its present population. Other opponents of the emigration scheme endeavoured to show that sending the people to Canada or Australia would not reduce the number left at home. It would only give an impulse to population by increasing the number of marriages, and that result, although profitable enough to the priest, whose income from marriage and christening fees would be increased thereby, was not calculated to benefit the rest of the community. In proof of this, they pointed to the fact that the population of Mayo, Galway, and Clare, from which an extensive emigration to America took place between the years 1821 and 1831, had increased 25 per cent. during those ten years; while that of Down and Wexford had increased only 7 or 8 per cent. within the same period, although hardly any emigration had taken place from those two counties. The obvious inference was, that for

Government to spend large sums of money, and thereby burden the industrious people of England and Scotland with more debt, in order to send a million or two of the Irish peasantry to full employment, good wages, and cheap farms in any of our colonies, was not advisable, seeing that it was not likely to lessen the number of paupers at home.

What the Government of Great Britain could not or would not do, has been accomplished by a higher power. Instead of universal grumbling at the rapid increase of the people, and the constant glut of the labour-market, the great subject of alarm with political economists now is, that we shall soon not be able to find a sufficient number of hands to perform all the work which is lying ready for them to do. The ravages of famine and pestilence in Ireland, in 1846—9, followed by the most marvellous emigration movement ever witnessed since the world began, have already reduced the population of that island to little more than three-fourths of what it was twelve years ago; and should the flight of the peasantry proceed at the same rate as at present, for a few years longer, the supply of labour must soon fall as far short of the demand in that quarter as it is likely to do in England and Scotland. In 1841, the population of Ireland amounted to 8,175,124; in 1851, it had fallen to 6,515,794; and as emigration has been quite as brisk during the last two years as it was up to the time of taking the census, we may safely estimate the present population of the island at little more than 6,000,000, or about 2,500,000 less than it would have been had the same rate of increase been kept up as in the previous decennial returns from the beginning of the century till 1841. So far as Ireland is concerned, therefore, the surplus population has been reduced, chiefly within the last seven years, to as large an extent as the most enthusiastic advocate of emigration could desire. And now let us see what effect such a wholesale system of depopulation, coupled with an increased demand for labour, arising from an unparalleled extension of our home and foreign trade, is likely to have upon the welfare of Great Britain.

The 'leading journal of Europe,' in one of those powerful articles of a startling character, with which it not unfrequently disturbs the healthy digestion of comfortable stockbrokers and prosperous millionaires, drew attention, a short time ago, to some of the results which may be anticipated from a large decrease of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom:—

'The depopulation of these isles,' says the *Times*, 'supposing the Celtic exodus to run out its course, and a British exodus to follow, constitute about as serious a political event as can be conceived; for a change of dynasty, or any other political revolution, is nothing com-

pared with a change in the people themselves. All the departments of industry,—the army, the navy, the cultivation of the fields, the rent of landed property, the profit of trades, the payment of rates and taxes, depend on the people, and without the people there must ensue a general collapse of all our institutions.’

This is certainly very alarming, to any one who can fully realize the melancholy picture which it gives, of Great Britain deserted by the hard-toiling, wealth-producing millions who have raised it to so great a height of wealth and power by their untiring industry, and admirable organization. The total destruction of rents and profits, and, above all, the complete abolition of rates and taxes, by the wholesale flight of the rate-payers of the United Kingdom, hastened, doubtless, by the comfortable reflection that they were leaving the National Debt, and all other financial encumbrances behind them, might well produce such ‘a general collapse of all our institutions,’ including Downing-street and Somerset-house, as would throw the ‘Great Rebellion,’ the ‘Glorious Revolution of 1688,’ or any other mere political change, completely into the shade. But we need not trouble ourselves with any such extravagant suppositions. In spite of the Irish exodus to the United States, and the Australian gold-fever by which it has been followed, we see no grounds for serious alarm on account of anything which has yet occurred in the labour-market of Great Britain.

For some months past a movement for an advance of wages has been going forward from one end of the island to the other, which has had no parallel during the present century, and of which it is difficult to foretell what may be the end. Fifty years ago a very great advance took place in the rate of remuneration for skilled labour, and even the agricultural labourers, who were at that time miserably ill-paid, obtained a slight advance. But the condition of the working classes was not so good, even with the increased rate of wages, as it had been many years previously, owing to the excessive dearth of food and other necessities of life. Mr. Porter states, that at that time ‘there was a super-abundant supply of labourers constantly competing for employment at the large government establishments, where the weekly wages did not exceed 15s., while the price of the quarter loaf was 1s. 10d., and the other necessary outgoings of a labourer’s family were nearly as high in proportion.’ In some instances, where an advance of wages is demanded at present, the rise in the price of provisions is assigned as a reason for the demand; but the real cause is the brisk demand for labour. The chief articles of consumption are much cheaper at present than they have been for any long period since the end of last century, nor

would it be difficult to show that the great body of the working classes are in more comfortable circumstances than they have been at any time during the last fifty years. It is plain, therefore, that the demand for higher wages, which has generally been conceded, springs from a healthy state of things. In a country where wages have been brought down to the lowest point at which existence can be maintained, the rise and fall of the price of bread is sometimes accompanied by a corresponding rise and fall in the price of labour. But in all well-paid branches of labour the rate of wages is regulated mainly by the demand, and that is generally most active when the price of food is moderate.

Among skilled workmen, the demand for an advance of wages appears to have been hitherto most extensive and successful in the various trades connected with building. In nearly all the chief towns, the wages of carpenters, joiners, masons, bricklayers, and plasterers, have been raised, on an average, from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* a-week above what they had formerly. The lowest-paid workmen connected with these trades appear to have been slaters and painters in Glasgow, who were receiving only 15*s.* a-week, and now obtain 17*s.*; and carpenters in the Isle of Man, who have advanced from 15*s.* to 18*s.* a-week; masons, bricklayers, carpenters, joiners, and plasterers in the large manufacturing towns in Lancashire and Yorkshire, are now earning from 26*s.* to 30*s.* a-week for ten hours' labour. The labourers connected with the building trades have also taken advantage of the increased demand for Irishmen at home and abroad to obtain better wages. In a number of instances they have raised their demands from 15*s.* to 18*s.*, and been successful.

One of the healthiest and most cheering symptoms of the wages movement, is the effect which it has already had upon the condition of the agricultural labourers. It is only a short time since complaints of want of employment, starvation, distress, and even the appearance of Swing, were universal throughout the rural districts. Reduction of wages was also said to have been attempted in some of the counties, but that must have been rather difficult, on account of the low rate—not many degrees above starvation point—to which they had been previously brought down. From all sides we now constantly hear of the advance of wages in the agricultural districts, and of the improved condition of the people. Instead of melancholy returns, such as we lately had in parliament, each session, of the large number of unemployed, able-bodied labourers in Dorset, Wilts, Sussex, Bucks, Suffolk, and other pauper-ridden counties, we are now told of the advance of wages that is taking place everywhere; of

the growing scarcity of hands, and of the difficulty of finding able-bodied adult paupers to perform the ordinary household duties in the union workhouses. The *Leicestershire Mercury*, after stating that there is not a single able-bodied man in the workhouse, while the number of able-bodied women is so small that the master's journal continually contains such reports as this:—'The master was obliged to hire a washerwoman for three days.' 'The pump, which used to be the principal labour-test for the able-bodied men in the house, and was the terror of the evil-disposed, is now worked principally by the salaried officers of the house.' Not less significant of the change now going forward, is the following statement, which appeared in the *Globe* of July 9th:—

'EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA.

'Some delay has taken place in despatching the government emigrant ships at Southampton, in consequence of the difficulty of getting sufficient emigrants; agricultural labourers being now greatly in demand in this country. The ship, *Statesman*, lying at the above-named port, has nearly her quota of emigrants on board, and will sail on the 9th inst.'

Looking at the wide difference between the highest wages paid to agricultural labourers in England for very hard work, and the liberal rate at which the easiest kind of out-door labour—that of tending sheep—is paid in Australia, it is difficult to account for this reluctance to leave home, unless by supposing that the rural population are greatly deficient either in enterprise or intelligence. Granting that they have obtained an advance from 7*s.* or 8*s.* to 10*s.* or 12*s.* a-week, they must still be but poorly off, compared with what they would be in Canada or Australia, or even compared with the majority of skilled artisans at home, whose labour is so much more agreeable and so much less exhausting. A Dorsetshire farmer, who has been accustomed to pay only 8*s.* a-week to his labourers, may fancy that he is almost ruined because he has now to pay 10*s.* or 12*s.* But although the advance may fall rather heavy on the employer at first, even the maximum amount is a very small sum for a hard-working man with a wife and two or three children. Take the item of provisions alone; we can hardly understand how five persons with healthy appetites can be provided with a sufficient supply of wholesome food out of 12*s.*, if there is to be anything left for clothing, rent, and the various other necessary items of outlay. Farmers are reluctant to comply with the demand for an advance of wages, as is very natural. Most people feel annoyed at having to give more for any commodity than they have been accustomed to pay. A very little reflection, however,

would convince the farmers that this increased expenditure will be a profitable investment of capital. A man who receives good wages, and who can afford to live well, is both able and willing to work at a corresponding rate. All our best practical agriculturists are aware of this. They know that a labourer who is paid 15s. or 18s. a week, is cheaper than one who receives only 8s. or 10s. Mr. Chadwick, in his evidence before the Select Committee on the Law of Settlement, gave some striking evidence in illustration of this fact. Here is an example:—

‘A friend, a banker, who knew very well the condition of the farmers in the neighbourhood of Leicester, mentioned to me one farmer, a neighbour, who died a few years ago, aged eighty, having commenced life as a market-gardener, and having accumulated about 100,000*l.* in land, chiefly by his trade. It was an aphorism of this man, that he could not live by poor two-shilling men; that he must have ‘half-crowners.’ The nephews carry on the farm on the same principle; they themselves continue the same system, and one of them expressed himself thus strongly: ‘We will not look at these poor two-shilling devils; we cannot thrive upon their labour.’ My friend mentions one of these farmers, who, some time ago, when this question was put to him, asserted strongly the same doctrine, that is, the productiveness of well-paid labour, and stated that his men earned from 15s. to 20s. a week on his farm: as I demurred to this, he sent me the wages of four of them for a year. (This was a farmer who had made his fortune.) The men were employed chiefly, not wholly, on task-work; and it stated that No. 1 had 53*l.* 15s.; No. 2, 43*l.*; No. 3, 42*l.* 12s.; No. 4, 39*l.*; as their earnings in the year 1841.’

This is a comfortable view of the wages question, and is one which is amply borne out by all that we have ever heard relating to the large amount of work performed by the intelligent, well-fed labourers of America. According to all accounts, the latter are nearly as much superior to the peasantry of the South of England, in physical condition and the quantity of work they perform, as an English ploughman is to the Irishman living on ‘lumpers,’ whose labour at 6*d.* a day is actually dearer than that of the Englishman at 2s. As regards Ireland, how could it be otherwise, so long as the gross agricultural produce of Great Britain was four times greater than that of Ireland, with a larger number of hands employed in the cultivation of its soil? With a population of 4,000,000 instead of 8,000,000, with a well-organized system of agriculture, and an extension of manufacturing industry, we should not be surprised to see Ireland ere long raising double the amount of agricultural produce yielded by it a few years ago, and at the same time paying three or four times the amount of wages to the lessened number of labourers, than could be

afforded to their indolent and starving predecessors. As a general rule, the effectiveness of labour in a country depends, to a great extent, upon the quantity and kind of food which the working class consumes. We may safely conclude, therefore, that the advance of wages which is now taking place throughout the United Kingdom, especially among those engaged in the cultivation of the soil, by its tendency to raise the general standard of living among the poorer classes, who form a majority of the people, will increase their industrial power, and, along with that, the annual aggregate produce of labour throughout the country.

In the case of factory operatives and of skilled artisans, the same rule will not hold good, at least, not to the same extent. Employers frequently complain that the increased earnings of their workpeople, during periods of prosperity, are chiefly spent in drinking and debauchery; many of them even affirm that, as a general rule, the working classes are more comfortable when their earnings are moderate, than when they are receiving very high wages. The best answer to this account of the industrial classes is, to compare their condition during the last year or two, in which the average sum earned per head, throughout the United Kingdom, has been higher than ever was known before, with their condition during any period of bad trade, reduced wages, and scarcity of employment. In order to make the comparison fairly and satisfactorily, we must look, not merely at some particular factory or some isolated trade, but at the way in which the collective people of England spend their hard-earned wages. What is true with regard to an individual, is equally true with regard to a nation. If a man who earns 5s. a week more in 1852 than he did in 1842, is seen to spend the greater part of that additional sum on tea, coffee, sugar, butter, cheese, and other articles of food, we naturally conclude that he must have been pinched in his circumstances before, and that he and his family are now somewhat comfortable. It is precisely the same with the nation at large. In 1852, Great Britain manufactured some 800,000 or 900,000 bales of cotton more than it had done in 1842; and at the same time produced more coal, more iron and cutlery of all kinds, more glass, china, and earthenware, more broadcloth, blankets, carpets, and every other kind of woollen fabric; imported more timber, built more houses, made more furniture, and, in short, produced every sort of useful or ornamental commodity in greater abundance than it had ever done in a single year at any former period. Take two items as a sample of the progress we have made in production within these ten years. In 1842, we imported 1,384,894 bales of cotton; in 1852, 2,351,522 bales. In 1842, we imported

527,327 loads of foreign and colonial timber; in 1852, 2,090,914 loads; an increase of about 300 per cent. With such an enormous increase of work, the nation earned much higher wages, and, as a natural consequence, the national housekeeping account, so far as we can form a rough estimate, from a comparison of the Custom-house returns at the two periods, exhibits a corresponding increase.

The following comparison of the respective quantities taken for consumption, at the two periods, of some of the larger items of our national grocery and foreign provision account, will show that, although the gross population of the United Kingdom is not much larger than it was ten years ago, the consuming power of the people must have made astonishing progress within that period,—

	1842.	1852.
Sugar, cwts. . .	3,868,466 . .	7,172,847
Molasses, „ . .	599,640 . .	809,286
Tea, lbs. . .	37,355,911 . .	54,713,034
Coffee, „ . .	28,519,646 . .	34,977,953
Butter, cwts. . .	180,282 . .	286,385
Cheese, „ . .	178,959 . .	279,575
Eggs, number . .	89,548,747 . .	108,278,539
Rice, cwts. . .	282,430 . .	552,024
Currants, „ . .	106,379 . .	362,337
Raisins, „ . .	186,240 . .	226,386
Apples, bushels . .	111,578 . .	372,118

The most remarkable item in this bill is the increased consumption of sugar—from 3,868,466 to 7,172,847 cwts. The large reduction in the rate of duty has, no doubt, had some effect in producing the result; but the principal cause has been the improved condition of the labouring classes, as is proved by the increased consumption of tea, which had risen from 37,355,911 to 54,713,034 lbs. within the same period, although there had been no reduction of duty. In coffee there is not so great an increase as might have been expected, but that is said to be owing to the introduction of chicory, which prevails to so large an extent as to check the consumption of the genuine article. As regards the home counterfeits of tea, from sloe and hawthorn leaves, we must either suppose that the tea-dealers are less given to adulteration, or that the public cannot be so easily imposed upon by British imitations of Souchong and Twankay.

Protectionist grumblers who are unwilling to see anything prosperous in our present condition, because the corn-laws have been abolished, contend that this increased consumption of com-

forts and luxuries is no proof that a corresponding improvement has taken place in the condition of the labouring classes. It is true that the nation has consumed more tea and sugar than formerly, but are we quite sure that the poor have had a fair share of the increased quantity? On that point we cannot pretend to give any accurate data which would show the precise mode in which the additional 3,304,381 cwts. of sugar, the 17,357,123 lbs. of tea, and all the other commodities have been distributed. In spite of all our prosperity there are, doubtless, many of our population who are still condemned to live on narrow supplies. In the main, however, we may take for granted that the increased quantity of food has gone to the right quarter. Reasoning from general principles, we may safely conclude that the wealthy and middle class consumed as much colonial produce in 1842 as they could desire, and that, consequently, they were not likely to increase their consumption greatly in 1852. The obvious inference, then, is, that our increased import of the articles we have named must have been chiefly consumed by the labouring classes.

But there are many persons who, although ready enough to admit that the condition of the people has improved, look with great alarm at the emigration movement. Instead of rejoicing at the general advance of wages, and the increased comfort of the working classes, they view it merely as one of the first symptoms of a general dearth of labour, which must speedily raise the cost of that indispensable element of production to a height which will annihilate profits, ruin capitalists, and destroy our boasted manufacturing superiority. Looking at the last report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, they find that the annual emigration during the last six years has been 298,584; in other words, as large a number of people has left these islands each year since 1846, as the total number of persons employed in the woollen and worsted trade of Great Britain. Last year the number who left the United Kingdom was 368,764, which was $23\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. above the average of the six years during which the emigration mania has been in operation. Should it go on at the same rate, these alarmists can see no chance of our being able to prevent the ruin of our foreign trade, because, as they allege, we cannot hope to compete successfully with our continental and American rivals, unless by underselling them, and our only chance of being able to do that is by our continuing to produce calicoes, cutlery, and broadcloths, at a cheaper rate than any other country. Once destroy that advantage which we still have over the American manufacturer, and we may bid farewell to our foreign commerce. With free-trade we have been able to make great advances lately; but how long shall we be able to keep it up

if the supply of labour fall short? 'In 1840, the official value of our exports was £110,190,656; in 1852, that gauge of the *quantity* of goods sent abroad had risen to £219,545,699, nearly double what it was twelve years ago. The advocates of cheapness point to these facts; they tell us to look at the rapid expansion of our foreign trade, while our manufacturers have had plenty of cheap labour, and ask whether we can expect to go on at the same rate much longer, should our population continue to leave the country at the rate of more than a thousand a day?

The political economists of the *Standard*, though willing to admit that the people are much better off than they were, in spite of free-trade, take the same lugubrious view of the evils which are likely to result from the scarcity of labour.

'A numerous population,' says the protectionist organ, 'necessary to the comfort of all in a civilized country, is absolutely indispensable to the rich, if they would enjoy their riches, or increase them by honest means. A numerous population renders labour abundant, and, therefore, comparatively cheap; and whether it is desired to make labour minister to enjoyment or to profit, the more numerous the population, the greater the facility for the one or the other. The loss of any considerable portion of the population, in the first instance, diminishes the amount of labour in the market for a time, but by doing so, in the end, cuts off the sources of employment. Among the first and most direct evils of emigration, is the loss of the value of the emigrant's labour to the community deserted by him, and with the loss of the value of his labour, the loss of his contribution to the public revenue. We lately estimated the contribution *per capita* at 1*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per head, but this calculation was made upon the hypothesis that the old rate of population was kept up, and with the omission of the cost of collection; a more correct calculation, including all the contributions exacted, raises the capitation to considerably more than 2*l.* each tax-payer. Let us, however, as the condition of the emigrants is much below the average, rate the loss sustained by the departure of each at 1*l.*, this would be at present a loss of some half-million a year, to be made good by such as are condemned to remain.'

This may all seem exceedingly absurd to any one who understands the subject, but it is not an uncommon view of the case amongst those who dogmatize about taxation, population, and the advantages of cheap labour to the rich. At first sight it seems plausible enough, but it will not bear examination. Let them apply the rule to Ireland, for example. Till within the last few years that island contained as numerous a population as any one could desire, and yet the rich were neither able to enjoy their riches nor to increase them by honest means. Or let them apply it to the United States, where the population is so much less

numerous than in most European countries. Will any one venture to affirm that the wealthy classes of America cannot both enjoy their wealth and increase it by honest means, although not surrounded by a miserable crowd of distressed operatives, starving needlewomen, or half-paid handloom-weavers?

At the very moment when this alarm lest labour should become ruinously scarce and dear is disturbing the minds of the employers, we find the working men looking forward with apprehension to the introduction of new labour-saving machinery. In Ashton, the joiners and carpenters recently turned out for an advance of wages, but, according to their own account, there are other grievances of which they complain. In one of their placards they say,—

‘We had a strike against labourers doing our work, and against windows made by machinery. You may say,—What moral, legal, or other right have we to put any impediment in the way of any man using his strength and abilities to gain an honest living? At the present time machinery is introduced into our trade; one machine is calculated to do eight men’s work. There are 102 machines at work, which throw 812 joiners out of employ. These labourers are made into half-joiners; they commence putting work together after the machine has prepared it. When we have one of these half-joiners working next bench to one that has legally served his time to the trade, at a less rate of wages, what is the result? What does the master say? This man is doing the same sort of work as you at a less rate of wages, and you must do the same, or leave your employ.’

Who is it, then, hinders an honest man getting an honest living? We have not heard what the termination of the Ashton joiners’ strike has been, but the accounts from other parts of the country show an improvement in the wages of all the building-trades, including carpenters and joiners. At the same time, we can easily understand why the masters should have found it necessary to resort to labour-saving machinery, seeing what a large increase has lately taken place in the consumption of timber. As we have elsewhere stated, the quantity of foreign and colonial timber imported into the United Kingdom rose from 527,327 loads, in 1842, to 2,090,914 loads, in 1852. Unless machinery had been largely employed in the preparation of that increased quantity for building and other purposes, it would have been impossible for the masters to have performed their contracts, in which case the demand for joiners would probably not have been so brisk as it has evidently been, judging from the fact that a general advance of wages has taken place during the last six months. It is a great mistake to suppose, as most of the working men do, that the application of machinery in any particular trade

must necessarily diminish the demand for labour throughout that trade. By cheapening production it frequently increases the demand so much as to render the general condition of those employed much better than it was previously. In Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, where machinery is far more extensively used than in any other part of the world, the average rate of wages is higher than in any other part of Great Britain. It is no doubt true that, in many cases, the first tendency of the application of improved machinery is to supersede human labour, and it is the knowledge of this which has so frequently led to combinations among the men to resist its introduction. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, whose costly strike, last year, ending in failure, must have taught them a severe lesson, did not, in direct terms, attempt to oppose the use of machinery for the saving of labour in that trade, but they did what was equivalent. They insisted upon 'the unconditional discharge of all labourers, 'or such class of persons engaged in working planing-machines, 'or tools of a similar character, and the employment in their stead 'of mechanics, members of the Union.'

The complaints of the working men that machinery is gradually thrusting them out of employment, furnish an excellent reply to the complaint of the masters, that the men are becoming too independent, owing to the emigration movement, and that there is great danger of wages rising too high. What new machinery is to the employers, emigration is to the working men. In all trades in which improved machinery for the saving of labour can be introduced, the masters have that to fall back upon, should the demands of the men be deemed unreasonable. Large employers of labour are generally unwilling to resort to the use of machinery when it causes the displacement of human labour, unless they are actually forced by competition or some disagreement with the hands in their employment. The large outlay required is a sufficient obstacle in many instances, independent of the reluctance which is naturally felt at turning men adrift when there has been no quarrel with them. The case becomes altered very much when the employers find that their workmen are disposed to dictate terms to them. It was that mistake on the part of the cotton-spinners which led to the invention of the self-acting mule, and to many other improvements in the production of yarn. In calico-printing, power-loom weaving, indeed in every trade to which machinery can be applied, the same cause has been at work. When employers have been allowed to go on quietly, they have generally been content to do so, without troubling themselves about new machinery. When they have found themselves thwarted and baffled in the management of their

business by the folly of the men, and the short-sighted tyranny of the unions, they have naturally adopted such means as were within their power of making themselves independent of both. On the other hand, the working men begin to feel that they are not so completely at the mercy of any grasping employer, who may wish to reduce wages unreasonably, or to treat them harshly, as they formerly were. Now that emigration to Australia, Canada, or the United States, has become as common, and as little thought of, as a journey from Edinburgh or Glasgow to London in search of employment, would have been a short time ago; the artisan is at no loss, in the event of his being 'unshopped' through any untoward event. 'The world is all before him where to choose.' The field of employment to an intelligent working man has expanded to an immeasurable extent of late years, for he knows that if he cannot earn good wages in England, he will have no difficulty in obtaining remunerative employment in the United States, or in some one or other of our colonies. It is a mistake to suppose that the tendency to emigrate, which has increased so rapidly during the last few years, will subside in proportion as the people become more comfortable at home. In America, where there is little or no distress among the working classes, emigration is constantly going on from New England and the seaboard generally to the Western States. Mr. Cary, the celebrated American political economist, in adverting to the westward movement of the population on the other side of the Atlantic, says,—'The tendency to emigration is in the ratio of wealth, and of physical, moral, and intellectual development.' In striking corroboration of this remark, we find that, in Great Britain, there has always been a much larger amount of emigration among the children of the middle classes, in proportion to their numbers, than among those below them in the social scale. 'Where population least presses on the means of subsistence,' says Mr. Carey, 'there is emigration greatest, and there population increases with the greatest rapidity, because there the people are most able to improve their condition, morally and physically.' This will also hold good as regards the change that is now passing over England. From the report of the registrar-general, we learn that the number of marriages in England, in 1852, was much greater than in any previous year, so that we may reasonably anticipate a corresponding increase of population to fill up the gap left by the departure of those who are gone to America or Australia.

This new aspect of the labour question in Great Britain, arising from the increased tendency to emigration, is one which the employers ought to bear constantly in mind in their dealings

with the working men. Looking through and beyond the present industrial crisis, which will probably last some time, we feel persuaded that its ultimate tendency will be to elevate the social, moral, intellectual, and political condition of the labouring classes in this country. Meantime, however, we may prepare ourselves for no small amount of irritation and disturbance before the conflicting claims of capital and labour can be thoroughly reconciled. In those 'good old times,' to which a certain class of sentimental political economists would willingly carry us back, the legislature would have been called on to aid the employers of labour at such a time as the present. The first notice relating to wages, which occurs in our Statute Book, is an order for reducing them from the extravagant height to which they had risen immediately after the great pestilence in the reign of Edward III. The famous statute of labourers to which reference has been made by so many writers who seem ignorant of the circumstances which called forth that enactment, was passed in 1351 for the express purpose of preventing the labouring classes from reaping any advantage from the extraordinary demand for labour, caused by the decrease in the number of the people. By the reduction in the price of food and the rise in the price of labour, the mass of the people at that time must have been about as well off as the labourers of Australia were before the gold discoveries took place, when a man could earn as much bread and mutton in a day as an English labourer could purchase by a week's labour. Edward III. and his parliament soon put an end to that state of things, by enacting that any man or woman having no visible means of subsistence must serve any person who might choose to hire him or her, and must not take higher wages than were customary before the pestilence. Fortunately for the labouring classes of the nineteenth century, they do not live under such rule. Instead of being obliged to work for any person who wishes to hire him, at such a rate of wages as Parliament may fix, the working man is at perfect liberty to accept or refuse any offer of employment which may be made to him, or, should he fancy that he can improve his position by going abroad, there is no law now to prevent him, as there was up to the end of last century.

Such being the case, it becomes all the more necessary that the employers should understand how to act in the critical times in which their lot has been cast. If they wish to maintain those amicable relations with the labouring classes, which are indispensably necessary to the proper working of our vast industrial and commercial system, they must not seek to entrench themselves within the circle of their own order, or rely upon mere defensive

union among themselves, as the only method of meeting the demands of the working men. In all cases where an advance of wages is asked, employers ought to be prepared, if possible, with a ready answer. If the state of the trade will enable them to grant the request for an advance of wages, let them do so at once. If, after due investigation, they find that they cannot advance the rate of wages without injury to the men as well as to themselves, let them clearly explain why they are unable to do so. No false notions of dignity should prevent them from taking such precautions to prevent angry collisions. They may complain that the working classes do not listen to reason; that they allow themselves to be misled by Chartist and Socialist demagogues; and may therefore conclude that the only way to meet the present movement is by taking up a firm attitude of resistance. In our opinion, they could not commit a greater or a more dangerous mistake. From all we have seen of the working classes, we feel persuaded that, notwithstanding their independent position, they were never more willing to listen to reason than they are at the present moment; and that, were the employers united as to the course they ought to pursue, it lies mainly with them to say in what manner the present movement will terminate. If the middle classes will only do their best to meet the working men in a spirit of conciliation and fairness, neither Chartist nor Socialist demagogues will be able to obtain any considerable influence over them.

ART. VIII.—(1.) *The Works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, illustrated chiefly from the Remains of Ancient Art.* With a Life by the Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, Canon of St. Peter's, Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster. London: Murray. 1849.

(2.) *The Odes of Horace, translated into unrhymed metres, with Introductions and Notes.* By F. W. NEWMAN, Professor of Latin, University College, London. London: John Chapman. 1853.

FANCY a frank and highly-educated young fellow, of four-and-twenty, short, and rather thick-set in body, with weak eyes, and a strong, compact forehead, turned adrift upon London with a very slender purse, and nothing particular to do, and you will have an idea of our friend, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, at the time when he returned to Rome, after his escapade at Philippi (B. C. 41).

The antecedents of the poet, to use the modern phrase, are known to every scholar. Born at Venusia, a small Italian town,

some hundred and fifty miles from Rome, in the year B. C. 65, he had for his father a very respectable freedman, who, having made a little money as a collector of payments at auctions, had bought a small property, and determined to give his son a good education. When he was about twelve years of age, his father, not satisfied with the grammar-school of Venusia, kept at that time by one Mr. Flavius, had him removed to Rome, and placed under the care of Orbilius of Beneventum, an old military man, who had turned schoolmaster, and whose academy was, for many a day, one of the first in Rome. Here, during the bustle of the Cæsar-and-Pompey times, Horace read such Latin and Greek authors as were then in fashion for educational purposes—more especially Homer, and the old Latin poet, Livius Andronicus, whose name was ever afterwards disagreeably associated in Horace's mind with the floggings he used to get from Orbilius. The 'plagosus Orbilius,' indeed, must have been a formidable personage in the imagination of half the young men of Rome; for he lived to be a hundred years old, and must, therefore, have flogged at least two generations of Horace's contemporaries. In his eighteenth year, or just about the time when the Cæsar-and-Pompey business came to an end, by the accession of Cæsar to the sole dictatorship, Horace went to Athens,—as was then customary with young Romans,—to complete his studies, by a course in philosophy and science, under Greek masters. He had been four years here, when the shock of Cæsar's assassination once more threw the world into confusion, and obliged all Romans to range themselves either with Antony and Octavian, or with the republicans, Brutus and Cassius. Probably as much from the accident of being in Greece at the time, as from any real political conviction, Horace and a number of his fellow-students joined the republican standard. Horace served with Brutus in Macedonia and Asia, had a commission given him as military tribune, and actually commanded a legion. The probability, therefore, is, that Brutus was rather ill provided with officers. The well-known satire, in which Horace tells the story of the appearance of the two litigants, Persius and Rupilius Rex, before Brutus, at Clazomenæ, is, doubtless, a personal reminiscence of this period of the poet's life. Here it is:—

'In what way the mongrel (half Greek, half Roman) Persius took vengeance on the filth and venom of Rupilius, surnamed King, is known, I should imagine, to all the blear-eyed, and all the barbers about town. This Persius, being rich, had immense quantities of business of one kind or another, at Clazomenæ, and, among the rest, a troublesome lawsuit with our friend King. A hard fellow was Persius, and more than King's match any day—confident, blustering, and so

bitter-tongued, he would have beaten your Sisennæ and Barri hollow. I return to King. When nothing could be settled in a friendly way between them, (for, you know, when people are at war, they are troublesome and unmanageable in the same proportion as they are brave: between Hector, the son of Priam, for example, and the spirited Achilles, the feud was of that capital nature, that only the ultimate destruction of one of them could end it; and this for no other reason than that the bravery of both was consummate; whereas, if discord sets two cowards by the ears, or if a strife breaks out between two who are not equally matched, as between Diomed and the Lycian Glaucus, the heavier fellow of the two walks off, and saves his skin by sending his adversary presents,) Brutus, at this time, being Prætor in rich Asia, what happens but a regular single combat between Rupilius and Persius, a pair so nearly matched, that Bacchius and Bithus were not nearer! Impetuous they rush into the pleading, each of them a treat to see. Persius states his case amid roars of laughter from the whole assembly. He praises Brutus, and praises the guard; he calls Brutus the sun of Asia, and all his companions salutary stars in the firmament, always excepting King; and King, he says, is a dog, who has come like a star baleful to husbandmen. So on and on he rushes, like a wintery flood over a channel where the axe has seldom come. As he is blazing away in this witty and copious manner, the Prænestine (King) pitches into him with some witticisms got from the vineyard—King, a hardy and unconquered vine-dresser, to whom many a roadside passenger had been obliged to yield when King's voice bawled 'cuckoo' after him. But Persius, his Greek temper having been sufficiently sprinkled with the Italian vinegar, could contain himself no longer, but roared out, 'By the great gods, Brutus, you who are in the habit of taking off kings, why don't you throttle this one? it is a piece of work, believe me, quite in your way.'

'A miserable clench,' says Dryden, 'for Horace to record. I have heard honest Mr. Swan make many a better, and yet have had the grace to hold my countenance.' Begging Dryden's pardon, and Dean Milman's too, we think the story a very good story. It is well worth the attention of any biographer of Brutus; and if Horace had but a few more such reminiscences of his life, as an *attaché* of Brutus, in Asia Minor and Macedonia, he had nicer memories of it, we are happy to think, than the battle of Philippi. It was this battle, as all know, that put an end to the poet's soldiering. (B. C. 42.) Like many a bolder man on that day, he had to throw away his shield, and run for his life; out of which incident, as alluded to by the poet himself, commentators have made a great deal more than was ever required of them. Soldiering, however, was certainly not Horace's trade; and grieved, as he must have been, at the consequences of the battle to Brutus and the Republicans, he was not republican enough

to hold out any longer, when he saw that, by returning to Rome, and offering to live peaceably under the ruling powers, he might bid adieu altogether to camps and campaigns. Accordingly, he did return to Rome, arriving there, it is probable, just about the time when the young Octavian was restoring Italy to order by proscriptions and confiscations in the name of the Triumvirate, and laying the foundation of his own future supremacy. The other triumvirs, Antony and Lepidus, were, in the mean time, at work in other parts of the empire—Antony in the East, where he was swaggering about as a conqueror, and getting near and nearer to Egypt and Cleopatra. It was with Octavian, afterwards known as Augustus Cæsar, and then acting under the counsels of such statesmen as Vipsanius Agrippa, and Cilnius Mæcenas, that the Romans and Italians had more particularly to deal. With many others, whose republicanism had placed them in a similar predicament, Horace found himself under a cloud. His father had died a year or two before, during his absence; and the little property at Venusia, which was all he had to depend upon, had been included in the general confiscation, by which the triumvirs sought to punish their opponents, and reward their adherents.

In these circumstances, Horace, as he himself tells us, betook himself, as a matter of necessity, to a literary life. ‘No sooner,’ he says, ‘had the affair of Philippi sent me home humbled, with wings clipt, and destitute of paternal house and lands, than daring poverty drove me to the making of verses’—

‘Paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem.’

This piece of information would be more satisfactory if we knew by what particular process at that time verse-making identified itself with money-making. On this point, however, with all our knowledge of Roman customs and antiquities, we are unfortunately ignorant. How a young fellow in Horace’s position proceeds now-a-days in London we know very well. Has not providence established magazines and other periodicals for the very purpose? Verses, indeed, are hardly the kind of literary ware to bring in money, even with such facilities; and yet we have only to go back a little to the halcyon times, when our publishers used to pay for volumes of poetry, and there used to be poetical squibs in our newspapers, to see that even by verse-making a livelihood *might* have been earned in London. But in Rome, so far as we know, there was no *Fraser’s Magazine*, no *John Bull* newspaper to pay for squibs, no *Punch*, and no *Bentley’s Miscellany*. Had there been a *Punch*, who can doubt that Horace would very soon have been on the staff of its con-

tributors? Still there were ways and means of money-making at Rome, of which we have no doubt Horace did avail himself. There was an organized book-trade at Rome. In Martial's time the street Argiletum was a kind of Paternoster-row, so full was it of booksellers' shops. Another favourite quarter of the booksellers was the Vicus Sandalarius; and we learn from Horace himself, that the porticoes near the temples of Janus and Vertumnus were occupied with bookstalls, (that of the brothers Sosii was the most celebrated,) where the new publications were exposed for sale, and where old fellows might be seen dipping into them. Nor had there ever before been such a demand for literature in Rome as there began to be about this time. Fashions had changed, Horace says, since the time when the citizens used to be up early, with open doors, to expound the laws to their clients, to discuss the means of making good investments, and to lecture young people about their duties. The universal passion now was for writing; boys and grey-headed old gentlemen alike gave literary suppers, at which they put on garlands of green leaves, and spouted verses—

‘Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.’

It would be hard if, when booksellers were driving so good a trade, and poetry was so much in fashion, there was no such thing as remuneration for copyright. Probably there was; and, if so, authorship, pursued as a profession, must have been worth, even on ordinary trade principles, the *silique* and *panis secundus*—pulse and second bread—with which, Horace tells us, some poets were contented. According to any sensible interpretation of Horace's own assurance, that he was driven by poverty to his first essays in authorcraft, we must suppose that he contrived, by trafficking with the Sosii, or some of the publishing houses in the Row, to earn at least this necessary pittance.

After all, however, unless Horace wrote a great deal that we now know nothing of, he cannot have lived for six years (and it was not till B. C. 35, when he was thirty years of age, that his first Book of Satires was published in its present collected form) on the casual guineas supplied him by the Roman booksellers. In fact, though there was a means of money-making in Rome by professional authorship, it was not, as in London at the present day, the ordinary and established source of livelihood for such as became authors. On the whole, authorship was not a trade by itself among the Romans. A Roman, who turned author, was generally a man of some independent means, with a house and slaves, and more or less of property inherited, or otherwise acquired, quite apart from the Muses. Often, indeed, literature

was the recreation of men of the greatest wealth and the highest political position ; and probably the majority of all the writers ever produced by Rome belonged to the wealthy classes. When, in the later times of the republic, and during the empire, poorer men, sometimes even freedmen and slaves, took up literature as a profession, their dependence was not upon dealings with publishers, in the ordinary course of trade, but on voluntary private or state patronage. It is very difficult for us, even with our recollections of Queen Anne's reign to help us, to realize fully the position of wealthy Romans, with regard either to literature or to other social interests. In the economy of every rich Roman family, the element of what may be called gratuitous expenditure was infinitely larger than it would be found to be in the yearly accounts of our wealthy modern households. Wealth, then, as the Chartists say, had its duties as well as its rights ; and a rich man did not stand clear and discharged from the community when he had punctually paid his tradesmen's bills and his taxes, with a voluntary outlay of so much for purposes of charity. The custom of lavish gratuitous expenditure of all kinds was bound up with the very system of society. Not only had every powerful and wealthy man a host of clients, who attended his morning levees, and whose interests he was bound, on pain of infamy, to identify with his own ; but from time immemorial it had been the custom of rich men, and especially men in public office, to spend immense sums on shows, for the entertainment of the people ; and, at the very time when Horace wrote, no fewer than 200,000 of the free citizens of Rome, the nominal masters of the world, were ragged paupers, living exclusively on public supplies of corn, distributed to them every month. In such a system of society, the patronage of men of letters was rather a refinement in the mode of an inevitable expenditure than an addition to its sum—it was probably a saving to have wits and authors about one, instead of gladiators. In short, just as in the days of Pope and Addison, there was an organized system of patronage, supplementary to that of remuneration from booksellers, by which authors lived, so it was, to a still greater extent, in the days of Augustus at Rome. For a rich Roman nobleman to present a poet with a bit of ground or a house, was very much the same thing as for a nobleman in Queen Anne's time to give an author fifty guineas for a dedication ; and dinners, invitations to country-houses in the summer, and promises of places under government, were modes of patronage common to both ages.

Horace, as a man of genial habits, and with, probably, a good circle of acquaintances to begin with, may, without any dispa-

agement to his sense of independence, have had hopes of getting on in this way, as others had done before him. Indeed, if it was not through the booksellers that his authorship was to save him from poverty, it must have been through its power of obtaining him favour and patronage. It is greatly to his credit, however, that he took care not to be too dependent on any such result. One of his first steps, after returning to Rome—we are indebted for this fact to Suetonius—was to buy a clerkship in the Quæstor's Office; corresponding, as nearly as possible, to a situation in our Treasury, or in Somerset House. *Bought* it, says Suetonius; from which we are to infer that at that time places were to be had cheap, and that Horace had friends to use their influence for him. From being a military tribune and commanding a legion, to being a clerk in the Quæstor's Office and casting-up accounts, was certainly a fall; but we have experience enough to know that an ex-colonel of a defeated revolution does not rank with a colonel in the regulars, and that there are many refugee officers in London who would be glad of eighty pounds a-year on the Great Western Railway. What salary Horace had, and what kind of clerk he made, we have no means of knowing. From his own frequent assertions, that he hated 'business' and found it a bore, we may infer that he was very much such another clerk in the Quæstor's Office as Charles Lamb was in the India House. When Lamb was in the India House, he was so notoriously unpunctual in his attendance that, in spite of his popularity, he was once taken to task by one of the heads of the office. 'Mr. Lamb,' he was saluted one morning, when he was an hour or so late, 'this will never do; you are always the last, you know, to come to the office.' 'O yes,' was the reply, 'but then, I am always the first to go away.' Who could have the heart to say anything after that? Very probably, too, a situation in the Quæstor's Office in Rome was more of a recognised sinecure than a situation in either the India House or in Somerset House is now. At all events, it became a sinecure, or nearly so, before Horace had done with it. For, even after he became celebrated as a poet, he still retained that or some similar appointment in the same office, and used to drop in occasionally in the course of the forenoon. Thus in a satire, which must have been written at least nine or ten years after the date with which we are now concerned, and when the poet was thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, he mentions as one of the bothers to which he was subject, when he stayed in town, that just as he was posting away to the Esquiline Hill, to pay his morning compliments to Mæcenas, he was sure to be waylaid by a message

to this effect: 'The clerks beg, Quintus, that you will remember to return to-day about a matter of great public importance.'

'De re communi scribæ magnâ atque novâ te
Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.'

A passage which clearly proves that the clerks still regarded Horace as one of themselves.

Once a clerk in the Quæstor's Office, and with time on his hands to make verses and turn them to account, Horace seems to have been, as we would now say, pretty comfortably off, for a young bachelor about town. He had chambers, we may suppose, in some *insula*, in a tolerably decent street—the *insulæ* in Rome being high houses of five or six storeys, separated from each other by narrow lanes, and let out in floors to people of moderate income, while the richer families lived in distinct dwellings of one or at most two storeys, called *Domus*. As house-rent was high in Rome, Horace would have had to pay from 20*l.* to 40*l.* a-year, for one or two unfurnished rooms, in any respectable *insula*. Probably, if we take the following description of his way of life at this period, or a little later, this was about what he could afford.

'So I live more comfortably than you, my illustrious senator, and than many others. I go by myself wherever I have a fancy; I inquire the price of greens and bread; I often stroll through the cheating circus and the forum of an evening; I stand looking at the fortune-tellers; and thence I go home to a plate of leeks, pulse, and pancakes. My supper is served me by three slaves; and a white stone slab holds my two cups and a glass; close to the salt-cellar is a homely cruet and a bowl, both of Campanian ware. Then I go to bed, untroubled with any care of having to get up in the morning to visit the statue of Marsyas (where money was lent), who shows plainly, by shading his eyes, that he cannot abide the looks of the younger Novius (the usurer who traded there). I lie a-bed till the fourth hour (ten o'clock); then I take a ramble, or, having read or written for my own private amusement, am anointed with oil, not of the kind used by nasty Natta when he robs the lamps. But when, the sun growing stronger, warns me to go and bathe off my fatigue, I avoid the Campus Martius and the game of ball. Having dined, not greedily, but just enough to prevent my stomach from being empty, I then pass a quiet hour or two in my own house. Such is the life of those who are free from miserable and burdensome ambition. With these things, I flatter myself I live more agreeably than if my grandfather had been a quæstor, and my father and my uncle too.'—*Satire I. 6.*

This is a very pleasant picture of a bachelor-life in Rome, not very different, in the main, from the life now led by many a

bachelor who has chambers in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. A young literary man, with such a small sinecure source of income, as to be able to stroll about London, from Covent-garden market to Hyde Park, seeing the sights and gathering humours as he goes, may stand, so far as circumstances are concerned, as a modern representative of Horace during the four or five years after his return to Rome. In point of population, if not of topographical extent, old Rome and modern London may be considered as very nearly on a par—a very moderate calculation giving at least two millions and a quarter as the probable population of Rome during the reign of Augustus. Horace, then, could stroll about Rome with very little more chance of being recognised than Dickens or Thackeray would have of being recognised in the streets of London—now and then a dabbler in literature would point him out, but in the throng of the Roman Cheapside his little body would have been sadly at a discount. He seems, indeed, often to have contrasted in his own mind the quiet streets of Athens, which he had so recently left, with the bustle of the metropolis. In Athens, he says, a man of genius might shut himself up for seven years and give himself to books and study, and in the end walk out as dumb as a statue, and be followed and laughed at by the people in the streets. *There*, a man might have leisure to write poetry, but in Rome, with its everlasting roar and confusion, how could one do anything? The following might stand, with scarcely a change, for a description of London in contrast with Edinburgh.

‘Do you think it possible for me to write poems in Rome, amid so many botherations and fatigues? One calls on me to go and be his security, another to leave all business and hear him read his writings; one lives on Mount Quirinus, another at the extremity of the Aventine, and both have to be visited. The distances, you see, are charmingly commodious. ‘But the streets are clear, so that nothing prevents your thinking as you walk along.’ So! Here is a hot builder hurrying along with his mules and hodmen; there is a crane whirling aloft now a block of stone, now a log of timber; here you have dismal funeral processions disputing their way with unwieldy waggons; here rushes a mad dog; there a sow all begrimed with mire. Go now and think out your fine verses to yourself, if you can.’—*Epist.* II. 2.

This was written later in life, when Horace had grown more luxurious and fastidious; and we have no doubt that, in his younger days, he found Rome a wonderfully agreeable place, and his manner of spending his time in it perfectly to his taste. Just as people who have lived long in London acquire a fondness for it amounting to infatuation, so that, with all their grumbling at its noise and fatigue, and their occasional longings for green

fields and country air, they are glad to get back to it again, so it must have been with the residents in Rome. And Horace, in his earlier days at least, was essentially a bachelor about town. We see him yet, pottering along the Roman streets in the cool of the day—peering into the shops in Tottenham-court-road, strolling down Holborn as far as the city, returning by the Strand and Regent-street, and dropping in to dine at Simpson's or the Scotch Stores. He must have been a constant theatre-goer, and have known the haunts where the actors and wits met each other after the play, and where the gladiators went to have their beer. Something lower than tavern life and its humours must have formed part of his town experience. There were Neæras and Canidias, and various other ladies of a questionable description, then toasted at young men's parties, with whom Horace, with all his taste, did not scruple to pick up acquaintance. This is a department of the Horatian biography, to which an allusion cannot be avoided, but on which we do not care very particularly to enter. It is only necessary to read his works to see that, in this respect also, the parallel between Horace as a man about town in Rome, and many would-be Horaces as men about town in London, will hold to the letter.* Commentators, some of them clergymen, have gone with such enthusiasm and relish into this subject, as to have made out, what Dean Milman calls, 'a chronology of Horace's mistresses;' and there have been very acrimonious debates whether every Barine and Lalage mentioned by the poet and immortalized in his verse, is to be regarded as one of the poet's actual loves, or whether some of them may not have been, like Burns's Phillises and Nancys, mere loves of the imagination. Clearly, at all events, the least reputable period of Horace's life, in this respect, was that during which, as we have supposed, he lived as a bachelor in chambers in some Roman *insula*, deriving his salary from his sinecure clerkship in the Quæstor's Office, and only beginning to make himself known as a poet. The Neæras and Canidias of that time are undoubtedly real persons. Canidia especially figures as an important personage in this part of the poet's biography—a kind of dragon of a woman, so far as we can fancy, of whom the poet came to have a perfect horror, but who would not be shaken off.

If Horace's acquaintance, however, extended, at the beginning of his career, downwards into the tavern-life and the stew-life of Rome, it also extended itself upwards into what was more æsthetic and respectable. Such a man could not be long unknown; and very soon there was not a literary circle in Rome where the name of Horatius Flaccus was not mentioned as that

of a clever rising poet, not a cœna of senatorial or equestrian wits, where, clerk and freedman's son as he was, and lodging only on the third or fourth storey of a common insula, he would not have been welcome as a guest. The very first year after his return to Rome, he had been so happy as to make the acquaintance of the poet Virgil, then thirty years of age, one of the dearest and gentlest beings in the world, so pure and modest, that his friends called him 'the maid,' and, but for his weak chest and consumptive symptoms, which took him often out of town, the very man of all others to be Horace's constant companion. Five years older than Horace, and already established in reputation, and placed in independent circumstances by the kindness of Mæcenas in procuring the restoration of his property, which, like that of Horace, had been doomed in the confiscation, he was then engaged in the composition of his Eclogues. Many a walk must the two poets have had together—Virgil the more comely in person, and soft and sentimental in his way of thinking; Horace, though the younger, the more sturdy in gait, with features more strongly marked, and the more shrewd and sagacious in what he said. Horace went to Virgil's house to hear him read his Eclogues; and Virgil went to Horace's lodgings to hear him read his last Satire. They were a well-matched pair—Virgil liking Horace as he liked everybody; and Horace ready, at any moment, to defend Virgil's reputation against the Mævi, and other small poets of the day. Not unfrequently, the two would call together upon a third friend, Varius, a Roman of rank and wealth, then even more celebrated than Virgil as a poet, and with whom (the *Æneid* not yet having been thought of) Virgil, in his modesty, would not have ventured to put himself in competition in the high epic strain. Varius, Virgil, and Horace, were as much together as any three men in Rome. Every week almost they dined together at Varius's house, discussing Greek and Latin poetry over their wine, and the two elder enjoying mightily the rich and pungent talk of their younger companion. Very often, we may be sure, the conversation of the friends would turn on the prospects of Latin literature in their own days; and on such occasions Horace would bring out his favourite doctrine of the possibility of accustoming the public taste to writings of a higher stamp than those of the old poets, then so popular.

It was a friendly idea of Virgil and Varius to think of introducing their young friend Horace to Mæcenas. But the thing was not very easy to accomplish. The great man, as we may suppose, was sufficiently bored with literary clients already to be somewhat chary in having new ones attached to him. He was '*præsertim cautus*,' we are told, 'particularly careful,' to

admit to his acquaintance only such as were worthy. The situation of Horace, too, as formerly a partisan and officer of Brutus, might naturally be rather prejudicial to his chances with the prime minister and chancellor of Augustus. Nevertheless, Virgil and Varius did their best to make Horace's rising merits known. 'First, our excellent Virgil,' says Horace, 'and afterwards, Varius, told Mæcenas what I was (*dixere quid essem*)'—a phrase which implies that he knew their praise of him to be of no stinted kind. Thus worked upon, Mæcenas at last signified his desire to see the Venusian poet, who had run away at Philippi. Accordingly, one morning, Horace, getting up earlier than usual, and putting on his best toga, posts away to Mæcenas's grand mansion on the Esquiline Hill, the tower of which was the highest architectural object in Rome. The following is his own account of this important interview, addressed to Mæcenas afterwards:—

'When I came into your presence I spoke a few words in a broken manner, (for a childish bashfulness prevented me from saying much.) I did not tell you I was born of an illustrious father, or that I rode about the country on a Satureian horse; but I told you what I really was. You, as your custom is, answered in few words; I went away; and it was not till nine months after that you reinvented me, and bade me be in the number of your friends.'—*Satire* I. 6.

As nice a little glimpse this as could be desired of Mæcenas! Notwithstanding all that has been said by commentators in depreciation of the character of this prince of Roman knights, he must have been a man of great and extraordinary qualities, and altogether one of the most remarkable personages that ever Rome produced. We have an idea that, in the hands of a competent biographer, he would turn out a man of deeper and truer merits, taking the time when he lived into consideration, than even such rough Roman diamonds as your Mariuses and Catos.

Horace was twenty-seven years of age when he first made the acquaintance of Mæcenas (B. C. 38); and the introduction forms an epoch in his life. So completely do the two men seem to have suited each other—so much does Horace seem to have found to respect and love under the cultivated languor and gentlemanly hypochondria of Mæcenas, and so much pleasure does Mæcenas seem to have found in the piquant society of Horace—that very soon Horace was on a footing of greater familiarity with the master of the Esquiline palace than any other literary man in Rome, not excepting Virgil. This, of course, had its consequences. As the intimate friend of the prime minister, the poet was at once introduced to all that was most select and eminent in the society of Rome. From Mæcenas to Augustus was but

one step; and very soon Horace was on familiar terms with the future emperor, and had to stand many a rough joke from him about his escapade with Brutus. A collection of the names of senators, and others in high social position, mentioned by Horace as his friends, and to some of whom he dedicates odes, would be a kind of court guide to Rome in the Augustan age; and to this another list might be appended of actors, gladiators, courtesans, and small poets, all mentioned by the wit, and forming a kind of chronicle of scandal for the same period. A very careful list of these *Personæ Horatianæ* is given in Dean Milman's edition of the poet's works; a mere glance at which will suffice to show that all Roman society, from its flower to its dregs, had been penetrated and made his own by the observing freedman's son. In fact, it is just a Latin London that we see in the greater part of his works, and the poet himself poking about in it. In the morning you may find him in Houndsditch, watching the Jews (a class of the Roman community in whom the poet seems to have taken considerable interest); in the evening you see him at the door of some aristocratic mansion in Belgravia, the footmen bustling forward to take his hat and stick. Occasionally, as in Satire I. 5, you see him taking a summer excursion into the country with Mæcenas, Virgil, Varius, and other friends. The quantity of anecdote and gossip about contemporary men and manners that remains yet to be collected and properly reproduced from Horace's writings, is a standing disgrace to our commentators, and Roman historians.

The friendship of Mæcenas, however, brought something more substantial to Horace than mere increase of acquaintance in high circles, and wider social opportunities. It is very likely that the sinecureship in the Quæstor's Office was confirmed and made better worth having by the great man's influence. And very soon a still more satisfactory provision was made for the poet. Probably Mæcenas would have liked to do for Horace what he had already done for Virgil—procure him his reinstatement in his paternal property. This, however, was impossible, as the little estate at Venusia had passed permanently into other hands. Mæcenas made up for this as well as he could. The poet had known him about four years, and had just given to the public in a collected form the first Book of his *Satires*—thereby justifying the estimation in which his patron held him, and dividing the applauses of the Esquiline coterie with his friend Virgil, whose *Eclogues* had been published in the previous year—when Mæcenas made him independent for life by the gift of an estate, or farm, on the Sabine territory, not many miles from Rome. The estate was not a large one, supporting only five

cottar-families, as tenants of the poet, paying rent, with eight agricultural slaves and a bailiff cultivating the lands retained for his own farm; but it was prettily situated, with plenty of wood, an abundant supply of pure water, and good crops of corn, wine, and olives. Thus, our town-poet became a rural proprietor, with a villa of his own to go to when he became tired of his chambers (probably by this time a small *domus*) in town. Nor was it long before, as his finances increased, he was able to purchase for himself a third residence—a villa, or cottage, in the romantic valley of the Anio, not far from Tivoli. This consummation of the poet's worldly fortunes came at a time when he was still young enough to enjoy it—namely, while he was in his thirty-first or thirty-second year (B. C. 34); and the whole remainder of his life is to be conceived as having been passed—allowing for visits at the Esquiline, and other houses, where he had a room when he liked—at one or other of his three residences, either his residence in town, his Sabine farm-villa, or his cottage near Tibur. Nothing could tempt him out of the pleasant routine of alternate busy gaiety in town and quiet relaxation in the country, to which he had become habituated. When Augustus wanted him to become his private secretary, he made a civil excuse for declining the honour; and to the day of his death he was probably as contented with his own worldly lot, as it was possible for a man to be whose severest trial was an occasional indigestion.

Horace's life in town, from his thirty-first year onwards to his death at the age of fifty-seven, was that of a man who pursues literature at home in the mornings, and dines out in the evenings. Of Horace as a diner-out, no end of sketches might be collected from his writings. Take the following as one. Horace, in one of his walks through the town, falls in with a well-known 'snob' of the period, whom he calls Catius, and who, as they walk on together, delivers a discourse on the art of living, as follows, Horace listening with becoming gravity:—

'Eggs that are oval in shape, it is worth remembering, are sweeter-flavoured and more nutritive than round ones; for, being tough-shelled, they contain a male yolk. Cabbage grown in dry lands is better than that grown near town; nothing is more washy than your watered gardens. Should a guest unexpectedly drop in upon you in the evening, to prevent your tough fowl from disagreeing with his palate, you will show your science by drowning it alive in Falernian must; this will make it tender. The best mushrooms are those that grow in meadows; others are not to be trusted. That man will live to a hale old age who finishes his dinners with black mulberries, which he has gathered before the sun is at his hottest. Aufidius used to

mix honey with strong Falernian—quite a mistake; nothing ought to enter the empty veins that is not emollient; far better wash your stomach with soft mead. In a case of a little stiffness, limpets and coarse cockles are the very thing, or the leaves of small sorrel in a little Coan white wine. Shell-fish fatten as the moon approaches the full; but it is not every sea that yields the delicious sorts. The Lucrine mussel is better than the Baian murex; the real oysters are from the Circæan coast; cray-fish from Misenum; Tarentum boasts of her broad escallops. No one should pretend to have mastered the art of dining who has not previously investigated the nice doctrine of tastes as they are related to each other. It is not enough to sweep off fishes from a dear stall, if one is ignorant for which kind sauce is better adapted, and which ought to be broiled to tempt the sated guest to replace himself on his elbow. Let the boar from Umbria, fed on the acorns of the holm-oak, bend with its weight the round dishes of him who dislikes flabby meat; for the Laurentian boar fattened with flags and reeds is bad. Vineyard lands don't always supply the most eatable kids. A man of sense will be fond of the shoulders of a pregnant hare. The proper nature and age of fish and fowl, though a matter much studied, was, I may say, never discovered before my palate. There are some whose genius invents nothing but new kinds of pastry. It is by no means enough to expend one's care on one thing, as, for example, to attend only to the wines that they be not bad, careless what kind of oil one pours over one's fish. In the matter of wines—if you set out Massic in clear weather, any thickness in it will be attenuated by the night air, and the smell disagreeable to the nerves will go off; if you filtrate it through linen, however, you entirely lose the flavour. A skilful mixer of the Surrentine with the lees of Falernian, collects the sediment with a pigeon's egg, inasmuch as the yolk sinks to the bottom, carrying the impurities with it. You will refresh the jaded toper best with roasted shrimps, and African cockles; for lettuce after wine floats on the soured stomach; by ham rather, or by sausages rather, it craves to be restored and put in tone; it will even prefer anything brought smoking hot from a dirty cook-shop. It is worth while to know the theory of the double sauce. The simple consists of fresh oil, which it will be proper to mix with rich wine and pickle, but with no other pickle than that which has tainted the Byzantine jar. When this, mingled with shredded herbs, has been boiled, and, after being sprinkled with Corcyrian saffron, has stood to cool, you will then add over and above the juice pressed from the Venafran olive-berry. The Tiburtian apples, though they look better, are not so juicy as the Picenian. The Venuculan grapes ought to be potted; the Albanian you should make into raisins. I am found to have been the first that placed here and there on the table, in clean little dishes, this kind of grape along with the apples; I am found to have been the first that served up in this way a sauce compounded of burnt tartar and fish-pickle; the first, too, that presented thus to my guests white pepper sprinkled with black salt.—*Satire* I. 4.

The gastronomic savant goes on in the same strain for a little farther, and Horace at the end gravely thanks him for the glimpse he has given him of the true way to the blessed life! Now, with all the irony of the passage, it reveals a large section of Roman life, as it was known to, and participated in by, the poet. Dining out was even a larger part of Roman life in those times than it is with us; besides that, 'from the absence of the ladies,' we suppose, it was conducted on coarser principles, and with more express anatomical and medical allusions to 'the stomach,' than we now tolerate; and Horace, as his very knowingness in sauces and dishes implies, was himself, with all his contempt for the Catii, one of the greatest diners-out in Rome. He knew a good dinner as well as anybody; and though, when he invited a friend or two to dine in his own rooms, he was particularly careful to tell them they must expect but plain fare and a good glass of wine, we have no doubt he prided himself on turning out as tidy a little table as any Roman bachelor of his income. Of course, whether he dined out or had a few friends at home, it was not the dinner itself he cared for, or the wine; but the talk, the feast of reason and the flow of wit, with such men as Mæcenas, Virgil, Varius, Pollio, Torquatus, Fundanius, Fuscus, and Tibullus! Yet, somehow or other, as the talk was always transacted with the dinner, it was difficult to break the association; and we rather fancy Horace liked the good talk best when and where the quality of the dinner corresponded. The truth is, he liked good living, and had so much of it that he grew fat and pudgy before he was forty. 'When you have a mind to laugh at a hog of the herd of Epicurus,' he writes to the poet Tibullus, 'you will come and see me, fat and sleek with good keeping.' All this, however, did not prevent his philosophizing and moralizing. Sagacious, genial, good-humoured, a little hot in temper, with a great horror of bores, an undisguised contempt for misers, the quickest eye in the world at detecting snobs, and yet no disposition to pretend to be himself less a snob than his neighbours, he went about Rome observing, jotting down, musing, sometimes sighing a little, and, wherever he went, throwing out sarcasms and wise moral remarks—positively one of the best-hearted and most friendly of conceivable little mortals, and, in the estimation of contemporary judges, a thorough Roman gentleman, in the best sense of the word. There was nothing servile or mean in him; nor, difficult as were his relations to Mæcenas and Augustus, does he ever seem to have suffered his intimacy with them to get the better of his self-respect. Probably, all in all, there was not a more independent and honest man than Horace in Rome, as there cer-

tainly was not one that it would have been more instructive and delightful to meet.

At the close of the Roman season, and sometimes even for a week or two during the season, if he felt a little unwell, the poet would go to his Sabine farm, or to his cottage near Tibur. Much as he liked town, he had a genuine relish for the quiet of the country, which seems to have increased upon him as he grew older. There are few poets from whose writings sweeter pictures of the pleasures of rural life may be collected, and it is easy to follow him in his poems to his Sabine farm or his villa at Tibur, and to see him strolling along the fields, talking with his bailiff, or reclining in the heat of the day under the shade by the soothing murmur of his beloved fountain. Indeed, just as it is easy to say, in going over his odes and other poems, which seem to have been written in the country, and which in town, so the entire mental habitude of the poet may be represented as consisting in nothing else than this alternation, of which he was himself conscious, between the state of feeling natural to a life of bustle and conviviality in town, and that induced by the calm retirement of the country. Leaving town, and taking with him all his shrewdness and all his fondness for a little Falernian, he yet became a different man in some respects in the presence of the green fields and the olive plantations. He became, as a thoughtful man *will* become in these circumstances, more meditative, more gentle, more melancholy. Sitting under a tree, plaiting a stalk of grass, and looking at the cattle ruminating, the old boy could begin to ruminate too. Sometimes he would wonder what Mæcenas was doing; but at other times his thoughts would go far away from Mæcenas—back to his old father and the scenes of his youth, around amid the rough Sabine life the hum of which was in his ear, and forward to the time when it should be all different, the hum should still be there, but the voices not the same, and these scenes should know *him* no more. In these moments deeper feelings than usual would rise in his breast, and mayhap occasionally he would brush away a real tear from eyes lachrymose at any rate. His own way of life would seem less satisfactory; and, ceasing for the moment to be a man of the city, and full of enthusiasm for the fine large life of the old Romans, he would burst out, as in his famous Epode,

‘Happy the man who, remote from business, after the manner of the ancient race of mortals, cultivates his paternal lands with his own oxen, free from all usury. He is neither alarmed, as a soldier, by the horrible trump, nor does he dread the angry sea; he shuns both the

forum and the proud portals of citizens in power. Wherefore he either weds the lofty poplars to the mature branches of the vine; and, lopping off useless boughs with his knife, he ingrafts more fruitful ones; or he views the herds of lowing cattle wandering in the long-withdrawn valley; or he stores his honey, pressed from the combs, in clean jars; or he shears his tender sheep. Or, when autumn has lifted up in the fields his head adorned with mellow fruits, how does he rejoice, while he gathers the grafted pears, and the grape that vies with the purple, with which he may recompense thee, O Priapus, and thee, father Sylvanus, guardian of boundaries! Sometimes he delights to lie under an aged holm, sometimes on the matted grass; meanwhile the waters glide along in their deep channels; the birds warble in the woods; and the fountains murmur with their purling streams, inviting to gentle slumbers. But when the wintry season of tempestuous Jove prepares rains and snows, he either drives the fierce boars, with many a dog, into the intercepting toils; or he spreads his thin nets with his smooth pole, as a snare for the voracious thrushes; or he catches in his gin the timorous hare or the stranger-crane, pleasant rewards for his labour. Amongst such joys as these, who does not forget those mischievous troubles which belong to love? But if a chaste wife (like the Sabine, or the sunburnt spouse of the industrious Apulian), assisting in the management of the house and dear children, shall pile up the sacred hearth with old wood just as her weary husband returns; and, shutting up the cattle in the woven hurdle-pens, shall milk their distended udders; and, drawing this year's wine out of a well-seasoned cask, shall prepare the unbought meal;—then, not the Lucrine oysters could delight me more, nor the turbot, nor the char, should a tempest thundering over the eastern waves drive any of them into this sea; not the guinea-fowl nor the Ionian heathcock would go down my throat sweeter than the olive gathered from the richest branches of the trees, or the meadow-loving sorrel, or mallows, wholesome for the sickly body, or a lamb killed at the feast of Terminus, or a kid rescued from the wolf. Amid these dainties, how sweet to see the well-fed sheep hastening home; the weary oxen, with drooping neck, dragging the inverted ploughshare; and household slaves, the test of a well-to-do family, ranged round the shining Lares.—*Epode 2*.

The conclusion of this eulogy in rural life is highly characteristic. 'So saying, the usurer, Alfius, on the point of turning 'countryman, collects in all his money on the Ides—on the Kalends he is anxious to lay it out again.' Doubtless, a jest of Horace against himself! He, too, alternated between his Ides and his Kalends. On the Ides he forswore town and its frivolities, and sighed for the country and its contemplations; the Kalends came, and he sighed for the bustle of the forum and the suppers of Belgravia. Yet, just as he carried to the country with him his town-shrewdness and his love of Falernian, so he

brought back with him into the smoke of the city, many a train of pensive thought first followed out in the fields and in the leafy nooks where he had passed his vacation.

As Horace's mind was thus, at any one period of his literary life, a composite of two moods—the mood of the finished wit and gentleman about town, and the more contemplative mood, induced by occasional solitude amid green fields—so there can be no doubt that in his mental history, as a whole, a progress might be traced, exhibiting the man changing and ripening as he grew older. Such a history would be best exhibited in an exact chronology of his writings. The order in which the writings of the poet were individually *composed*, cannot, however, be ascertained with accuracy; and all that can be offered is an approximate chronology, founded on the order in which, according to the best investigations, the various portions of the poet's writings were *published*. The following is an approximate scheme of this kind, with the dates of Horace's writings as published, and a few of the more important historical synchronisms:—

Years.	Poet's Age.	Event.
B.C. 35 30 <i>Satires</i> , Book I., published.
„ 34 31 Gift of the Sabine farm from Mæcenas.
„ 31 36 Battle of Actium leaves Octavianus master of the Roman world.
„ 30 35 <i>Satires</i> , Book II., published.
„ 29 36 <i>Epodes</i> published.
„ 27 38 Octavianus takes the name of Augustus.
„ 25 40 Virgil finishes the <i>Georgics</i> , and begins the <i>Æneid</i> .
„ 23 42 <i>Odes</i> , Books I. II. and III., published.
„ 19 46 <i>Epistles</i> , Book I., published; Virgil dies.
„ 18 47 Tibullus dies.
„ 17 48 <i>Carmen Sæculare</i> written.
„ 15 50 Orbilius, Horace's schoolmaster, dies, 100 years old.
„ 13 52 <i>Odes</i> , Book IV., published.
„ 12 53 <i>Epistles</i> , Book II., published (?)
„ 11 54 <i>Art of Poetry</i> published (?)
„ 8 57 Death of Mæcenas, and of Horace; Augustus emperor for the third time.

This scheme, so far as the *form* of the poet's successive writings is concerned, exhibits him in three literary phases—first, as a satirist, or writer of satiric social sketches in hexameters; next, as a lyric poet, or writer of odes in various

measures; and lastly, as a philosophic moralist and cheerful elderly gentleman, falling back upon his hexameters, and writing a metrical treatise on poetry, and elegant epistles to his friends. This order, of course, is somewhat more apparent than real. From the very first, and even when best known as a writer of satiric hexameters, Horace must have amused himself with odes and lyrical stanzas; when, afterwards, he made his appearance more professedly as a lyrical poet, the satirist was still to be seen in the guise of the lyrist; and the elegant epistles of his later life, though more mellow and didactic than some of his earlier writings, were still pervaded by essentially the same vein of philosophy which is to be seen running through his satires and his lyrical strains. Yet, in the main, the order of the Horatian writings, above given, is that which must be assumed in studying the growth of Horace's character, and the progress of his views, as a man and a writer.

That Horace should have begun his literary career as a satirist was determined, doubtless, chiefly by his native bent as a keen and critical observer of actual life, rather than, like Virgil, a man of true poetical tendencies towards the ideal; but partly, also, it is likely, by external circumstances. Satire was, among the Romans, a specially national form of literature—almost the only form of literature, indeed, which they made for themselves, and did not borrow from the Greeks. A solid, strong-headed and practical, rather than an imaginative or versatile people, the Etrusco-Oscan-Pelasgic population of central Italy, out of which the Roman state proper had sprung, had invented for themselves, before that contact with the Greeks which communicated the Greek leaven to their intellectual activity, precisely such a rude popular literature as such a people might be expected to invent—a kind of rough satiric doggrel, full of gross personalities and allusions to social matters of immediate interest. The Fescennine verses—rough, extempore jocularities, composed in a species of easy doggrel, called the Saturnian, and sung by the peasants at their festivals amid roars of laughter—were the true beginnings of Roman poetic literature. To such a licence, in the way of lampoon, did these jocularities proceed, that they had to be checked by law. When the influence of the Greeks began to operate upon the Roman nation, it naturally, besides stimulating the Romans to imitations of other forms of literature, seized upon this native literature of jest and satire, and helped to expand and improve it. Thus arose the Roman comic drama, the spirit of which was Roman, but the form Greek. Livius Andronicus, Plautus, Cæcilius, Terence, Turpilius, and Afranius, may all be regarded as, in this sense, the

first cultivated writers in the truly national vein. Contemporary with the last of these, (B. C. 148—180) was Caius Lucilius, who, abandoning the dramatic form, but retaining what was essentially the spirit of the comic drama—namely, pungent allusion to contemporary vices and follies, was the first Roman writer of *satire*, expressly so called, that is, of short, energetic poems, in hexameter verse, reflecting on customs and individuals. To all these older poets, but especially to Lucilius, Horace acknowledges himself related by literary descent. The most instructive of his confessions, in this respect, are those contained in the first *Satire* of his second book, and in the celebrated *Epistle* to Augustus. In the former he thus discusses his own literary position with his friend Trebatius:—

‘*Hor.* There are some to whom I seem too severe in my satire, and to carry it beyond proper bounds; another set are of opinion that all I have written is nerveless, and that a thousand verses like mine may be spun out in a day. Tell me what to do, Trebatius. *Treb.* Don’t write at all. *Hor.* Not make verses at all, you say? *Treb.* Yes. *Hor.* May I be hanged if that would not be best; but I can’t sleep. *Treb.* Let those who want sleep swim, anointed, three times across the Tiber, and have their clay well moistened with wine over night. Or if such a passion for writing has hold of you, venture to celebrate the exploits of invincible Cæsar—sure to carry away many rewards for your labours. *Hor.* With all the will in the world, good father, so to do, I have not the power; it is not every one that can describe troops on march bristling with spears, or Gauls dying with shivered darts, or the wounds of Parthians tumbling from their horses. *Treb.* But you may surely describe his justice and valour, as the wise Lucilius described Scipio. *Hor.* I shall not be wanting to myself in this when opportunity occurs; but unless offered at a right time, no words of Flaccus will obtain Cæsar’s attentive ear; whom, if you stroke awkwardly, he will kick back, being well on his guard on all quarters. *Treb.* Still, how much better this than to wound with severe satire the buffoon Pantolabus, or the rake Nomentanus; everybody else being in terror lest his turn should come, though not yet attacked, and, therefore, hating you. *Hor.* What can I do? There is Milonius, who falls a dancing as soon as he becomes hot and light-headed, and sees the lights double. Castor, again, delights in horsemanship; Pollux in boxing. As many thousands of people as there are, so many varieties of tastes; and it is my taste to combine words in metre, after the fashion of Lucilius, a better man than both of us. He, long ago, communicated his secrets to his books, never having recourse elsewhere, whether things went well or ill with him; whence it happens that the whole life of this poet is as open to the view as if it had been painted on a votive tablet. His example I follow But this pen of mine shall not wilfully attack any man breathing, but shall defend me like a sword sheathed in its scabbard; which why

should I draw, while I am safe from hostile villains. O Jupiter, father and sovereign, may my weapon, laid aside, wear away with rust, and may no one injure me, who am desirous of peace. But that man who shall provoke me (I give notice that it is better not to touch me) shall rue his folly, and be sung as a notorious character through the streets of Rome.'

To the same effect, and with even more minuteness, Horace speaks in the Epistle to Augustus. After enumerating and characterizing the old Roman poets, Ennius, Nævius, Livius, Pacuvius, Afranius, Plautus, Cæcilius, Terence, and others; after deducing the history of Roman literature—and especially Roman dramatic literature—from its rude beginnings to its development under Greek influence; and after eloquently defending the function of the poet in general in a civilized state, and pointing out the peculiar merits both of tragic and of comic poets, he clearly claims for himself the benefits of his exposition. Ranking himself rather with the comic poets, who drew their subjects from common life, than with the tragic, who celebrated great exploits, he farther limits his literary position, by disclaiming all pretensions to *dramatic* talent. The legitimate drama, he says, (just as we say now-a-days) was 'going down.' The people in the theatres, including even the knights and the senators, were no longer pleased with the genuine old play, as their forefathers had witnessed it; taste was perverted, and nothing but melo-drama, troops of horse on the stage, grand decorations and displays of scenic effect, with occasionally a camel or a white elephant by way of particular attraction, would draw good houses. Democritus, were he placed in a Roman theatre, would find his amusement not in attending to what was represented on the stage, but in watching the fun going on in the yelling crowd of spectators. In these circumstances, thoughtful men of letters naturally preferred writing for the reader in the quiet of his own study, to writing for thankless theatre-audiences. This was his own case, and, like Lucilius, he was to take his place in the literature of his country, not as a dramatist, but as a writer of poems, and especially satirical poems, to be read by the people, and by men of rank and taste.

While thus defining, accurately enough and modestly enough, his own place in the series of Roman authors, Horace was very well aware of those respects in which he could claim the credit of originality, and the merit of having done something to mark an era in Roman literature. He has been accused of undervaluing the older Roman poets. The accusation, we think, is not well-founded. In his Epistle to Augustus, indeed, written at a time when the emperor was forming a library which was to

contain all that was excellent in Roman authorship, the poet naturally assumes the part of a critic, and, combating the prevalent impression that nothing was good in Roman literature that was not old, endeavours to secure the emperor's goodwill in favour of the literary productions of his own generation. The old poets, he suggests, with all their merits, had also their faults; Ennius, Plautus, Andronicus, and the like, whose poems were then thumbed by all Rome, were, after all, often harsh, uncouth, and ungraceful; even his favourite, Lucilius, ran sometimes in a 'muddy' stream; and in an age when Virgil and Varius, with power not inferior to that of any of the ancients, were teaching the Roman language a new smoothness, and a finer artistic facility, it was wrong to be blind to their excellencies simply because they were still alive. Now all this was not only well-timed and generous; it was true. In attaching himself to the new literary movement, and in calling the attention of the Romans to those qualities of terseness, correctness, beauty, and finish of style, in which, since the time of Cicero and Cæsar, the writings of Roman authors had excelled, Horace not only did justice to his own instincts, but performed a useful critical office. 'But he did not undervalue the older authorship of his own nation, or that style of authorship in which he confessed his own comparative incompetence. In the Epistle to Augustus, for example, at the very time when he is putting in a word for the new literature of which he was himself a practitioner, as against the old dramatic literature of which the Romans were so inordinately fond, he emphatically protests against any supposition that he was insensible to the charms of the older literature. 'That you may not think,' he says, 'that I am niggard in my praise of those kinds of writing which, though I decline them myself, others practise with success—that poet, I say, seems to me verily to walk on a tight rope, who, with his fictions grieves my soul, enrages it, soothes it, fills it with feigned terrors, as an enchanter; and places me now in Thebes, now in Athens.' Even more striking, as a proof of the fairness of Horace's appreciation of his own literary position and character, is the following very remarkable passage in one of the satires:—

'In the first place I will except myself out of the number of those whom I would allow to be poets. For one must not call it enough to round off a verse; nor if any one, like me, writes matter more proper for conversation (*sermoni propiora*), would you esteem him to be a poet. No: on him who has genius, who has a soul of diviner cast, and a mouth that can sound forth great things, bestow the honour of this appellation.

"Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem."

Wherefore some have asked, whether comedy is to be accounted poetry, seeing that an animated spirit and force resides neither in the words nor in the matter, and that, bating that it differs from prose by a certain metrical beat, it is mere prose (*sermo merus*). . . . If from these verses which I write at present, or from those which Lucilius formerly wrote, you take away a certain time and metre, and make that word last in a clause or sentence which stands first, putting the last first, you will not find the torn limbs of a poet in the same manner as you will, however much you dissect (those lines of Ennius).

* When discord dreadful bursts the brazen bars,
And shatters iron locks to thunder forth her wars.' '

To us this passage is particularly interesting. It shows that Horace had in his mind, and was perfectly familiar with, ideas respecting poetry identical with those which, under different language, figure so much in modern criticism. The very essence of the hackneyed question, 'Is Pope a poet?' lies in the foregoing passage written by Horace with respect to himself. When Horace says, that 'ingenium,' the 'mens diviniore,' the 'os magna sonaturum,' are the characteristics of a poet, and that he did not pretend to be such, but only a satirist and conversationist in metre, he anticipated the very criticisms that were to be passed upon such poetry as his *Satires* and *Epistles*, by those who, in modern times, speak of 'imagination,' the 'creative faculty,' and the like, as the distinctive peculiarity of the poet. But Horace, though he seems to have felt that he had not the 'mens diviniore,' the 'os magna sonaturum,' the fine 'imagination' of some of the older poets, yet evidently aspired after some portion of the higher poetic fame. Unequal, by the nature of his genius, either to the epic or to the drama, he saw that, if he did mount above the mere satirist and moralist in metre—if he did prove himself, shrewd and hard man of the real as he was, to have still the true poetic glow in him—it must be as a lyric poet. That he succeeded to some extent; that there were moments when, overpowered by something stronger and more divine than all his sagacities and shrewdnesses, his corpulent little frame was agitated by the true afflatus, and he felt a touch of Apollo's phrenzy, who, that knows his *Odes*, can deny? There are passages in these *Odes* as poetical as have come from any pen.

* *Justum ac tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida, neque Auster,
'Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis:
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.'*

In none of Burns's lyrics of independence, is there a finer burst than these two often-quoted stanzas. And again, in that sadder and still more frequent strain, which represents a mood of melancholy not unknown to our cheerful poet—

'Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. O beate Sexti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia: quo simul mearis,
Nec regna vini sortiere talis,
Nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere, quo calet juvenus
Nunc omnis et mox virgines tepebunt.'

In short, looking at his *Odes* as a whole, Horace was able to say with pride, that he also, satirist and moralist as he was, had shown that he possessed the 'ingenium,' the 'mens divinior,' the 'os magna sonaturum' of the true poet. And thus in the well-known epilogue to his *Odes*, 'Exegi monumentum, &c.,' so well translated by Professor Newman:

'Lo! a monument I rear, whose life
Brass outlasts, and towering overlooks
Royal pyramids. Nor eating rain
It may shatter, nor intemperate gale,
Countless train of years, nor flight of times.
I not all shall perish, Funeral-Queen!
Still a goodly part of me shall shun
Thy recording. I, in later praise,
Fresh shall thrive, long as the silent maid
Climbs the Capitol in Pontiff's train.
I, where Ausidus with deafening stream
Raves, upon the lip shall live, and where
O'er the rustic peoples Daunus reign'd
Scant of flood; I, mighty now, from weak,
First who train'd Italia's harp to tunes
Lesbos-born. Assume, Melpomene!
Grandeur earn'd by worth; and graciously
Gird my hair, even mine, with Delphian bay.'

Yet, after all, even in the *Odes* of Horace it is often the strong, manly sense, and the wise, nervous, and exquisitely apt expression, that wins the admiration, and not the poetical genius as shown in the kind of thought. In this respect Horace was, perhaps, inferior even to his predecessor Catullus. It is in the *Satires* and *Epistles* of Horace that we see the man intellectually at his best, and discern the grounds of his reputation, as perhaps, all in all, the most perfect and characteristic of the ancient Roman writers. Many of the *Odes* are but the Horatian philosophy of the *Satires* and *Epistles* expounded in the lyrical form.

What the Horatian philosophy is, who is there that does not know? 'Nil admirari,' 'Æquam in arduis rebus servare mentem'—these and other well-known phrases are summaries of it. A discussion of this philosophy, in connexion with the religious beliefs of Horace and his contemporaries, would be very interesting. Suffice it here to say, that the main intellectual characteristic of that age seems to have been entire religious scepticism, an utter abandonment by all educated men of the doctrine of human immortality, however much of practical superstition and of religious observance still remained; and that Horace, sharing in this scepticism, and being a man of the real rather than the ideal, naturally viewed the Art of Living as a theory of the best mode of enjoying existence on this side of Hades; whereas other men, such as Julius Cæsar, though equally sceptics speculatively, had so much of what Goethe and Niebuhr call 'the demoniac element' in their constitution, that in practice they dashed the 'Nil admirari' theory to atoms, and walked through the world almost as powerfully as great forces of infatuation, as if they *had* believed in a Hades, seeing that they carried a Hades in their own breasts.

- ART. IX.—(1.) *The Frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk, comprising Travels in the Regions of the Lower Danube, in 1850 and 1851.* By a British Resident of Twenty Years in the East. Bentley. 1853.
- (2.) *Réponse à quelques Journaux relativement aux Affaires de Turquie par Rustem Effendi et Seid Bey, officiers de l'Armée Ottomane, en Mission à Liege.* Bruxelles: F. Michel. 1853.
- (3.) *Montenegro and the Slavonians of Turkey.* By Count VALERIAN KRASINSKI. Chapman and Hall. 1853.
- (4.) *Circulaire adressé aux Ministres et Agents Diplomatiques de S. M. l'Empereur de Russie, par M. le Comte de Nesselrode.* Extrait du 'Journal de Saint Petersburg' du 31 Mai. (12 Juin.)
- (5.) *The Eastern Question in relation to the Restoration of the Greek Empire.* By an Inquirer. London: Longman and Co.
- (6.) *Documents concerning the Question of the Danubian Principalities, dedicated to the English Parliament.* D. BRATANO. Detkens. 1849.
- (7.) *Russian Turkey; or, a Greek Empire the eventable Solution.* Saunders and Stanford. 1853.
- (8.) *The Turks in Europe: a Sketch of Manners and Politics in the Ottoman Empire.* By BAYLE ST. JOHN. Chapman and Hall. 1853.

REFLECTING Englishmen, of all classes and conditions of life, in town and country, in trades and in professions, have taken a great

interest of late years in the question of the integrity and independence of Turkey. Now that the liberties and constitution of Poland are trampled under foot by the Autocrat of all the Russias—now that the language of Poland is discouraged, and that the religion of the majority of Poles is placed under pains and penalties—now that the Roman-catholic clergy of Poland are persecuted, and their ministrations are sought to be supplied by papas of the Greek Church—now that the universities of the ancient kingdom of Poland are shut up, and their places supplied by Russian schools and government institutions—now that Austria, following the example and moving in the wake of Russia, has annihilated the immunities and privileges of the free town of Cracow and annexed its territory, by a species of Austrian appropriation act, to the hereditary territories of the house of Hapsburgh—now that the Hungarian constitution is destroyed, and that, owing to domestic treason and foreign invasion, and the vilest treachery, the nationality of Hungary is, for the moment, obliterated—now that Venice has fallen—that Lombardy is subdued—that Tuscany is garrisoned by Austrian troops—now that the Roman legations are occupied by Croatian and Transylvanian regiments—now that Rome itself is garrisoned by an imperial French force—now that the Roman Republic has given way to a restored pope, protected and propped up by foreign bayonets and Swiss mercenaries—now that Sicily is crushed—and that Naples is under the *régime* of a Bourbon, who has foresworn his oath and abolished the charter, the chambers, and the constitution—now that Germany is without a free press, and, we may say, without the semblance of a free parliament (for the chambers of Prussia cannot be called a free parliament)—now that France has lost all political, all religious, all social, all literary, and all individual liberty—for there are neither free chambers nor free pulpits, nor free hearths and free fire-sides, nor a free press, nor free discussion with tongue or with pen—now, in a word, that everywhere except in England, in Belgium, in Holland, in Sardinia, and in transatlantic America, there is irresponsible and autocratic instead of responsible and constitutional government—thinking and manly minds would sorrow and take shame to themselves if Turkey, the refuge and resting-place of the oppressed in the east, were allowed to perish, or if the last bulwark of Europe against Russia were to be destroyed.

This is first among the reasons in which generous and just minds unanimously concur in considering that the independence and integrity of Turkey cannot be destroyed without danger to Europe, and without positive and prospective injury to England.

Viewed in a political aspect, such is the result of calm inquiry; and, regarded in a moral point, the case is plainer still. For, so long as the faith of treaties is considered binding—so long as it is considered a cardinal principle that the strong shall not attempt to oppress and overbear the weak—so long must Russian aggression on Turkey be denounced as faithless, immoral, and unjust.

For a century, or a century and a half, Turkey has been threatened, and in divers parts of Europe Russian scribes and apologists have been directed to point to the fall of Constantinople as an event certain and inevitable, and only depending on time and opportunity, an event likely to be productive of no inconvenience whenever it does take place. But these special pleaders in the cause of treaty-breaking and spoliation have failed to indoctrinate honest men with their immoral theories, and even the knavish, the slavish, and the apathetic among the civilized classes in European countries have, since the events of 1830 and 1849, had their eyes opened as to the real danger, and where it lies.

The condition of Europe, and more especially of France and Germany, in 1848 and 1849 startled some strong, and appalled many weak and vacillating men in the better and more instructed classes of society, but the events consequent on the transactions of the 2nd December, 1851, have shown to the greatest sticklers for order, with or without liberty, that the words Socialism and Communism were, in France, used as mere bugbears to scare the timid, and to terrify what Paul Louis Courier called the *genre epicier*. We are as little disposed, in these pages, to justify the errors and mistakes of what is called the party of the movement on the continent of Europe, as we are disposed to justify the intrigues and crimes of absolute cabinets, and it is because we are resolved to speak the truth fearlessly in reference to men with whose efforts we generally sympathise, that we must here record our conviction that the cabinets of Vienna and St. Petersburg would never have been enabled to trample down the constitution and liberties of Hungary, if the Ledru Rollins, the Causidieres, and the Louis Blancs of France, and the Heckers and Struves of Germany, had not by impracticable schemes, not merely divided and weakened the party of progress and improvement, but alarmed the timid and wavering, and discredited the name of republic and republicanism, as well as the name—which is of more consequence—of liberty itself. It is now too late to repair the errors of the past, but in regard to the future we may profit by them. The friends of progress and improvement in all countries will do well to

limit, for some time to come, their efforts to that which is possible and practicable, and not, by attempting too much, and, much or little, too hastily, to give the cabinets of Austria and Russia another advantage in addition to that which they both obtained in 1849. It is plain that the enemies of human freedom, having destroyed the nationality of Poland and the constitutional existence of Hungary, are now directing their efforts against Turkey. The battle for the independence of that country must be fought sooner or later with Russia, possibly even with Russia and Austria combined, and it is for this reason that the British public is desirous of knowing the actual condition of those frontier lands of the Christian and the Turk comprised within the regions of the Lower Danube, and which are described by a British resident of twenty years in the East, in the work we have placed first at the head of this article.

This gentleman appears to have left England some time in the year 1851, and, after having travelled through France and round the foot of the Maritime Alps, from Nice to Genoa, to have journeyed at length to Fiume, and thence, by way of Tersatto and Sequa, to Croatia. Proceeding by the Louisen Strasse to Grobnick, and passing the Kapella Gebirge through several small villages, he remarks that these are composed of log huts, like those of America, roofed with thin and narrow planks. Entering one of the huts, our traveller observes that it was inhabited by a numerous family of half-savages, besides two small red cows, and four or five long-haired and shaggy goats. A large boiler was suspended by a chain from the roof, over a fire in the centre of the hovel, and hungry children were crouching around it, in an atmosphere of thick smoke. The Croats, we are told by our traveller, are considered to be remarkable for their fine eyes, (a circumstance we ourselves never observed, either in Croatia or in the numerous Croats who visited Vienna;) but he goes on to observe (and herein we agree with him) that the Croats have too much of fierceness and cruelty in their quick glance to entitle them to the reputation of great beauty. These Croats, he it observed in passing, were the men of whose services the Ban Jellachich availed himself to retrieve the fortunes of the house of Austria, and whose arms he turned, not merely against the Hungarians, but against the Viennese.

The towns in Croatia are, generally, a mere assemblage of peasants' huts, with three or four good houses, one of which is the inn, another the house of the overseer of the road, and the remainder the dwellings of the government foresters.

At Szeverin, wishing to give charity to an importunate beggar, our traveller applied to the innkeeper for change of a small bank

note; but Boniface stared in astonishment at such an idea, as coin had not been seen at Szeverin for many months. The whole sum represented by this bank note was ten kreutzers, amounting to somewhere about fourpence of our money, and the female pauper's importunity was satisfied on its being torn into four pieces, of which one was given to her. This circumstance will demonstrate to the reader the state and condition of Croatia. If specie had totally disappeared in this country, or in any colony under the dependency of the British Crown, one could scarcely imagine that society would long hold together. When the late Mr. Huskisson stated, after the event in 1826, that, in the preceding year of 1825, we were within twenty-four hours of barter, commercial men, on hearing him, shuddered, feeling the danger of the crisis through which we had gone. But though Croatia is not England—still less London—yet every reflecting man must see, that the moment there is the least disagreement between the five principal European powers—the moment the first gun is fired in anger in Europe—society in Croatia is in such a condition that it is sure to be rent asunder by some violent convulsion. Blind and abject followers of the ambitious and intriguing Jellachich four years ago, and then ready, at his bidding, to fall on Hungarians and Austrians, the Croats now feel that they have been used by the Kaiser and his cabinet only to be neglected; and if any attempt be made by the Magyars to recover their independence—and that such an attempt *will* be made, who can doubt?—the Croats, in that certain event, will eagerly join the Hungarians. It is the deliberate opinion of the author whose book is now before us, that another insurrection is projected at such time as the principles entertained by the leaders are spread over all the Sclavonian provinces of the Austrian empire. Already the Croats feel the error they fell into by opposing the Magyars, and are henceforth prepared to make common cause with them. In 1848 and 1849 they were induced to follow their Ban in his campaign against Hungary by promises of political enfranchisement, and of diminutions in their fiscal burdens, but these promises have been belied by Jellachich, who is now as unpopular as he was formerly revered. The general and growing discontent of the populations that do not belong to the German race is ripe in Croatia, and there can be little doubt that, in the future,—fast approaching and at all events inevitable vicissitudes to which the Austrian empire is destined—this people of Croatia will appear in a new and a different light. Although they object now to a Magyar supremacy just as strenuously as they did four years ago, yet they also entertain the conviction that no such supremacy is intended, and

their natural sympathies and best wishes are at present in favour of the Hungarians. The Croatians feel that they form part of the Slavonian nation, but that their origin is all that now remains to identify them with the greatness of their ancestors. The struggles of Italy of which they have heard—the struggles of Germany and Hungary in which they took an unhappy, if not an ungenerous part—now impel them to deduce or realize from a historical fact a political idea. Taught to believe they are the descendants of a great nation, they have a consciousness of their moral and intellectual superiority to the Austrians—and, at the very first commotion or outbreak that occurs in any part of Europe, they will take part in the general movement, and no longer submit to the forced subjection in which they have been placed. Hatred and contempt are now universally felt by the Slavonic population through the Danubian provinces for the German race of the Duchy of Austria, and unerring indications are thus afforded, that, on the first European disturbance, the Austrians must succumb.

The author of the volume first numbered on the title-page of this article is of opinion that the Slavonic race is really a remnant of the ancient Assyrian nation. He contends that all the Assyrian names which have reached us are translatable by words of the modern Slavonic languages, and that the inscriptions found in Asia, which have baffled the attempts to explain them by the assistance of Greek, Hebrew, Persian, and Chaldean, are easily read by means of their analogy with Slavonian expression. He remarks, that the name of Nebuchadnezzar is formed of the Slavonian words, '*Ne buhod no tsar*,' which signify, 'No God but the King.' He urges that the name Slavonian is the root from which the word slave is derived in almost every European language; and that from that of one of their tribes, the Serbians, or Serbs, originated the term serf. There seems, however, good reason to doubt this etymology. The Russians contend that the word *slava* means, not slave, but glory; though in this a great Bohemian authority is against them. '*Die Etymologie der Slawen von Clawd (Ruhm) ist sehr leicht aber nicht passend*,' says Pelzels. And again, in another passage, speaking of the origin of the Slaves, '*Die Slawen dieser grosse machtige durch Europa weit ausgebreichte Volkenstramme wissen ihre abkunft nicht*.'*

The Slavonic race, numbering as it does, according to some, eighty-five, and, according to others, no less than one hundred millions, is unquestionably the most numerous people in Europe,

* Franz Martin Pelzels, *Geschichte ueber den ursprung des namen Tschech*. Prag. 1817.

and, with the exception of the Chinese, the most numerous people in the world.

In this age of rapid and startling changes, the conditions and feelings of this people are forced on the attention of every one who seriously considers the probable destinies of Europe. The Bulgarians, Servians, Bosnians, and Croats of Turkey, with the Montenegrins, amount to upwards of seven millions. In Russia, there are thirty-five millions of Muscovite Slavonians, and ten millions of Ruthenians, belonging to the same race; while the Poles, also Slavonians, form a population of twenty millions, divided between Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The Illyrians, Austrian Croats, Dalmatians, Silesians of Austria, Bohemians, Moravians, and Hungarians, exclusive of the Magyar tribe, constitute eighteen millions of the inhabitants of the Austrian empire. These Slavonians, thus more than a third of Europe, are nowhere ruled by a native dynasty. There exists but one family of Slavonic origin—the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg. The Muscovite branch of the Slavonian people is the lowest in the scale of social and intellectual condition. The Slavonic population, ruled by the Sultan, is in course of regeneration, by the system of equality lately introduced among the different races of his subjects; and the Austrian portion, though still oppressed, is struggling to rise from the state of passive degradation in which it has for centuries been immersed. It is satisfactory to know that the Slavonic race is now, both in Austria and in Turkey, displaying a high degree of energy. In many of the states incorporated in the German dominions, and more especially in Austria, they write vigorously and successfully on their own condition and destinies.

First roused by the ambition of Russia, who hoped thereby to gain an advantage over the Turkish, Austrian, and Prussian portions of the Slavonic race, the spirit of Slavonic nationality soon spread, especially in Turkey, because anti-Russian in its tendency. Ultimately, too, Russian Pan Slavism was as much at a discount in Vienna and at Berlin as at Constantinople.

The talisman by which the Sultan, in preference to the Czar, gained the good will of the Slavonians, was the Tanzimat. This was their title to religious tolerance, and to equality before the law.

The British resident of twenty years in the East gives us an account of that long belt of country which extends from Dalmatia to Moldavia, and which is called the military frontier. It includes the southernmost parts of Croatia, Slavonia, Hungary, and Transylvania, measures nine hundred miles in length, and

covers an area of between three and four thousand square miles. In this territory every peasant is a soldier, and the administration of civil affairs is conducted by the officers of the frontier corps. The Empress Maria Theresa was the founder of this system, chiefly with the view to protect her provinces by the establishment of a military *cordon* from the hostile attacks of her Turkish neighbours, and from the plague, which, in her day, occasionally appeared at Bosnia and Servia. The principle adopted by the Empress Queen is still maintained in full vigour, though the troops thus enrolled are employed elsewhere when needed. Two hundred thousand men are, by this means, added to the standing force of Austria. They cost the imperial treasury merely the outlay for arming them, as they receive neither pay nor rations, except when removed from their regular quarters for the purposes of war, when they are fed. But they are not paid or clothed at the public expense, being allowed to seek compensation as much from their fellow-subjects as from the enemy. The wretched condition of these troops may be easily conceived: their ordinary routine of service is to mount guard in the watch-towers of the *cordon*, where they remain a week; they then go to the head-quarters of their company to be drilled for another week; after this, they are again on duty at their posts for a week; when they are allowed to return to their homes, to pass the last week in agricultural labour. Their families are supported on the produce of one quarter of their work. The neglected state of husbandry observable in the military frontiers is a necessary consequence of the life they are obliged to lead. As to the men themselves, they look more like beggars than soldiers. ‘Clothed,’ says our author, ‘in rags, with ‘rude sandals on their stockingless feet, they wear their cross-belts, ‘bayonets, and pouches without ever thinking of cleaning them.’ Some of them are mere boys of thirteen or fourteen years of age, dragged from their families and their work to idle away their time in a guard-house, and to learn the hardships and vices of their older comrades. Can it be expected that a population so gathered together should have any moral worth, or should be attached to a government which thus treats them? If Austria, we repeat, be again in internal difficulties, the inhabitants of the military frontiers are likely to take advantage of the first favourable opportunity to turn the arms they have been taught to use against the power which condemns them to such intolerable evils. When in 1848 and 1849, the greatest part of the Austrian empire was at war with the emperor, the inhabitants of the military frontier were kept in such profound ignorance, that they knew nothing of the rising of the Italians, Viennese, and

Hungarians; but now that they know of what then took place, and that they are aware of the existence of a spirit of independence, and have seen the possibility of resistance demonstrated in the battle-field of Hungary, they dwell on their own wrongs and sufferings, and are no longer governed by a spirit of abject submission and blind obedience. The country they inhabit is eminently adapted to resistance and defence, offering inaccessible retreats. Nor would an asylum be wanting in case of danger or reverses; for Bosnia is only a few miles distant; and Turkish hospitality is always extended to the stranger or the unfortunate.

At Brod, a Slavonian town, our author had an opportunity of remarking on the difference between the Slavonians and the Croats. 'The Slavonians,' says he, 'are a people of a totally different aspect from the Croats, and their character is reputed in every respect superior; for the Croats are lazy, intemperate, and lawless, while the Slavonians are industrious, sober, and orderly.'

On the banks of the Saave, our British resident came into contact with an officer of the frontier regiment, whose conversation, we have no doubt, was but an echo of the opinion of his fellows:—

'The Slavonians,' he exclaimed, 'are oppressed by Austria as much as the Magyars are, and in this respect we are all in the same condition. Bosnia and Serbia are comparatively happy under the Sultan, and they have every prospect of advancing rapidly in the career of improvement and of prosperity, both political and material; but the yoke has again been placed on our necks through the overwhelming assistance of the false Slavonians of Russia, without which the Germans could never have reduced us to this state. They will not keep us long under the lash, however, and we shall still be free. England will help us in the end.'

When feelings of this kind are general, and are confided to an Englishman on board a steam-boat, it may be fancied how frail is the tenure by which Austria keeps its Slavonian population in bondage.

The British resident describes the kingdom of Hungary, with Transylvania and Croatia, as about the size of Great Britain and Ireland. It has a population of nearly 15,000,000. Of these, the Magyars are 5,000,000, the Slavonians (called Russians) and Slovaks amount to 6,000,000; there are upwards of 1,600,000 Germans (Jews and gipsies), and in the Eastern part, there are of the Wallachs, about 3,000,000 (descendants of Trajan's colonists), about an equal number of them being subjects of the Sultan. The Magyars claim descent from the Huns of Attila, contending

that they are a Tartar tribe, which inhabited the western slope of the Ural chain. They say, that they received their name from the wagons, called in their language *madjar*, in which they travelled when they came to the banks of the Danube by traversing the shores of the Sea of Azoff and the Crimea.

The Magyars, of whom so much has been heard of late, are described by this tourist as the nobles of Hungary, while the Sclavonians and Roumans are their yeomen. He speaks of the Hungarian nobility as one of the most vigorous races of Europe, and as being, with the exception of the nobility of Poland and Great Britain, the only aristocracy in Europe, which has not earned and merited the contempt of their respective fellow-countrymen. In number, says this writer, the Magyar nobles surpass every existing patrician order, as their privileges were granted to each individual who killed a Turk in battle. Yet, though a class of pauper nobles was thus created, the poorest of them is as proud and independent as the four princely families—Esterhazy, Batthyani, Grassalkovitz, and Palfi. In the following short extract the characteristics of the Magyars seem to be happily hit off.

‘ Surrounded by the Sclavonian and Rouman populations of Hungary, that people has retained its peculiar character, customs, and language without amalgamating with them; and their resolute energy, high mettle, and superior intellect, alone have prevented the more numerous races inhabiting the same country from becoming predominant. The Magyar is of a robust constitution and of a warlike disposition; determined and persevering in the pursuit of his purpose, mild when unmolested, but of indomitable obstinacy if his rights are invaded, and of implacable resentment when his pride is hurt, for the Magyar is more proud even than the Spaniard. In appearance he is generally tall, slight, and strong; small eyes; prominent brows and high cheek bones, indicate his Tartar origin; and his dark complexion is of a totally different character from that of the southern Europeans, being of a purely Oriental stamp. The disaffection of the Magyar population towards Austria had been growing for many years, in proportion as the systematic endeavours of the emperor to incorporate their government with that of the other states, assumed a gradually increasing appearance of aggression. Many individuals boldly and openly combatted the tendency of their rulers to destroy their national institutions, which consisted in a double representation, by an Upper and Lower House of Parliament, with other privileges sanctioned by time, and become inherent in the existence of the kingdom; and the most distinguished leaders of this patriotic band were Wesseleny, Balogh, Carl Huszar, Louis Batthyani, Francis Deak, and several others. But one, far more vigorous and powerful as a speaker than any of these, soon arose to advocate their cause, and rendered his name identical with it all over Europe. This was Louis Kossuth. If his

merits as a statesman be doubtful, his eloquence, at least, is incontestable; and he soon became the first orator of the national party.'

Our author gives a succinct history of the Hungarian troubles and insurrection, with which at the present moment it is not necessary we should detain our readers. As, however, no very long time may elapse before Hungary exhibits a state of unrest if not of insurrection, it is well that the deliberate opinion of this author, touching the great error of Kossuth in the Hungarian struggle should be made known. The author before us is no reviler or libeller of Kossuth. He admits his personal popularity, his fair intentions, and his wonderful power of exciting and awakening his nation; but at the same time he maintains—and we confess it appears to us not without reason—that his proclaiming the republic in Hungary was the great error of his career, for democracy is essentially uncongenial to Hungary.

The reflections of the author of the *Frontier Lands*, concerning the interference of Russia, are not without especial usefulness at this juncture. It was at a moment when Croatia, Sclavonia, the Banat, Bohemia, Moravia, Illyria, and Dalmatia, were beginning to waver, when the Italian states, though subjugated, were not pacified—when the German party was becoming more and more formidable—it was at a moment when there was a possibility of a re-commencement of hostilities with the King of Sardinia—and that the resistance of Venice might be indefinitely prolonged,—it was at a moment, in a word, when Austria was tottering, that the arm of Russia was stretched forward to save her. What secret understanding there then was between the courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg we have no means of knowing. It may be that, without any express steps taken to that effect, Russia looked to obtain possession of the port of Cattaro, or it may be that the cabinet of St. Petersburg by first obtaining great moral influence, sought ultimately to obtain material influence; but be this as it may, there can be now no question that the interference of Russia in the affairs of Hungary was of just as evil omen for the west of Europe, as the interference of that power, in the reign of Catherine, in the dismemberment and partitioning of Poland. When by the interposition of Nicholas, insurrection in favour of the law and constitution was put down in Hungary, a new path was opened to the ambition of the Czar, not only in Germany but in Turkey. Already for five-and-forty years or more had Russia been intriguing in Germany. Where she had not acquired an influence by intermarriage or by family relationship, she had attained it

by the profuse distribution of gold and of orders. In every court she had her spies and her secret servants, from the celebrated Kotzebue, who perished by the hands of Carl Sandt in 1819, down to some ignoble instruments, who have escaped the unhappy fate, and have not attained the celebrity of the dramatist. It is the opinion of our author that the Hungarians should have followed up their early successes and have pursued the Austrians even to the walls of Vienna. Had they adopted this course, the Czar, who was attentively watching the progress of events, would possibly never have sought to stay the progress of the triumphant Magyars.

It must be admitted, it was no fault of Kossuth that the Austrians recovered their first reverses, and ultimately obtained the co-operation of Russia, for he issued the order to Georgey to continue the pursuit, a mandate which the Commander-in-chief, for reasons best known to himself, thought fit to disobey. Where, however, Kossuth committed an error was, in not punishing this insubordination. But a court-martial and sentence of death, it may be alleged, might at that period have produced an effect fatal to the Hungarian cause. When Kossuth was ultimately obliged to move from town to town, his government had lost its promptness of information and its vigour of action. His pecuniary resources were crippled by the want of time to establish presses for the printing of Bank notes. At this season it was that the jealousy of Georgey prompted him to take advantage of the weakness of Kossuth. But though Kossuth was aware of this feeling, he contributed as far as in him lay to concentrate authority in the hands of the only individual who he then believed could wield it with effect. Mistrusting the personal friendliness of Georgey, he yet did not believe him capable of treachery to their common country. The dictatorship conferred upon him, however, Georgey prostituted and abused by surrendering unconditionally to the Russians. Thirty thousand men laid down their arms with 144 pieces of cannon, and 8000 horses. All the Hungarian chiefs followed this example excepting Bem, Guyon, and Klapka. The two former attempted still to resist, but on the approach of the army of Lüders their soldiers refused to fight, and they were obliged to take to flight by crossing the Turkish frontier with Kossuth. Of the Magyar chiefs but one remained unscathed, and that was Georgey, who is now living in a town in Austria, on a pension secured by the emperor. The statement of this fact suggests a commentary to any one, however little prone to mistrust or suspicion; and the bitter remembrance of it by the Hungarian chiefs and people affords abundant evidence that when the

occasion again offers, sufficient precaution will be taken that neither the errors, the jealousy, nor the treason of any one man shall have the effect of destroying the cause for which the Magyar nation battled.

The author of the book before us is loud in his expression of disgust at the petty annoyances which foreigners, and more especially Englishmen, have to undergo in travelling through Austria. On this theme we do not care to dwell at any length, but the suspicions and dread with which Englishmen are regarded, sufficiently indicate how precarious and fluctuating the Austrian authorities regard their position.

At Calafat, which is a straggling village below the town of Widin, there came aboard the steamer on which our tourist was journeying, a tall middle-aged man with great mustachios. Though he was dressed with considerable negligence, there was something about him that betrayed the gentleman and the soldier. After much circumlocution, he told the English traveller that the Bulgarians were then in open insurrection against the Turks. This he attributed to the oppression of the Turks. On the Englishman hinting that the Bulgarians must expect some foreign assistance—such, for instance, as was afforded in the insurrection of Wallachia, in 1821, when Ypsilante came from Russia to take the command, the man with mustachios averred that Russia would never act in such a way, as she was the best friend the Sultan had. The Englishman afterwards learned that the mysterious wearer of these mustachios had been a general in the Russian service, and had been reduced to the condition of a private soldier in consequence of certain malpractices. He then served in the ranks of the army which was sent by the Czar to Transylvania, and had been allowed every opportunity of gaining his epaulets, which he succeeded in doing, as he was gifted with personal courage. Having afterwards remained in the Danubian principalities with the army of occupation, his activity, intelligence, and experience induced the Russian government to employ him as a secret emissary in political affairs. At the very time he encountered our countryman, he had been sent into Bulgaria to encourage the Rayas by every possible means to display discontent, and to foment the insurrection. This is the manner in which the Czar and his soldiery show their friendship to the Sublime Porte, and to all neighbours, whether Turks, Persians, or Circassians, whose provinces or territories they ardently covet.

Our author's account of Rustshuk and Giurgevo is short. He tells us that Rustshuk is a town of 30,000 inhabitants, and surrounded by strong military works. The fortifications of

Giurgevo were dismantled by the Russians, as well as all the other forts of the left bank, when they last evacuated the principalities, and as they stipulated by treaty that they should not be repaired, they were in 1851, at the time when the British resident of twenty years in the East passed through, in a state of complete ruin. Rustshuk is one of the fortresses strengthening the outer line of defence of Turkey against Russia, Widin and Nicopoli being the two others towards the west, and Silistria towards the east. But the Danube, as we know from history, is but a weak bulwark against invasion. No difficulty has ever been experienced by a hostile army in passing it, especially when its left flank was covered by a fleet in the Black Sea, and provisions thus secured. Russia, it should also be known, has abundant gold at command, and her officials generally know to whom to offer it. The treaty of Bucharest, by which the Sultan was deprived of the whole of Bessarabia, was concluded by the treachery of the Greek Murusi, who, though in the Turkish service, was secretly in the pay of Russia. Again, in the attack on Turkey, in 1828, gold was plentifully supplied by Russian agents. The troops of the Czar then met with no obstacles on the Danube, and the second or minor line of defence afforded the only real protection to the country. This line is formed by the Balkans, whose dense forests and rugged flanks effectually impede the movements of regular troops. There are only five passes in their whole length which are practicable for heavy artillery and wagons. Three of these are closed by the defences of Schumla and Varna. But though the ramparts of the latter are weak, yet it is so completely defended towards the land by deep and extensive marshes, that a battering train cannot get within available distance of it, and it could never be taken either by storm or blockade without a fleet to close it in from the sea. Indeed, it was only obtained possession of in 1829, through the corruption of Yusuf Pacha, who lived in splendour for many years in Russia on the wages of his treachery. The Russians lost a large force at Giurgevo in 1829, but they completely demolished the place, which can no longer play a warlike part unless it be fortified anew by the Sultan.

From Bucharest our author proceeded to Widin, which had been lately in insurrection. He remarks, that the steamboat agent there is the Consul of Austria, and that Russia has also her secret emissaries, but that England has no one to watch the intrigues of those two powers in a portion of the world so important to Turkey, and so interesting to Great Britain. The not having a Consul at Widin does certainly appear to us a mistaken economy; for England is deeply interested in gaining

accurate intelligence, and has no means of getting it. It should be observed, that all the trade of Upper Bulgaria comes to Widin—that Ionian subjects are much engaged in it as well as in the general navigation of the Danube, and that for want of a consular flag to protect them, they are forced to seek protection from the Consul of Austria. It is the opinion of this traveller, that there is not the most remote idea in Downing-street of the existence of a comprehensive establishment for Russianizing Bulgaria. The Foreign Office is now, and has been for the last seventeen months, accountable for many grievous sins of omission and commission; but in the time of Viscount Palmerston, albeit that noble lord was probably not aware of the number of Russian schools that had been established, or of the teachers that had been imported from Kioff for the purpose of instilling hatred to the Sultan, and attachment to the Czar, yet we cannot believe that he was ignorant of the intrigues and manœuvres of Russia in that quarter.

There are many in England, France, and Germany, who will not credit the approximation to European habits recently made by intelligent Turks. This progress is fully attested by the writer before us, who states that there was but one Turk of respectability at Widin who had more than one wife. 'Is not this fact of the quiet, sensible, and respectable married life of a number of the principal personages among the Turks,' says our intelligent traveller, 'a proof that they are no longer what they once were?'

In contrasting the Turkish and Russian governments, the author of *Frontier Lands* gives the preference to the Turkish. Its forbearance, its tact, its liberality, its tolerance, its clemency, its perfect impartiality and moderation, contrast advantageously with the evasive, tortuous, dishonest, and Jesuitical system of Russia.

How Russia makes the quarantine subservient to *espionnage*, will be apparent from the following extract:—

'The Russian quarantine system on the Danube has no other object than that which the simple-minded official at Galafat confessed to be his chief occupation. This fact suffices to convey an adequate notion of the unwarrantable manner in which power is here assumed by Russia. A sanitary cordon was established along the left bank of the Danube, and by the treaty of Adrianople Russia acquired the right of co-operation, to a certain extent, in its organization; but that right is now exercised in a manner which withdraws it from all control of the local government, and converts it into a series of police offices, with prisons attached to them, for the greater facilitation of their operations, which operations, though admirably conducted as a system of

political *espionnage* and *surveillance*, are in some respects totally at variance with the generally received principles of quarantine establishments. Thus, persons arriving in the country from the right bank of the river, or by the Black Sea from the south, are detained for four days in close confinement, nominally to perform a quarantine which is no longer necessary, and which has been abolished even by Austria, but virtually for the purpose of undergoing the most searching inquiry; all the papers they may have about them are examined under the pretext of fumigation, notwithstanding that these papers perform quarantine with their owners, and every letter that enters the principalities through their ports, is opened and read by the directors of the lazarettos, in order that their contents, when important, may be transmitted, not to the native official authorities, nor to the Wallachian or Moldavian princes, nor to the commissioner of the sovereign, but to the Russian agents. This is tolerated, although it is not sanctioned by any legal claim to such undue interference and control, and the princes seem to consider themselves as obliged to connive at it, as well as at many other encroachments on the part of Russia, who takes this novel view of the legitimate mode of guaranteeing treaties.'

On the state of Wallachia our traveller affords some valuable information. He dined *tête-à-tête* with the Hospodar, of whose good cheer and hospitality he gives a brilliant account; but neither the sumptuousness of the dishes, nor the superiority of the wines, prevented the Englishman from disclosing the truth to his host. Some observation having been made as to the effect of the protective influence of Great Britain over the Ionian Islands, the Briton remarked to his Amphytrion that true it was British influence was not popular among the Ionians, but that, nevertheless, the admirable roads, the splendid fortifications, and flourishing schools which the English had established, not to mention the growing debt incurred without importunity for payment, amply supplied a motive for the acceptance of that influence. But in regard to Russia, the very contrary is the case in Moldavia and Wallachia. Russia has made no roads—has founded no schools—has destroyed the fortresses—and, instead of being a generous creditor, extorts vast sums for the support of her troops—troops which rob and ruin the people with whom they come into contact. The state of Wallachia, when the author of the *Frontier Lands* passed through the country, was a curious subject of study. A native prince governed, between two supporters, the Ottoman and Muscovite commissioners, each of whom was backed by his army of occupation. The Ottoman commissioner represents the princes, sovereign, and protector, that sovereignty and protection dating from 1460. The Russian commissioner is the accredited agent of a foreign power, which has guaranteed to the principality the enjoyment

of its established rights, and which, by the law of nations, can acquire no privileges by that act, because it was not a contracting party, but merely gave security for the obligations contracted by another. These are the positions as to legal title, but, as matters stand, they are widely different, for the influence of the guaranteeing power is predominant in Wallachian councils over that of the Sultan, the prince's sovereign.

It might be supposed that the policy of Russia must be the more advantageous to Wallachia, otherwise it would not be preferred. But it is a notorious fact that Russia cares not how badly the internal affairs of the province are administered, provided her political influence be maintained and progressively augmented. Turkey, on the contrary, is sincerely interested in the prosperity of the country. The Russian policy in Wallachia consists in encouraging corrupt administration, in order that continual dissatisfaction may exist. The province is kept in a state of constant inquietude. Personal rivalries and jealousies are fomented, and popular irritation is provoked by perpetual intrigues. In this wise it happens that the prince recurs to Russia as a safeguard not merely against the jealousy of the principal Boyars, but against the resentment of the people. The Boyars, on their side, not merely tolerate, but encourage the schemes of the Czar, in the hope that their own privileges of caste or views of personal aggrandizement may be advanced. On the other hand, the Turkish government seeks to secure in Wallachia the rights and interests of every class. It represses, as far as in it lies, the abuses of power and the malversation of office. The tendency of all the efforts made by Turkey in favour of Wallachia, says the British resident, is to develop the native resources of a province attached to her empire. In spite of these irreproachable motives, and this unimpeachable conduct on the part of Turkey, the influence of Russia is preponderant with the prince and the Boyars. But the people have neither similar interests nor similar opinions, and they found all their hopes of wellbeing on the sympathy of the western cabinets.

At a time when the Russian troops are again violating a solemn treaty by occupying Wallachia and Moldavia, it may be well to know that Muscovite influence has not increased by the previous occupation. During former occupations, both Russians and Turks were billeted on the inhabitants. The Turkish soldiers during their occupation respected property, paid for what they received, and even supported the families with which they lived on the abundance provided for their own subsistence. But the Russian soldiers maltreated, and even robbed their hosts, devouring their provisions, and impoverishing them in every way

during their unwelcome and hateful sojourn. So remarkable was the distinction between Ottoman and Russian soldiers during the last occupation, that the inhabitants of one quarter of the town of Bucharest, who had petitioned the Turkish commissioner to be exempted from the obligation of receiving Turkish soldiers, actually applied to him to have them billeted upon them when they knew the real facts; whereas, every possible means were resorted to then, and we have no doubt are now resorted to also, for the purpose of obtaining relief from the burden of entertaining Russian soldiers. The Russians are notorious thieves and pillagers, and the bad conduct of the men seems to be encouraged by their officers.

The twenty years' resident in the East informs us positively that the Russian army of occupation never was required in the Danubian principalities; and that even if there were discontent and disorder in the country, the presence of the Russian force would rather exacerbate than appease popular excitement.

What is true of the occupation of 1849 and 1850, is equally true of the occupation of 1853, and there is this additional aggravation, that there is not at the present moment the shadow of a shade of pretext for the occupation. It is an occupation in the teeth of treaties, and in contravention of public and international law. It is, however, an occupation in consistency with the system of Peter, called the Great, whose undeviating policy was the acquisition of influence and territory by any available means. It is in pursuance of this policy that Russia has an empire equal in extent to the whole of Europe. It is, indeed, now the largest state existing in the world, being nearly 10,000 miles in circumference, 4000 drawn in a straight line from the northern frontiers of Sweden to the shores of the Caspian Sea, 2000 from its northern to its southern extremities, stretching across the globe from west to east, from the German boundaries to Behring's Straits, without interruption.

We regret we have not the space to follow the twenty years' resident in the East through the intrigues of Russia in the Wallachian revolution of 1821. The attempt of the Wallachians was then a total failure, principally through the inefficiency of their most prominent leader, Prince Alexander Ypsilanti, the son of one of the Greek Hospodars, who held at the time of the insurrection the rank of Brigadier-General in the Russian army. According to the apparently veritable authority before us, all that Moldavia and Wallachia have gained from Russia is to have their towns deserted and their country uncultivated. Where Russia has not found the native heads of the provincial govern-

ments favourable to her, she has accomplished her objects by servile and venal Greeks.

There is little new in the volumes placed at the head of this article in reference to the war of 1828-9, resulting in the fall of Varna and the treaty of Adrianople. An army of occupation, and a foreign provisional government, were the only practical results which the Moldo-Wallachians realized, after so many illusory projects and promises, and these two afflictions were suffered for five years. In the year 1834 a new Hospodar, Alexander Ghika, was placed at the head of the government. He was admitted to be the best Hospodar that ever ruled in Wallachia, but his career was cut short by the intrigues of an artful and ambitious Boyar, Bibesco, a tool of Russia. Bibesco himself being named Hospodar, yielded to the movement party, accepted a constitution, and was, in turn, cashiered by the manoeuvres of Russia, who declined to recognise or hold any communication with the members of the new government. The result of a protest made by the Russian ambassador at Constantinople was, that the Ottoman government resolved on despatching a delegate to watch over the welfare of the Danubian principalities, and Solyman Pasha was entrusted with this commission. When he reached Guirgevo he recognised the existing government. Russia, however, refused to do so, and Titoff, the Muscovite ambassador at the Porte, went so far as to suspend amicable relations with the court to which he was accredited. Unwilling that a war should ensue without having attempted an arrangement, the Sultan appointed Fuad Effendi a commissioner in the Danubian principalities, and recalled Solyman Pasha. The new representative of the Porte was accompanied by General Dahamel, and there was a strong Turkish force, under the command of Omer Pasha. But the presence of the Russian agent prevented Fuad Effendi from coming to a satisfactory understanding with the reforming Wallachians, and Omer Pasha marched into the town with the troops. Some resistance was offered by the Wallachians, but ultimately Cantacuzene, a Boyar in the Russian interests, was named Caimacan, or Lieutenant of the province. Under his sway the old system was recommenced, and a ferocious persecution commenced against those who had attempted to better the condition of their fellow-countrymen. These statements are corroborated, and much additional matter is given by M. Bratiano, who was appointed, in 1849, on a mission to England, from the Moldo-Wallachian principalities. Russia, in thus violating treaties and international law, has given the worst example, but happily, in doing so, has also revealed the very weakest part of her system. Any one who has visited any portion of Russia,

and has seen the administrative system in action, is well aware of the universal corruption prevailing in all departments of the public service. In none of these departments, however, are there more abuses than in her incompetent, mismanaged, and corrupt commissariat. During the war in Poland in 1831, and the war in Turkey in 1828 and 1829, both men and horses were destroyed by hundreds from the want of an efficient commissariat. There is infinitely more peculation, malversation, and robbery going on among the Russian commissaries than among Russian colonels, whose spoliation and corruption are notorious. 'I, for one,' says the British resident of twenty years in the East, 'saw enough of the Russian troops at Bucharest to explain most fully to me how the Emperor lost 150,000 men and 50,000 horses in the war of 1828 and 1829, only a small proportion of these having been killed in battle, or having died of their wounds.' The British resident, it may be supposed, does not conclude that Russia is all-powerful, and that she can do as she pleases in Europe, neither does he contend that she cannot bring 100,000 men into the field. But he maintains that, hitherto, she has never retrograded—that she can do much in a short war, though she cannot protract beyond her frontiers without loss. 'Though,' says he, 'Russia could defeat a numerous army of warlike Magyars in a short campaign beyond her frontiers, she could not keep the field in the campaign of the Pruth.' Russia was glad to conclude the treaty of Bucharest—was in haste to get across the Balkans, and make peace at Adrianople; and peace she never could have made if Sultan Mahmoud had not been deserted by Mustapha Pasha of Scodra, the Serbs, and the Bosniacs.* It was because the Russian Czar was well aware that his government cannot provision large bodies of men out of the Russian territory, that he thought himself fortunate in obtaining the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, and also in being able to recal his troops without fighting the army of Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt. The Emperor is now aware that the commissariat is the rottenest of all his cankered establishments. He is aware that every colonel in his service speculates on the food and clothing of his regiment; so much so, that his promotion to the rank of major-general is regarded as a positive misfortune. Every surgeon makes handsome profits on the supply of medicine for his corps. Hunger, cold, and sickness thus become the allies of any power at war with Russia; for no army in the world suffers so much hardship as the Russian soldiers who fight for the Czar abroad. The author of *Frontier Lands* states that he saw two Russian brigades at Bucharest that had served in the Hungarian campaign, and that he never witnessed soldiers in a

worse plight. Of the Russian officers he gives the following account, to the accuracy of which, from a varied and general acquaintance with the Russian army, we can ourselves bear full testimony. The officers, with a very few exceptions, are either sensual and self-indulgent men, with a slight veneer of civilization, or utter barbarians, brutish and sensual to a degree. As to the foppery and dandyism of the Russian officers, it is of the very worst school. They are what the French would call *muscadins*, or our lively friend, *Punch*, military snobs. Here are the remarks of our author:—

‘The Russian officers do not live in barracks, but occupy the best houses in Bucharest, which their proprietors are obliged to give up to those of high rank, while captains and subalterns are billeted on private families, not always willing to receive such guests. They belonged, invariably, to one of two classes of men,—either rough and ready campaigners, or fops, fit only to wear lemon-coloured gloves; and *hardly one of those I had an opportunity of judging was what we would call a gentlemanlike man.* They were almost all dissipated and notorious gamblers, living on the Wallachians in every imaginable way; one of them, for instance, having already won 15,000*l.* from them at the game of *lansquenet*. Lieutenant-General Hosford, the Commander-in-chief, and the same who was defeated at Hermanstadt in the Hungarian war, by Bem, is a fair-haired, bull-headed, unmeaning-faced sort of individual, supposed to be a very intelligent man, but never doing or saying anything to prove it. His two major-generals, Dick and Comar, were only remarkable, the one as being the elderly husband of a very pretty wife, and the other for having risen to his present rank in spite of his belonging to a good Polish family. Whether that be a merit or the contrary, none of the other officers rose above obscurity, excepting through exploits which, however characteristic they may be, both of Russia and of Wallachia, would hardly suit English readers; and, although describing Bucharest without alluding to that subject is somewhat like the play of *Hamlet* acted with the part of the noble Dane left out, still I think that the less that is said about it the better.’

No portion of this extract is truer than that in which the writer says there is scarcely a Russian officer whom an Englishman would call a gentlemanly man. ‘*Grattez un peu le Russe,*’ (said Madame de Stael,) ‘*et vous trouverez le Tartare.*’

Our author does not speak very highly of the Wallachian army. They are fine-looking men on parade, but they are not warlike, and it is not probable they would distinguish themselves if taken into action. In 1848, the Provisional Government endeavoured to oppose the entrance of the Turkish troops into Bucharest, but the only Wallachian corps which made a good fight was a body of firemen.

The mercantile relations between the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia and Turkey have been hitherto conducted as between foreign states. This view of the author of the *Frontier Lands* was supported by M. Bratiano, a gentleman entrusted with a special mission to Her Majesty's Government in 1849, by the princely lieutenancy of Wallachia, and it is a view which he has more recently put forward in a provincial journal.* That this is injurious to both Moldavia and Wallachia, as well as to the commercial interests of Great Britain, while it is profitable to Russia alone, who makes use of her political influence for the purpose of disuniting the Moldo-Wallachians, is very apparent. The unvarying policy of Russia has ever been to raise a barrier between the two banks of the Danube, and one of the means employed is the obstruction of the commercial intercourse between the inhabitants. The produce of the right bank of the Danube pays duty on entering the principalities—merchandise having already paid full duties in Turkey, is again taxed on the left bank, although it is still within the empire; and grain purchased in Bulgaria cannot be brought to the opposite provinces of the same empire, even for immediate exportation. Moldavia, Wallachia, and Bulgaria, are all losers by this prohibition, and the Ottoman Porte also suffers. The gainers are the merchants, who buy the Bulgarian produce to ship it on the Black Sea at an unnecessary expense, and Russia, who promotes her political views by promoting disunion among the provinces of Turkey.

There is also, according to the author of *Frontier Lands*, another weapon in the hands of Russia which is no less powerful in effecting the disunion of the Turkish provinces, the depression of their trade, and the hindrance of ours. This is the sanitary *cordon*, founded on the stipulations of the Treaty of Adrianople, established by Russia along the left bank of the Danube. It is employed as a barrier interposed between the principalities and the remainder of Turkey, and has a political police to keep the principalities under the control of Russia. It is productive in a commercial point of view of the most injurious effects to the three Ottoman provinces, through which the lower Danube flows, and is burdensome in the extreme to the trade of England.

The Treaty of Adrianople also conferred on Russia the right of establishing and maintaining a quarantine station on one of the mouths of the Danube, which forms the boundary between the Turkish and Russian empires, and bears the name of Sulina. As this is the only passage now practicable for shipping, Russia

* See *Manchester Guardian*, of Wednesday, April 9.

has thus obtained a direct influence over the whole trade of the river.

The following account of the position of the bar of Sulina, and general exposition of the question, is in the main correct, though somewhat too lengthy and diffuse. From a desire to be full and complete, it not rarely happens that this writer falls into the opposite error of prolixity.

‘A bar of mud crosses the mouth of the channel, and the water becomes so shallow over it when no steps are taken to preserve a suitable depth, that only vessels of light draught can enter or leave the Danube in the end of summer. That being the season in which merchant ships frequent the Moldavian and Wallachian ports in search of grain for the European markets, the obstruction to trade is considerable, on account of the necessity of trans-shipping their cargoes into lighters, and in consequence of the danger to which both vessels and cargoes are exposed when bad weather overtakes them, during the process. The expense of lighterage, and the higher rate of insurance required, entail a burden of three shillings per quarter on wheat exported from the two principalities, and this increase of price on Danubian produce places it on disadvantageous terms in comparison with that exported by Russia, an equal quantity of which would be displaced in the consuming ports of Western Europe if those extra charges did not exist, while the total supply which might be drawn from the northern provinces of Turkey is also materially diminished.

‘The occupation of Sulina by the Russians received the sanction of Austria in a special convention, passed in 1840, for the maintenance of deep water on the bar, in consideration of a tax or toll on all vessels crossing it. Although Great Britain was not a party to this arrangement, her immediate commercial interest might have been satisfied by its realization; but, notwithstanding that the dues are regularly paid by all ships visiting the Danubian ports, including those of England, no measures are taken by Russia for the execution of the corresponding operation of dredging the bar, and our trade, in this quarter, suffers in consequence. The contribution would willingly be disbursed by our traders in favour of anyone who faithfully secured a safe passage to their vessels, but as long as that object remains unattained, not only is the tax inequitable, but we have also the right of insisting, in virtue of other international stipulations, that the work should be effected, and even of effecting it ourselves, if necessary. The treaty of Vienna declared, in the year 1815, that all the navigable rivers of Europe should be considered as ‘the highways of nations,’ and every country having an interest in the navigation of the Danube is thereby justified in co-operation for its facilitation. The subsequent treaty of Adrianople has never been recognised by the European powers—the convention between Russia and Austria concluded in 1840 is not binding on England; and the unanimous settlement of the general interest of Europe in 1815 is the only contract in which

we participated. We therefore possess an undeniable right to claim, and even to enforce, its fulfilment; and we are invested with a legal title to exercise a direct influence over the state of the bar at Sulina, for we have never divested ourselves of the rights acquired by us through the treaty of Vienna, as Austria has done by her special convention with Russia.'

The question of the Sulina bar was brought under the notice of the House of Commons by Mr. Liddell, on the 7th of July, when Viscount Palmerston treated it with that ease and clearness which so felicitously distinguish his efforts. Though the ex-Foreign Secretary stated that the recent obstruction of the Sulina branch of the Danube had been increased owing to accidental circumstances connected with the weather, yet he went on to remark that for many years her Majesty's Government had great reason to complain of the neglect of the Government of Russia to perform those duties which belong to it as the possessor of the territory of the delta of the Danube, in clearing, and maintaining clear, that particular branch of the river. Frequent representations had been made to Russia during Viscount Palmerston's official career at the Foreign Office of Russian neglect on this head. The obligation that lay upon her in this regard Russia never disputed, but maintained that the utmost had been done. Russia promised to send, according to the ex-Foreign and now Home Secretary, a steam dredge to clear away all obstructions; but it always happened, from some cause or other, that in two hours the steam dredge was put out of gear, and was obliged to go back to Odessa for repair. At Odessa there has always existed a feeling of jealousy and rivalry against Sulina, which has led its merchants and traders to obstruct the export commerce of the Danube, in the hope to increase the export trade of Odessa.

These are the local interests and the local feelings which the Russian government has allowed to guide its acts, in the performance of a solemn duty to which it is bound by treaty. Viscount Palmerston recommended to the government of St. Petersburg that it should pursue the simple method by which the Turkish government had formerly kept the channel clear. The Turks required every vessel that went out of the Danube to drag astern a good iron rake. By this means the passage of every vessel tended to keep the channel clear, and a depth of sixteen feet of water was always found. But the Russians have not resorted to the rake, doubtless thinking it a Jacobin and revolutionary invention. The consequence is, that if any vessels were to-morrow detained within the channel for want of water—and that war broke out, it would be impossible for British ships to get the vessels so land—we ought to say, so mud locked, out of this

Danubian puddle-dock, specially fostered and created by Russian neglect prepense, designed neglect, we are in a condition to maintain.

It has been said by the partisans of Russia that Turkey was no party to the provisions of the treaty of Vienna, which requires that rivers shall be open. It is true that Turkey is no party to the treaty; but the Danube is a river in Europe, and it is therefore 'nominated in the bond,' and must fall under the general conditions laid down for all other navigable rivers. It may be also urged that Russia cannot be expected to facilitate the navigation of a river at a great expense, which would be prejudicial to her own commerce. But the answer to this observation is the popular one made to a raw recruit, who complained of the hardness of the service—'Why did you 'list?' Publicists may in like manner ask Russia why she entered into a convention binding her to do that which she has not done, which she has wilfully and wickedly neglected to do.

In the year 1839, before she entered into the engagement we speak of, 1208 ships left the ports of Galatz and Ibraila, and only 270 cleared from the Danubian harbours of Ismail and Keni. The exports from the Danube in general were equal to those of the whole of Russia on the Black Sea. It was therefore evident that the arrangement was made by Russia for the express purpose of injuring the provinces of Turkey, by obstructing their trade and impeding that of England. This is Russian friendliness and protection.

That Russia is amenable to censure and control for her conduct in reference to Sulina, there can be no doubt. Every government which has trade to protect on the river, is entitled to complain of the conduct of this power. The most recent traveller in these parts tells us that the dredging machines of which Viscount Palmerston spoke were worked for one day by manual labour, and then laid aside for ever. No further effort, it is alleged, has been made at any time to facilitate the navigation, although two Spanish dollars have been paid by every brig that has passed, and three by all ships and steamers. It is even said, says the most recent tourist, 'that bags of stones have been sunk for the purpose of consolidating the bar, and of creating a permanent obstacle, and an English captain declares that he 'accidentally fished up one.'

How important this trade is, will appear from the following extract:*

'The average number of British vessels coming annually to the Danube was only eight about ten years ago, and even these could not

* *Frontier Lands of the Austrian and Turk.*

always find cargoes for the United Kingdom. The last three years show an average of 215, besides 150 foreign ships, per annum, also carrying grain to England. There is, moreover, every apparent prospect of a steady increase of our trade with the Danubian ports, in spite of the great disadvantages entailed upon it by Russia. These disadvantages are positive and palpable. A British ship, laden with 1000 quarters of wheat, draws about thirteen feet of water; and one carrying 2000, requires at least eighteen to float her over the shoals and the bar; it is, therefore, very rare that a vessel bound for England can get out of the Danube without incurring the expenses of lighterage. The amount depends, of course, on the quantity of cargo; but it has varied from 200*l.* to 300*l.* in some cases. This is not the only evil, however, for if it should come on to blow during the transshipment at Sulina, the vessel must get up her anchor, or slip it, and stand out to sea, if she can; and if she cannot do that, she must go on shore, as has occurred more than once. The lighters, in the meantime, are left to make the best of their way into the river again, and, in so doing, they are sometimes lost, with all the grain they may contain. When saved, the wheat rarely escapes being damaged; and it is generally disposed of at a losing price to speculators, who avail themselves of these frequently recurring opportunities to take advantage of the embarrassing position in which our shipmasters are thus placed. In consequence of these difficulties and risks, freights for England are 13*s.* per quarter at Galatz, while they are only 8*s.* 6*d.* at Odessa; the difference in the length of the voyage, were there no such impediments, being equivalent to 1*s.*, or, at most, 1*s.* 6*d.* The additional insurance demanded amounts to 6*d.* per quarter—a considerable sum on 300 or 400 cargoes, which we draw from the Danube; and the trouble and annoyance occasioned deters a great number of vessels from seeking freight at the Danubian ports. The loss to the principality of Moldavia on this last account alone, has been calculated, by a high authority, at no less than 300,000*l.* during the past year; which is a sample of the benefits of Russian protection; and if the province that produces suffers thus, the country which consumes must necessarily be a loser in a proportionate ratio.

This is clear and intelligible enough, and will serve to prove to free-traders, and even to the most peaceable members of the Peace Society, that the question of Russian aggression on Turkey may also involve a question of the supply of British food, and contain within itself the other question of cheap bread—and bread, as Lord Peter says, in the *Tale of a Tub*, is the staff of life—in which is contained the quintessence of beef, mutton, ham, and veal; and bread, or the materials out of which bread is made, are commodities with which we cannot allow even a Russian autocrat to do as he lists.

It is not, however, the members of the Peace Society that have been unreasonable on this question. No one can have

shown more judgment and real statesmanlike ability than Mr. Bright; and the veteran reformer, parliamentary and financial, and the opponent of war, unless in a case of the direst necessity, Joseph Hume, has refused to play into the hands of the Derbyites. The person, indeed, who has exhibited least tact, and most factiousness, on this Turkish question, has been Mr. Disraeli. No one expected from this eminent Caucasian any considerable modicum of British patriotism, or any large share of political honesty or consistency; but it was thought he had more mother wit than to exhibit the wilfulness of the head of the party in the Upper House, or the blundering of those who have recently taken the lead of the country party—as they call themselves—in the Commons.

Nor is it corn only that is supplied by Wallachia, Moldavia, and parts of Servia. A large portion of the trade of these countries consists of the exportation of hogs. According to the author, whose work we have placed first in the list prefixed to this article, the exportation of hogs is a chief resource of the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, as swine are reared with great facility in the extensive oak forests, where they feed exclusively on acorns. They are then sent to Vienna by speculators, who fatten them in Austria, and they spread over the whole of Germany, reaching even the market of Paris. The author of 'Twenty Years in the East,' seems to have forgotten that our navy was supplied with Goldner's preserved meats, manufactured and made up in these lands.

Here are sufficient inducements for our government to take steps, not merely with a view to render justice to Turkey, but to give relief to British trade. It is not merely that we drive a considerable import, but a very great export trade with the principalities, supplying them with manufactures, with cotton twists, with refined and crushed sugars, and with coals—so that Sheffield, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bristol, Sunderland, Durham, are all concerned in this question, as well as the Turk, and far more deeply concerned, too, than the Emperor Nicholas, or his minister Nesselrode, or his plenipotentiary Mentschicoff. That the importance of the Danubian trade has been hitherto underrated will appear from the following extract.*

'The average quantity of grain annually shipped, during the last three years, at the Moldo-Wallachian ports direct for the United Kingdom, amounts to 416,378 imperial quarters. In addition to this, about half as much more is generally sent to Constantinople and Malta, in small vessels, on account of the difficulty of navigating those of a suitable size on the Danube, in the present state of the river,

* *Frontier Lands*, vol. i. p. 390.

and the grain is transhipped at these ports for Great Britain, while a considerable portion of the wheat and Indian corn, conveyed from the principalities to the different harbours of the Mediterranean, is purchased there for the English market.

‘Such is the present state of the corn trade between Great Britain and the Danube, and its future prospects are not less advantageous; indeed appearances warrant their being highly promising. There has been an increase of 3,189,015 imperial quarters in the amount of grain exported from the town of Ibraila, which is the principal port of Wallachia, during the last six years, over that of the preceding six years; and should circumstances continue favourable, it may rise in the next six years to 3,000,000 of quarters more than its present amount. The augmentation in the exports of Moldavia and Galatz, the only commercial harbour of the principality, has been 717,395 quarters in the last six years, above those of the preceding term of equal length, but it is not probable that they will increase in the same proportion for the future; and it is the opinion of merchants on the spot, that they may advance as far as 350,000 quarters, chiefly in Indian corn, but no further. The reason why the exportation from Wallachia is increasing more rapidly than that from Moldavia, is, that the latter province is much more cultivated than the former, and there is, consequently, less room for extension. It is even computed, that if the whole of Wallachia were as much cultivated, for thirty miles from the Danube as Moldavia is, it might export grain to an amount six times greater than the sister principality can.

‘Tallow is an article of exportation from the Danube, which is also of some consequence, and the quantity has nearly doubled within the last twelve years. About 500 tons of cured beef, in tin cases, are annually shipped for England from a factory at Galatz. And the trade in leeches from the numerous marshes and lakes is extensive and profitable.

‘Almost all the articles imported into the provinces come from the United Kingdom, with the exception of fruit and oil, which are brought from the Levant, and iron from Russia. We supply them with manufactures, cotton twists, refined and crushed sugar, and coals, for the use of the Danube steamers. Of the first, there are generally about 4000 bales imported per annum; of the second, 5000 tons; of the third, 5000 hogsheads; and of the fourth, 5000 tons; while the total value of all the importations to Ibraila and Galatz varies from 600,000*l.* to 700,000*l.* a-year. This shows a great increase of late years, as in 1837 they only amounted to the sum of 97,405*l.*, and they will, in all probability, continue to augment if no misfortune befall the provinces, for by an increasing exportation a greater importation will be produced with the means of paying for it.’

It is known to most persons who have paid any attention to the subject of Turkey, that it has been the constant endeavour of Russia, ever since the insurrection of 1804, to kindle the flames of revolt in the Ottoman provinces, through the agency of

Servia; and the principal Serbs, according to a recent traveller, have shown every disposition to be made tools of by the St. Petersburg cabinet. Russia has also her apostles in Bosnia, for the Caloyers or Greek monks from Mount Athos, are eloquent in their praises of the Czar, the great protector of the eastern Greek church.

To such as have done us the favour of bearing in mind what we have hitherto written on the measures and intrigues of Russia in the principalities, it will be no matter of marvel that that power has consummated the measure of her iniquity by her proceedings of the last four months. Though Russia, with her usual craft, has stated that she did not move in the question of the protectorate of the Greek Christians till France had made a gasconade about the Latin church, yet this, though literally true in reference to proceedings within the last four months, is little to the purpose. We are not concerned to deny that the demands of M. de Lavalette in favour of the members of the Latin church were impudent and ill-timed, and that they were put forward with indiscreet and ignorant zeal and vehemence. But to do the French ministry justice, so soon as it became aware of the opposition which these demands excited among the European powers, and more especially on the part of Russia, M. de Lavalette, the French envoy, was recalled from Constantinople. It cannot be too often stated, nor too clearly laid down, that no treaty written in the public law of Europe gives to Russia that protectorate which she claims over the Greek church. According to the provisions of the treaty of Koutschouk-Kaynardgi, signed in 1774, the Sublime Porte promised to protect the Christian religion and its churches, and the minister of Russia was free to make representations as to the new church spoken of in the fourteenth article of the treaty. Permission was also given to Russian subjects to visit the city of Jerusalem and the holy places, and neither at Jerusalem nor elsewhere was any *Karacz* contribution or other impost to be required of them. These provisions of treaty law still exist, and it is not alleged they have been infringed. By the fourteenth article of this treaty it was further provided, that Russia, in addition to the chapel built in the house of the ambassador, should be at liberty to build another church of the Greek faith in the quarter of Galata, in the street called Bey Oglom, which should be under the protection of the ambassador, and free from all impediments and obstructions. This church has been built for more than seventy years, and no impediment is placed in the way of any Christian of the Greek faith exercising his devotion within its walls. But between this permission contained in the treaty,

and the claim of protection set up by Russia over all Greek-subjects there is a wide difference. Such a claim as the latter cannot be admitted by any sovereign possessing an independent existence, and purporting to exercise supreme authority within the limits of his territory. It is a claim of a sovereignty within a sovereignty, which is a contradiction in terms. If the Sultan were to surrender in this respect, he would virtually renounce his authority, and abdicate his functions. As well might Russia claim to exercise a protectorate in London over the Greek Christians dwelling in the region of Finsbury Square, or the Pope of Rome, or the Emperor of Austria seek to exercise a protectorate over the Roman Catholics of Ireland. The Greeks of London, and the Roman Catholics of Ireland, have in this country, as we believe they also would have when sojourning in Constantinople, full liberty of conscience, and the privilege of following their respective religions in every way that the ordinances of the Greek and Roman churches command; but Greeks or Roman Catholics, whether in London or in Constantinople, are not under the protection of any foreign potentate, but under the protection of the crown, constitution, and laws of England; and in Constantinople are under the protection of the Sublime Porte and the laws of Turkey. If any nation or sovereignty were to admit that another nation or sovereignty had exterritorially supreme power within its own limits, it would, *de facto*, surrender the very essence of its own independent existence and being.

The Porte, therefore, properly refused to accede to a demand unjustifiable and inadmissible in itself, and still more objectionable from the insolent and arrogant manner in which it was urged. We are not here about to re-write the history of the Mémentschicoff embassy and ultimatum, which has been long since dealt with for the five hundredth time by the morning, evening, three-day, and weekly press, not merely in the metropolis, but in every considerable town in the three kingdoms, for the last three months. But we may state, as a general proposition, that there is not a right-thinking or independent man of any party in England, be he Whig, Tory, Conservative, Radical, Financial Reformer, Peace-Leaguer, or Derby-Disraelite—we believe we may say, there is not a right-thinking or independent man in the free and civilized world—who does not condemn the conduct of the Russian Czar and cabinet, and sympathize with the Turk. The great mass of this industrious and civilized community in which we live abhor and detest war, of which they well know the consequences and the enormous cost. War interferes with progress and with civilization—with the daily operations of commerce and ex-

change, and with those national and mechanical improvements, by which this age has been pre-eminently distinguished. Yet where the honour, the interests, and the pledged faith of England are concerned, there are few men in the community who would not incur the hazard of immediate war in a just cause, rather than subject England and Europe to the possibly not distant, and certainly inevitable consequences of now allowing Russia to coerce Turkey, and, by first occupying the Danubian principalities, to pave the way to a march on Constantinople. It is, after all, merely a question of time. By postponing war in this present month of August, and tiding over the year 1853, we shall be merely delaying the evil day, and, in the end, have to meet Russia at worse odds. If that power be now allowed to occupy the Danubian principalities—if the crossing of the Pruth be now regarded with folded arms merely—if the British and French fleets remain spectators at Besika Bay, without passing the Dardanelles, Russian aggression will not stop with a march to Constantinople, for that power in possession of Stamboul may extend its conquests to Persia, or the Indus—may interrupt our communications with our Eastern empire, and in some new maritime and military combination, or league, may coalesce against us in the Mediterranean, or in the very channel which washes our Kentish or Hampshire towns. It behoved us to consider these things from the day the Porte rejected, and properly rejected, the Russian ultimatum. But if not awakened then to the real imminency of the peril, we surely cannot close our eyes to the contents of the circular addressed to the ministers and agents of Russia by Count Nesselrode. A document more artful and insidious than this has been seldom penned by Russian diplomatic agents. As usual in all Russian state papers, there is a canting tone of religion, and a parade of equity, morality, justice, moderation, and what not besides. Russia, if we are to believe her state-paper writers and diplomatists, has ever displayed these qualities—has ever been the injured innocent—the lamb-like member of the European community, that has been deceived and betrayed. It is Turkey, not Russia, according to M. Nesselrode, which has exhibited tergiversation, duplicity, and all the worse passions of the human mind. For full a century Russia has spoken and written in this way of every power opposed to her wishes, or her will, or at feud with her, either on a question of boundary or of influence. We, who have observed her progress, who know her tactics, and who hate her system, are not in the least surprised at this tone, nor afraid to characterize it. But when we find it described by an able ex-Tory chancellor—by a peer who would willingly lean to Russia, and

to Russian principles of government, if the Russian cabinet had not overstretched all the bounds of propriety and moderation—when we find it characterized by a peer of eighty-two years of age, always remarkable for the *suaviter in modo*—when we find Lord Lyndhurst calling it ‘one of the most fallacious, one of the most illogical, one of the most offensive and insulting documents that he ever had the misfortune to read,’ we prefer using his language to any of our own. The answer of Reschid Pasha to an ultimatum based on such a document is creditable to the sense and spirit of that official; and the state paper of M. Drouyn de l’Huys, the French minister, also dexterously and ably disposes of Russian fallacies and false pretences. But a more eloquent and telling reply than any state paper whatever could convey, has been afforded in the despatch of the British and French fleets to Besika Bay, there to await the call of the Sultan to enter the Dardanelles. Whether that call will be immediately made we profess not to know; but if once made by the Reis Effendi, we cannot doubt, after the language of Viscount Palmerston, in reference to the governments of England and France, that the admirals will advance to the support of our ally. Viscount Palmerston stated that there was the utmost and most perfect accord between England and France. We trust this may be so. We trust the Emperor of France may act a sincere and straightforward part—that our cabinet have good reasons to rely on him; and that the statesmen of England are neither disunited nor divided among themselves, as to the course they ought to take in the present crisis. Never were reasons for unanimity stronger or more potent than they are now.

The Emperor of Russia in an address to his nation, has profanely and impiously called on the Almighty to aid him; and summoned his own people to go forth and fight for the orthodox faith, as though it were assailed, or ran the risk of any danger. But he and his cabinet well know that the Greek faith may be as safely and securely practised in Turkey now as in London. All the old guarantees subsist, and have been recently renewed in the face of Europe by the Irade of June 7. The calling of his people to arms, then, in defence of a faith which runs no risk of danger, is either a mockery and a delusion to amuse his serfs, or is used as a menace to Europe. In either case it might be pronounced a despicable game, if it were not so fearfully dangerous. Let it be remembered that it was not till the last moment that the united British and French fleets received orders to repair to the Bay of Besika. The English fleet arrived there on the 12th, and the French on the 14th of June, *after* the Russians had received orders to cross the Pruth;

yet M. Nesselrode, in a fresh circular, dated the 20th of June—2nd of July, would have it believed that the crossing of the Pruth was consequent upon the arrival of the French and English squadron in the vicinity of Constantinople, and within sight of the Turkish capital. A more unblushing and audacious misrepresentation never was made, for the sailing of the two fleets was not the cause, but the consequence of the declaratory acts of Russia. The united fleets are not however within sight of, but more than 150 miles from, Constantinople, and they are there not to overawe or threaten, but to defend Turkey. How soon they may be called on to act will depend on the proceedings of Russia. The solution of the question by an appeal to force may be sooner than any one now imagines is possible, if not probable; for Count Nesselrode, in his last circular, proclaims, that the occupation of the principalities will continue till Turkey has given satisfaction, and till the pressure which the two maritime powers has exercised ceases. The maritime powers are at Besika, at the express desire of the Sultan, to protect him against an invader, and yet the invader charges the wrong and the aggression on the powers who appear to fulfil the express obligations of treaties in defence of an ally. It may be that the war and recrimination, which is now confined to paper, will blow over—that the capitalists of Europe may take fright, and that diplomacy may discover a way out of an ugly and perilous imbroglio. But any patched-up peace of this kind will not be of long duration, and the longer the inevitable struggle is delayed the fiercer and more ensanguined it is likely to be. The object of Russia now may be to procure delay. The present month of August would be an inconvenient and a fatal one for her to march to the Balkans. In 1828 and 1829, she lost more men in marching in the hot weather in those passes than she lost in the field of battle. Another object in delay would be to fritter away time in diplomatic trivialities till the period of the Equinox. When the Equinox arrives, neither the English nor French fleets would be able to enter the Black Sea, and this would be, to use the words of De Beranger, *‘autant gagné sur l’ennemi.’*

Besides, who knows what the chapter of accidents might turn up in the mean time? It is true, that within the present century, Russia twice occupied the Danubian principalities. First, she held them, as a pledge, for an indemnity due from Turkey, and restored them on payment; and, secondly, she occupied them in 1848, with the permission of the Sultan, to repress an internal commotion: but it is well observed by M. Bratiano, that not even the convention of Balta Liman, concluded in 1849, gives

Russia the right of occupying the principalities, unless simultaneously with Turkey, and then only in the contingency of a rising of the inhabitants.

Russia is not bound to Moldavia, or Wallachia, by any ties of nationality, race, or language. They have no commercial relations—even the church of Russia is not common to the Wallachs. The Roumans possess a national, independent church, of which the Czar is not the head. They even regard the Russians as schismatics, because they recognise Nicholas as their spiritual chief.

It may be said that we have, throughout this paper, taken too favourable a view of Turkey. The fact is not so. We are well aware of the vices and imperfections of the Turkish government, and we know that the Turk must reorganize and recruit himself, or he must sooner or later fall; but, even with its vices and imperfections, we prefer to see Turkey under the government of the Sultan than under the government of the Czar. Viewed laterally, and side by side, with the despotism of Petersburg and Moscow, we prefer the government of a reforming sultan, such as Abdul Medjed, to the unmitigated despotism and czardom of Muscovy.

If the Czar should, for the misfortune of the world, ever obtain a solid footing at Constantinople, what would become of the prospects of constitutional freedom in the West?—what of the maritime supremacy of Great Britain?—what of the preponderance in the Mediterranean? Our trade might be swept from the seas, and with our trade our power and our liberties might perish. If the choice be between a prolongation of the Sultan's power and the establishment of a Russian supremacy at Stamboul, every honest and intelligent freeman would resist to the death the aggressive domination of the Czar, who jesuitically avails himself of religious prejudices to cover and muffle detestable and despotic designs. If Turkey were Russian to-morrow, we should see the Czar arrogating a power,—compounded out of pontiff, priest, and soldier,—to subjugate Europe, and to reduce it to vassalage and serfdom. This is a position of things that must be resisted at all hazards—to the last shot we can discharge, and to the last man who can mount the breach.

The question of the restoration of an independent Greek empire is mooted in two of the pamphlets we have placed at the head of this article, and is also advocated in the work called *The Turkish Empire*. This, no doubt, is an important ulterior question, and, could we see our way to its feasibility and practicableness at the instant season, we should be prepared to discuss it. But any such state should be guaranteed by a Protec-

torate of the Great Powers; and, while Russia is in possession of Moldavia and Wallachia, we see little probability of her concurrence, and not much of the concurrence of Austria. Our sole duty now is to resist the Czar in his present policy, and to prevent the annihilation of Turkey. To allow Turkey to be blotted out of the map of Europe until we find an independent substitute, would be but to play the game of Russia, and to help those detestable and despotic designs which she has forwarded, by exciting religion against religion, and race against race.

OUR EPILOGUE

ON

AFFAIRS AND BOOKS.

AFFAIRS.

GREAT men know how to estimate great occasions, and how to do the things then proper to be done. Men not great, have not such perceptions, and do not such works. Our rulers have shown, on the great question of Indian government, that they belong to the second class of statists, not to the first; and interest, not caution, has given them their majorities. But a beginning has been made, and this beginning will have its middle and its end.

Just now, care about Russia extrudes all other care. The great Autocrat descended, without let or hindrance, on Hungary, and a high-minded people who deserved to be free—had a *right* to be free, were reduced to servitude. The Autocrat returns to the home of the rude fanatic hordes that own his sway, and his proclamation is—we came, we saw, we conquered! Brave children, you have only to go, to see, and the conquest of the past will be followed by greater! *We* gave this man the torch wherewith to kindle this flame—and truly we have our reward. Caution may be wise—it may be more selfish than wise. Here, as everywhere, justice would have been policy, generosity would have been safety. What is now doing, is only what we foresaw and foretold as about to be done.

Peace—peace, say we, by all honourable means. But war—war, to the last, say we, rather than succumb to the craft and ambition that would give Europe to the Cossack.

BOOKS.

LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

The Indian Archipelago. By HORACE ST. JOHN. 2 vols. 8vo.
Longman. 1853.

It was our purpose to have separated a larger space to criticism on these volumes than can here be assigned to them. They embrace not only an account of the Indian Archipelago as it is, but the history of its islands and people, so far as that history has been preserved, and the history especially of European enterprise in those romantic, rich, and beautiful regions. A work that should do this, as the result of adequate research, and in a style suited to the theme, was a desideratum. We congratulate Mr. St. John on the subject he has chosen, and on the manner in which he has performed his self-imposed labour. His plan is the simplest that could have been adopted, and, in our judgment, the best. He commences with a general view of the Archipelago, discusses lightly the origin and spread of the Malayan race, and passes rapidly over the periods intervening between that remote and problematical era and the arrival of the Portuguese. He then follows the order of time, and describes the adventures of Europeans in the Archipelago to the present hour. An account is given of each important island, or group of islands, as they fall into the current of his narrative. As the narrative reaches the year 1840, we have a general description of the piracies by which those seas have been infested, with an account, which claims to be received as authentic, of the extraordinary proceedings of Sir James Brooke. The following is Mr. St. John's description of the region to which his history relates :—

"No other collection of groups in the world is equal in extent to the Indian Archipelago. A length including forty degrees of longitude, close to the line, from the western point of Sumatra to the parallel of the Arru Isles, with a breadth of thirty, from the Sandelwood to Luzon, comprehends an area of five millions and a half of square statute, or four millions and a half of geographical miles. Around it are spread, as about a centre, the most famous and civilized nations of Asia, who make it their highway of maritime traffic. On the east, China lies within three days' sail: on the west, three weeks will carry a ship to the ports of the Red Sea; the monsoon brings a vessel in fifteen days from Hindustan; Europe may be reached in ninety, and Western America in fifty days. Steam has contracted these distances, and brought the races of the Archipelago within easier reach of the Old and the New World."—pp. 3, 4.

The islands included in this space are divided by Mr. St. John into five groups; and among these islands the most rare, the most precious, and the most remarkable products of the earth have been found, stimulating merchants and mariners from the early ages of Arabian enterprise down to the time when the discovery of a passage by the Cape laid these regions open to the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the Dutch, and the English.

The following is Mr. St. John's account of the European influence at present exercised in that quarter :—

"The Dutch, with the exception of their free ports at Makassar, exhibit few signs of conversion to a liberal commercial policy. They have systematically thrown obstructions and restrictions in the way of British trade, and they have exposed themselves to retaliation under a provision of our own navigation-laws, which may wisely be enforced, not as a protection for ourselves, but as a penalty on them. The Spaniards, in Manila, have adopted similar means to secure their own commerce from intrusion; but they have never flourished in their monopolizing system. Spanish colonization in the East has been a failure. In the Philippines, especially, this is true: the Spaniards linger there, they do not prosper; their authority is accepted by the people, but has not become a rooted power. Manila is comparatively rich, and some of the islands are extensively cultivated; but there is no ferment of enterprise, no American energy, no great labour in progress: languor and apathy characterize their operations; yet their ambition of extended dominion is not extinct. Sir James Brooke recently negotiated a convention with Sulu; but the Spaniards, in his absence, visited the capital, and established a 'protectorate' over the sultan, by driving him to the mountains; where he claims the friendship and protection of the English, with whom he has sealed a treaty.

"The Americans have appeared in the further East, threatening to batter down the inhospitable gates of Japan, and destroy a monopoly which Dutch writers of politic views are no longer desirous of upholding. They have also visited Brunt, and concluded a treaty with its sultan, though simply for trade, and not with any political views; but their expansive and aspiring energy is not yet at work in that region. Throughout the Asiatic islands, indeed, there is nowhere to be observed such active and rapid advance as at Sarawak, no such commerce as at Singapore. This, therefore, inspires in me the hope that British influence may be largely and boldly extended in the Archipelago."—pp. 358, 359.

Five-sixths of the whole Archipelago are claimed by the Dutch as their own possession, but their empire on paper in those regions, and their empire in reality, are very different things. This pretence of theirs rests professedly on the treaty of 1824, a treaty which they have themselves violated in many instances since. The great field of the Indian Archipelago, accordingly, is fairly open, at a multitude of points, to new comers, and it would be simple folly in other nations not to avail themselves of such openings.

Lorenzo Benoni; or, Passages in the Life of an Italian. 8vo. pp. 505. Constable.

To read this "life" is to live it. The book is a book of pictures, but of pictures given with so much ease and vividness as to convey the impression that they are transcripts from nature—anything but elaborated inventions. To those who know the principal characters in the story, the volume will have a special interest; to ourselves, who profess no such knowledge, the book has interest of a broader, if not of a deeper kind. It is as a picture of Italian life in our own time that we chiefly value it. It presents delineations of men, of parties, and of

society in general in that country, such as a native only could furnish—delineations embracing something about every variety and grade, from boys at school, to the old men and kind mothers who give them welcome in the holidays; from the poorest among the people to the richest above them; and from officials encased in every form of selfishness, to patriots and conspirators prepared to brave any amount of self-sacrifice. Books about Italy by our English travellers are necessarily, for the most part, superficial; to know a people, you must not merely visit them, but live among them—be of them. The charm of the volume before us is, that it admits us to so much of the domestic and the personal, to which the stranger has no access. We should say, also, that the literary merits of this volume are of a high order. We wish that half our Englishmen who write books could master their mother tongue as this Italian does. With this faculty the author couples another, involving something more than mere cleverness—the facility of depicting character, of giving you, in this respect, both surface and analysis, presenting men as they seem, and as they are—the peculiarities of mind being sketched with as much artistic aptitude as those of costume.

In the sequel of the story the man becomes what the boy had prognosticated. It is so not only with the hero of the tale, but with many of his companions. The insurgent chief at school and at college, becomes a man of the same temper and achievement in the nation; and the reader who would know what the perils and excitements of such a life really are, has only to make himself acquainted with this book to be instructed on that topic.

Hebrew Politics in the Times of Sargon and Sennacherib. By EDWARD STRACHEY. 8vo, pp. 443. Longman.

This volume is further described as embracing an 'Inquiry into the Historical Meaning and Purpose of the Prophecies of Isaiah, with some notice of their bearings on the Social and Political Life of England.' The writer aims to show what those principles of national polity were, to which the Hebrew people owed obedience, and what the nations around the Hebrews were in relation to such principles, and to the people to whom they were committed. The book is the production of a man of learning, and of independent thinking. It contains many things which orthodox divines will not approve, but quite as much of a nature to be unwelcome to their heterodox opponents. The object of the writer, however, is not so much theological as ethical—the ethical principles sought after being mainly those regarded as conducing to the power, stability, and happiness of nations. There is something manly in the conception of such a work, and the working out of the conception, though, in our judgment, by no means free from error, is vigorous and instructive. As will be supposed, the author has availed himself of the assistance supplied by the researches of Layard, and by the philological discoveries of Rawlinson, Hincks, and others. 'The reader,' says Mr. Strachey, 'must not suppose that I have employed the writings of Isaiah to set forth and enforce some system of

'dogmas, political or theological, of my own. I have applied myself to the prophet, simply to learn from him whatever I might find he had to teach an English citizen: I have taken the book as it stands; and while availing myself of the stores of thought and learning which the commentators of various schools have provided, I have, to the best of my ability, handled the book itself by the methods of the Niebuhrs and the Grotes, and treated it as they—with thorough freedom and thorough reverence—treat classical books.'—(*Preface.*) This is a just account of the book—the author is familiar with the good and the bad in the shape of comment on Isaiah, both in this country and in Germany, and while accepting assistance, on either hand, he has substantially taken his own course. The historian, the politician, and the divine may read the book with advantage.

Memorandums made in Ireland in the Autumn of 1852. By JOHN FORBES, M.D., F.R.S. 2 vols. fcp. Smith, Elder & Co. 1853.

We can easily understand how a ramble in summer or 'autumn,' in Ireland or elsewhere, may be a very pleasant thing, to a man hard-worked and jaded in professional life, or in life of any kind. But books written as the result of such hurried excursions—such transient glimpses, the great object of the excursionist being relaxation rather than labour physical or mental, are in danger of proving very superficial. Dr. Forbes, however, is one of that class of men who must be allowed to blend something of the useful with the agreeable, and to mix something of work even with his play. In obedience to this impulse he has published two volumes which are certainly agreeable reading; and the substance of his report as to what he saw in the sister island, if it does not add much to what we knew before, may be taken as the deposition of a new witness upon an old case. In matters of science we accept Dr. Forbes as a man of authority, and on most subjects he expresses himself sensibly, fairly, and kindly. But Ireland is a field where political questions and religious questions meet you at every step, and on these topics the author is, in our judgment, about as often wrong as right. Romanism in Ireland, is Romanism checked and softened by its juxtaposition with a vigilant and active Protestantism, but even as thus influenced there are deeps of social mischief in it which Dr. Forbes's philosophy has by no means fathomed. The south of Ireland would long since have become all that the north of Ireland has long been, if the Irish priesthood had only been intent upon raising it to that level. The power to regenerate the country has long been in their hands, and not a few of the scenes described by Dr. Forbes show the use they have made of it. Romanism in Ireland has its good, but how much of that good has been forced upon it as its means of defence against Protestantism? To know what is in the heart of Romanism, it must be studied where it is free to do according to its pleasure.

Traits of American-Indian Life and Character. Fcp. pp. 218. Smith, Elder & Co. 1853.

There are men who give themselves to discovery from the love of the thing itself; but in the history of the world the discoveries so

made are few compared with those which have resulted from the enterprise of the trader—the passion for gain. These ‘Traits of American-Indian Life and Character’ are from the pen of a ‘Fur-Trader,’ and the book furnishes its illustrations of the natural repugnances which separate between the civilized man and the savage, and shows also the potent influences which dispose both one and the other to control, if not to subdue, those repugnances for the sake of other gratifications. The Hudson’s Bay Company has covered our North American territory with a net-work of trading stations, from the shores of the Bay on the one side, to those of the Pacific on the other. These isolated spots are the centres of civilization,—but these settlements are small, far between, and the light they supply seems only to make you the more sensible to the surrounding darkness. The agents of the Company penetrate far beyond those points, and come into such contact with the Indian tribes in the midst of their haunts and usages, as would hardly be possible to any other class of men. The author of the volume before us has had this advantage. His object, however, is not to attempt any systematic account of Indian customs or any philosophical analysis of Indian character, but rather to contribute fragments that may serve as material for such a purpose, by simply describing characteristic scenes and incidents, which came under his notice in the discharge of his duties as an agent of the ‘Honourable Company.’ The sketches are given with apparent fidelity and good intention, and relate to a portion of our race with whose condition and history every educated man should make himself acquainted. Knowledge of human nature in such phases of it is inseparable from a wise estimate of man as man.

Essays on some of the Forms of Literature. By THOMAS T. LYNCH. 12mo, pp. 166. Longman. 1853.

This volume consists of four essays, which were delivered, in their substance as lectures, in the Royal Institution in Manchester, in October last. The subjects are—Poetry, its Sources and Influence—Biography, Autobiography, and History—Fictions and Imaginative Prose—Criticism and the Writings of the Day. On all these topics Mr. Lynch discourses after his manner. Just thoughts—ideas as poetical in their conception as they are in their expression, occur in almost every page. The writer makes you more and more sensible as you proceed, of the facility with which he can discern between things that differ, and with which he can bring together things that are alike. With him, the material is everywhere the adumbration of the spiritual, and the invisible readily links itself with form and expression in the visible. This power of imagination is a rich gift, but an undue play may be ceded to it, and used too much there is danger of its being often used unskillfully. It may become so exuberant, so obtrusive, as to seem to rule, whereas its province in all cases is only to serve; and when recurring too frequently, there is danger lest the writer should seem to be as much concerned about calling up these resemblances to truth, as about presenting the truth itself; and lest the applause of ingenuity should seem to be more coveted by him

than applause of a higher kind. It is possible, too, so far to indulge in this work of multiplying comparisons as to seem to reflect on the discernment of the reader—to seem to betray a suspicion that the thing intended is not likely to be seen without such helps, or that without this pictorialness, the reader is in danger of becoming drowsy. As contrasted with much in our popular literature, there is to us something very agreeable in the noiseless, pithy, poetic—old Thomas Brown style, in which Mr. Lynch finds it natural and pleasant to express his thoughts. But with much that is intelligent in what he writes, there is not a little of the obscure, and the obscure in phrase is not unfrequently so given as to be liable to be taken by the superficial for the profound in thought; and not unfrequently this very obscurity comes from a disposition to roam about amidst a world of similitudes, the uses of which should be, not to overlay truth, but to make it clear. It is manifest enough that Mr. Lynch owes something of the good and much of the not good in his manner as a writer to Thomas Carlyle. We cite the following passage, as indicating some of the peculiarities of Mr. Lynch's style, and the source of them—at least in great part:

'Claiming an Essay, we must dismiss him (Thomas Carlyle) with an allusion. Immense private talk, and scores of sheets of printed talk, eulogistic and reprobatory, has he occasioned—nor talk of either kind undeservedly. His name has long sounded a signal and a stimulus for men to vent their likes and dislikes. He has been a storm, and is now a storm subsiding. No unblessed visitant, he shall not depart without a blessing. He has benevolently raged, the thunders and mutterings not unaccompanied with showers for which the land thirsted. Above the eddying darkness of his windy sky, there are serene translucent spaces—glimpses of the third heaven. Ah, heaven of 'peace that passeth all understanding,' how wert thou known to us, but through storms that disturb, then purify, these lower atmospheres? He is a criticism—a weeping and laughing, angelic and demoniac, criticism of the age. Wise in substance often, when wilful in manner. Sometimes showing the heart and sinews of a delivering Hercules. Sometimes uttering the growl of a Titan, angry even to bewilderment. A critical Protestant in a time of 'changings of the truth of God into a lie,' that are very Catholic indeed. But, alas! soon may the best Protestantisms too become changelings of this sad kind, and demand a counter-protest. So now the followers of Carlyle, if not himself, compel us to add to the catalogue of still unabated shams—the sham Carlylistic. The true attitude in which to stand to Carlyle is surely neither that of cursing nor worship. At the least, his moral energy has, like a douche bath, precipitated itself on the enervated spine of public morality, not without benefit. He is a great hydropathist, and a course of him has done much good to many unstrung, pulpy, jaded people.'—pp. 152, 153.

Strange that one more than half suspecting Carlylism itself of being a sham, should himself be thus Carlylistic. To write after the above manner is not difficult. There is a rude, poetic, Ossian-like haze running through such compositions, which gives a covert liberty to dispense with such labours as take the shape of analysis or logic. But there are better things in what Mr. Lynch has written than the piling up of cloudy and windy metaphors which the above passage exhibits would suggest, and better things still will proceed from his pen, if he will learn to defer more to his own understanding and culture, and less to the whims which obtain elsewhere, taking care that the powers which rule in him are the powers that *should* rule.

History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena; from the Letters and Journals of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hudson Lowe, and Official Documents not before made public. By WILLIAM FORSYTH, M.A. 3 vols. Murray. 1853.

Such of our readers as are old enough to remember the talk occasioned more than thirty years since by the publication of O'Meara's *Voice from St. Helena*, will not read the title of these volumes without having many an old face, and many an old discussion brought to his memory. Certainly, the reputation of Sir Hudson Lowe was then a somewhat damaged affair; and we regret to say, that these publications, designed to do a tardy justice to his memory, have failed to place him in a light materially different from that in which he stood at the time of which we speak. It shows him, indeed, to have been a man of more honourable feeling than some of his detractors; but it still leaves him before us as a narrow, fretty, ill-tempered fellow, and as one of the last men, accordingly, that the wise-acres then in power among us should have appointed to such a trust.

But if the attempt to remove fault from Sir Hudson is not very successful, these volumes bring to light the faults of some other people—even very 'great folks,' in a manner that will be anything but acceptable in some quarters. O'Meara, it will be remembered, was medical attendant on Napoleon, and as such much about his person. It is now made known to the public for the first time from these volumes—that while enjoying the confidence to which his profession admitted him, O'Meara was sending to the Admiralty people, and through them to the government of the day, a spy-chronicle of the great things or little, said or done, by Napoleon, or by those about him. These communications were addressed to a Mr. Finlaison in the Admiralty, but were continued, it appears, at the request of Mr. Secretary Croker, and were used by him for purposes of state, and purposes of amusement too, at the Admiralty Board, and among cabinet ministers. As members of the government had thus become parties to this system of *espionnage*, O'Meara had them in his power, and this fact contributes to explain some other facts belonging to his history. What sort of explanation or defence can be set over against these heavy implications remains to be seen—we suspect the case will prove to be quite as bad as it seems to be. In the meanwhile Sir Hudson Lowe is not acquitted, nor placed in a position greatly more favourable than that in which he stood before—and disclosures which do so much damage to O'Meara, inflict their damages elsewhere. Had Mr. Secretary Croker been wise in his generation, this son of Esculapius would have had his sop, and so have been quieted.

The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century. A Series of Lectures delivered in England and in the United States of America.

By W. M. THACKERAY. Fcp. pp. 322. Smith, Elder & Co.

It is possible to be calm without being dull—possible to do things quietly without doing them stupidly—possible to be quite self-possessed without being uninteresting or unimpressive. Few of our readers,

we suppose, will take exception to these assertions; but there are not a few engaged in the authorship of our time, and some of them men of worth too, who manifestly have no faith in such opinions. They seem to be fully persuaded that your calm man must be a dullard—that your man who makes no noise must be a man with little in him—and that not to do things after the mercurial, effervescing, and intense fashion, must be to allow the reader to yawn and fall asleep. The material now employed to keep up this excitement is not exactly of the Anne Radcliffe order,—trap-doors, dark crypts, midnight encounters with hired bravos, or demon monks; but the material resorted to, whether tragic or comic, must be worked up so as to be considerably above proof, that the sort of inebriation contemplated may be secured. The incident, as *Punch* has it, must ‘keep moving;’ and the scenes which are to shift so rapidly, must consist of the extravaganza element in large proportions. Mr. Thackeray does not belong to this intense school. He feels—has a right to feel—that he can afford to do his work calmly, quietly, without taking upon him anything of the pythonic. His subdued, measured, and terse talking, is to us very pleasant. It is no more like a great deal of the literature abroad among us, than *Ivanhoe* is like the *Scottish Chiefs*, or like *Thaddeus of Warsaw*. Mr. Thackeray has confidence in his readers, no less than in himself. He is not to be persuaded that they are children, and he will not treat them as such. On the contrary, he is disposed to believe that those whom he addresses have some relish of humour, a quick perception of everything belonging to the nature of genius. He believes that these things only need come before you in a manner which gives them forth as they are, and your sympathy is gained. Art concealed, they say, is the highest form of art, and success without apparent effort is the highest form of success. It distinguishes real strength from affectations of the strong.

Thoughts of this nature have been suggested to us in reading the present volume. In their moral bearings, these lectures, in common with other works from the same pen, are not without their doubtful tendencies. In Mr. Thackeray’s school, both of religion and morals, a little good nature—a little genuine human feeling—is allowed, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins. His supposed shams are all real shams, deserving every vestige of the exposure that he bestows upon them, and they stand revealed by the touch of his wand in much of their real nature. But not unfrequently there is a lightness in that touch, which conveys the impression that these characteristics of men are not so much the wrong as distinguished from the right—the blameworthy as distinguished from the praiseworthy, as diversities which belong to the nature of the men, and which should not on that account be very rigorously judged. What we want from Mr. Thackeray is, not that he should preach, but that the tendencies of his teaching should be somewhat more in harmony with what preaching of the best kind is intended to realize. Of the special merits of these lectures we need not speak, they are rich in all the best qualities of the author’s genius, and adapted to awaken and nourish a literary taste thoroughly English.

Æschyli Supplices. Recensuit F. A. PALEY. Editio emendator. 8vo. Cambridge: Deighton. 1851.

Æschyli Agamemno. Recensuit F. A. PALEY. Editio auctior et emendator. 8vo. Cambridge: Deighton. 1853.

Æschyli Eumenides. Recensuit F. A. PALEY. Editio auctior et emendator. 8vo. Cambridge: Deighton. 1853.

If in these second editions Mr. Paley has seen reason, somewhat frequently, to change his opinion on the readings to be adopted, and the interpretations to be offered, he has the merit of boldly avowing this in his prefaces. Indeed, as he says, an editor who, re-editing a play of Æschylus after the lapse of several years, should find no reason for altering his readings or interpretations, would rather deserve to be deemed obstinate and self-confident, than one who owned himself to have been sometimes wrong to be charged with frivolous love of change. Mr. Paley pleads for a greater liberty of conjectural alteration than he formerly allowed himself, and without which, as he truly says, some of Æschylus's plays cannot be intelligibly read. Indeed, it is not sobriety but superstition to demand, with Wellauer and some other editors, the same respect for the MSS. of Æschylus as is given to those of many other authors. Few as the MSS. are of the *Supplices*, and of the three plays which form the *Oresteia*, it is well known that even these few seem to be all derived immediately from the best among them, the Medicean, or, at all events, from the original of which that MS. is itself a transcript. Nor has anything of value been contributed to the text of the *Supplices* from the Escorial MS., the readings of which are for the first time given in the posthumous edition of Hermann.

In addition to the improvements due to extended research and ripened scholarship, the editor informs us, that he has derived, in the *Agamemnon* and *Eumenides*, no inconsiderable aid from the recently published edition of Hermann.

The typography of this second edition leaves nothing to be desired: without being quite so magnificent as that of the former edition, it is as elegant, and even more convenient for use, from the greater compression of the page.

History of Religious Intolerance in Spain. Translated from the Spanish of Señor Don ADOLFO DE CASTRO. 8vo, pp. 227. Cash. 1853.

The author of this history is a literary Spaniard, resident in Cadiz. His *History of the Spanish Protestants* was noticed in our pages some time since. In both works we meet with an author who has emancipated himself from the narrowness and bigotry so characteristic of his country, and has imbibed the larger and freer spirit prevalent among the more advanced and enlightened states of Christendom. In Spain, there is considerable liberty of thought, small liberty of utterance. Men may hold almost any opinions they please, but they must beware how they attempt to teach and diffuse them. The author of this history, accordingly, strong as his tendency may be towards liberal opinions, writes

under restraint. Nevertheless, the man who gives us facts in relation to the subject of this volume, may leave us, without much disadvantage, to adopt in our own inferences and opinions concerning them. The author is fully aware of the bias, and of the state orders, under which his countrymen have generally written on religious subjects—especially as affecting the questions of civil and religious liberty. His services, accordingly, are twofold—in correcting the errors of not a few Spanish writers, as a Spaniard only could correct them; and in supplementing their accounts with such further matter as the sources of information in Spain itself could alone supply. You feel, as you read, that the work is the production of the man we describe, and of such a man writing in such circumstances; and the slight drawback from the pleasure of the English reader resulting from some peculiarity both in modes of thought and expression, is more than compensated by the novelty and interest of the narrative, and the care with which Spaniards themselves are made to sustain it. With M'Cries' *History of the Suppression of the Reformation in Spain*, the historical student should not fail to read De Castro's *History of the Spanish Protestants*, and his *History of Religious Intolerance* in that country. We should add, that it is proposed by the author, in the work before us, to examine some of the causes which have led to the decline of his country from that position of greatness which she once filled. The value of the book, in consequence, is not restricted to its bearing on questions of religion.

Æschyli Eumenides. The Greek Text with English Notes critical and explanatory; an English Verse Translation; and an Introduction, containing an Analysis of the Dissertations of C. O. MÜLLER. By BERNARD DRAKE, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1853.

The Greek text of this edition, we learn from the preface, is 'based on that of Wellauer, which may be said, in general terms, to represent that of the best manuscripts.' What 'the best manuscripts' mean in the case of the *Eumenides*, and how delusive is the pretension to superior accuracy founded on a rigid adherence to them, we have already had occasion to state in our notice of Mr. Paley's editions. Mr. Drake himself virtually abandons this pretension, by freely departing from Wellauer and the MSS. whenever the necessities of metre and sense, or the acknowledged laws of Greek syntax, compel him; and he has given a list of more than seventy cases in which he has preferred conjectural readings of his own, or of Hermann, Dindorf, Paley and other editors, to the readings, often utterly inadmissible, exhibited by the MSS., and generally adopted by Wellauer.

The notes are judicious, and, a rare merit in English notes, not too numerous or too long, in a book evidently intended for young students. We are not able to extend the same praise to the metrical version. While it aims at being so far a literal rendering, at least in the dialogue, as to abandon any claim to be considered as a reproduction of the spirit of the drama, as *poetry*, it is yet far too loose to convey to a young stu-

- dent any insight into the accurate meaning of words and constructions. Its effect, then, can only be to encourage a habit of vague paraphrase. In the opening speech of the priestess, for example, we have noticed many instances of omission from, and addition to, the text, caused evidently by the shackles imposed by the metre. Thus, v. 10,

κίλσας ἐπ' ἀκτὰς ναυπόρους τὰς Παλλάδος,

is rendered,

'Sped o'er the seas, and touch'd at Pallas' town.'

In v. 21, 'Next Pallas comes,' besides that the epithet *προναία* is entirely omitted, is, in the context, certain to be misinterpreted. The translator, of course, intends 'comes next in order of my worship;' but, by his entire omission of v. 20 of the text, the only possible meaning is, 'Pallas succeeds Phœbus in occupation of the Delphic shrine.' V. 30,

*καὶ νῦν τυχεῖν με τῶν πρὶν εἰσόδων μακρῇ
ἄριστα δοίεν.*

is strangely rendered,—

'And pray the Gods

To bless my entrance *as they ever bless it.*

'As they never blessed it' would be a more literal translation, and would scarcely offend more against the dignity of the Æschylean buskin than other passages of Mr. Drake's version of these lines. Other instances of this laxity of rendering, uncompensated by any adequate approach to the spirit of the original, might easily be pointed out; and that this defect is to be ascribed to the hopelessness of the task, is shown more than once by a very satisfactory treatment of lyrical passages, in which Mr. Drake expressly states that he allows himself greater liberty, as, for instance, in the very spirited rendering of the well known burden of the chorus at v. 316,—

ἐπὶ δὲ τῷ τιθυμένῳ, &c.

Mr. Drake is not equally successful with the solemn warning of the chorus at v. 500 :

*μήτ' ἀναρκτον οὐν βίον,
μήτε δεσποτούμενον,
ἀνίσχε.*

παντὶ μέσφ τὸ κράτος θεὸς ᾤπασεν.

'Not in extremes can truth exist:

Approved by me hath never been

The Outlaw nor the Formalist:

But God hath blessed the golden mean.'

This, the great lesson of the play, on which Æschylus insists so often, has a much more definite meaning than that which is thus assigned to it. It is true that when the warning is repeated by Athene herself, at v. 666, Mr. Drake gives it a stricter rendering; but why does he again weaken the solemnity of that noble passage, destroying, at the same time, its political significancy, by rendering the next lines thus :

'Nor banish all religion from the state.
Who that is not religious can be just ?'

The poet does not put such a mere truism into the mouth of the goddess: τὸ θεῖον is not 'religion,' in the ordinary English sense of the word at least, but 'religious awe;' nor was it against any threatened subversion of the whole system of divine worship that Æschylus was here protesting, but against the attempt to undermine the prerogatives of the mysterious and awful court of the Arcopagites.*

A most useful feature in the work is the analysis of Müller's celebrated *Dissertations*. Mr. Drake does not agree with the conclusions of the second dissertation on the political design of the *Eumenides*, but he gives a fair, though brief, summary of the arguments of Müller, and also of the considerations which have led him, with Hermann and Mr. Grote, to dissent. The investigation is interesting, and will well repay perusal.

The Meditations and Selections from the Principles of Philosophy of Descartes. Translated from the Latin. Fep. pp. 212. Sutherland & Knox. 1853.

It is no doubt a fact, that whatever may have been the truth or error distinguishing the philosophy of Descartes, the history of speculation since his time cannot be clearly apprehended without a careful study of his writings. The ground taken by him was in great part his own, and the genius which he brought to his investigations was such as to give to his labours the distinctness and permanence of a great land-mark. It will not do to judge of the philosophy of Descartes by the consequences which some men have deduced from it, or have professed to deduce from it—any more than it would do to judge of the philosophy of Locke after that manner. The metaphysical *à priori* method of the one philosopher, and the purely experimental and sensuous method of the other, have been alike misinterpreted and misapplied. Locke can no more be said to have been the father of the sensuous atheism of the French philosophers at the close of the last century, than Descartes can be said to have been the father of the transcendental pantheism of the German philosophers since that time. Both philosophers should be judged by their own principles, and by their own principles as subject to their own interpretation. It is true, a philosopher may be in a sense responsible for the inferences that may be *legitimately* deduced from his principles, and in this view neither Locke nor Descartes is without fault; but in judging of either, our care should be mainly directed to what they have really meant to say. Locke is everywhere accessible to our Englishmen in their own tongue, and we deem it a very laudable thing that some pains should be taken to make Descartes in the same degree accessible. The misconception in reference to Descartes' real teaching, among ourselves, is very much the counterpart of the misconception as to the real teaching of Locke among our continental neigh-

* It is fair to state that Mr. Drake does not adopt, to the full, this view of the object with which this play was composed. It is singular that in the parallel, and more emphatic, passage, vv. 491—498, Mr. Drake has been very exact in his rendering.

bours. Cousin himself is a striking instance of the blundering into which even well-informed men in other nations have shown themselves liable to fall, when they take upon them to play the critic towards our great countrymen. We hold Locke's method to be substantially the sound method, but it needs some supplementing from the higher speculations of the extraordinary man whose meditations and leading principles are here placed before the English reader.

Sæx. Aurelii Propertii Carmina. The Elegies of Propertius, with English Notes. By F. A. PALEY, editor of 'Æschylus.' Svo. London: J. W. Parker & Son; Cambridge: Deighton. 1853.

This, the first critical edition of the works of Propertius published in England, is founded upon several editions of much merit, published in Germany, principally upon those of Lachmann, Jacob, and Hertzberg. In a preface of some length the editor defends, we think successfully, the propriety of editing, and editing entire, the works of his author. The poems of Propertius can never become a popular school-book, but 'it is right that persons of discretion should form a correct idea of the real state of morals in heathen Rome. It is right that the genius of Roman elegy should be known from its earliest and best sources. It is right that every aid should be afforded for acquiring a perfect knowledge of the most important language of antiquity;' and, paradoxical as it may sound, we think that the very obscurity, the abruptness and occasional harshness of construction, exhibited by our poet, increase the value of his writings in this last particular. In the perfect skill with which Cicero and Cæsar, Virgil and Horace, use their instrument, we are in danger, not unfrequently, of losing all traces of the processes by which many of their forms of construction have been reached. Thus it is not matter of surprise if some of the most familiar constructions of the language offer most difficulty to an attempt at a philosophical analysis. Great help is furnished in this attempt by the less transparent, and, comparatively speaking, rugged diction of writers like Propertius and Tacitus. The works of the former authors may be compared to the masterpieces of a great sculptor, those of the latter to a collection of models and unfinished works which give to us some notion of the stages by which those finished productions were attained to; or, to change the figure, those remind us of some rich landscape of perfect beauty and repose, while these are like a more rugged country, possessed often of a grand beauty of its own, and in its occasional scars and fissures revealing to us glimpses of the hidden processes by which the more harmonious beauty has been achieved.

The preface concludes with a brief notice of the present state of classical learning in England, interesting and suggestive, though we must confess ourselves not a little disappointed at its meagreness, when compared with the expectations called forth by an advertisement, which announced 'a preface on the state of Latin Scholarship.' We think that the editor overrates the depreciatory estimate of classical learning supposed to exist among us. That Greek criticism should

no longer be cultivated as the most promising preparation for a bishopric will be matter of regret to few, nor does Mr. Paley regret it. It may even be true that profound scholarship, merely as profound scholarship, is not now viewed as the best qualification for a church living. But all must rejoice at the removal of such adventitious encouragement, from which we firmly believe as much harm was done to the true interests of classical learning itself as to those higher interests which were made subservient to it. To what shall we ascribe the admitted ascendancy of Germany over us in this particular, but to the fact that no such illegitimate inducements have been there held out to *force*, and, therefore, ultimately to *damage*, the cultivation of a study which should flourish for its intrinsic value or not at all? Let English classical scholars be true to themselves and to their pursuit, and we have no fear for the prosperity of English scholarship. If it be true that 'Porsonian criticism, 'and the dry niceties of Elmsleian canons, with difficulty maintain 'their scholastic position against the engrossing investigations of a 'Humboldt, the rapidly developing miracles of steam and electricity, 'or the glorious revelations of time and space as exhibited in geology 'and astronomy,' it is because they do not deserve to maintain their position. But let it be made plain that, over and above the high value of the classical languages as an instrument of education, properly so called, a minute and learned investigation of Greek and Latin philology is the best, indeed the only, preparation for a mastery of the structure of our modern languages, that researches into the institutions and the history of Greece and Rome are at once the most philosophical and the most practical introduction to a study of economic and political science for modern Europe, and, not least, that a familiar acquaintance with the masterpieces of the ancients fits men best to recognise what is noblest in modern literature, and, in its measure, contributes to maintain and exalt the standard of that literature,—and we do not believe that this study will cease to hold its due place in our schools and colleges. The comparison which Mr. Paley quotes in illustration of his fears, 'by a well-known politician,' between 'a single number of the *Times* newspaper,' and 'the history of Thucydides' has been oftener laughed at than adopted, and we augur nothing worse from it than from an equally threatening declaration lately reported to us as having been made at a public meeting in Lancashire, that 'men who can show by their banker's book that they know how 'to count from one to a million, have no need of profound instruction 'in algebra and geometry.' It is a sufficient answer to such objectors that, should mathematical science cease to be cultivated in this country, those gratifying balances in the banker's book would speedily disappear, and that if Thucydides were no longer read, or the lessons of past history regarded, the columns of the *Times* would soon have little, or rather a very painful, interest.

The text of this edition is, the editor informs us, founded on that of Hertzberg, though not without a careful and independent examina-

tion of the materials collected by him and other editors. The text adopted merits great praise for the sobriety and discrimination with which it maintains the *via media* between the reckless tampering with the MSS. of some editors, and the tasteless and undiscerning acquiescence in the readings which they exhibit of others.

The commentary, written in English, is, for the most part, explanatory of the text rather than critical or archaeological, though those other fields of inquiry are by no means neglected, and ample reference is made, in regard to them, to other works in which the student may satisfy his curiosity. In the case of an author so little read as Propertius, the editor has, we think, acted wisely in this restriction. The matter of the notes is as excellent as their range is well chosen. We have noticed one or two passages which seem to call for remark.

We are surprised that Mr. Paley still maintains what is called the contemptuous signification of the pronoun *iste* in i. 2. 25, i. 8. 3, and ii. 9. 1. In the second instance, especially, the force he attributes to the pronoun, 'whoever the fellow is,' is actually expressed in the context,

'Et tibi jam tanti, quicunque est, iste videtur?'

In i. 11. 21, Mr. Paley, with Hertzberg, wisely retains *An mihi*, adding however, that we have here an instance of the rare use of *an* as a direct interrogative, and observing that Professor Key (*Grammar*, § 1421) denies that it ever is so used. The statement of Professor Key is, that *an* is never used in the *simple* direct interrogative, though it is not unfrequently used when the first member of the alternative is either suppressed or put in a different, but equivalent, form, (see § 1426). This passage of Propertius, and others adduced from the same poet by Mr. Paley, will be found, on examination, to offer no exception to this limitation.

In ii. 9. 13, Mr. Paley reads *Achilli* as a genitive, with the MSS., instead of *Achillis*, the needless correction of some of the early editors. This form he explains as a contraction from *Achillei*, the genitive of a supposed nominative *Achilleüs*. This hypothesis, however, will not account for such undoubted genitives as *Socrati*, *Demostheni*, (see Ellendt on *Cicero De Orat.* Book I. § 88), still less can it be applied to the genitive *plebi*, which, as well as *plebei*, seems an unquestionable form. It is safer to regard these as contracted genitives of the 5th declension, derived, that is, from crude forms in *e-*.

In iii. 24. 3, Mr. Paley retains with the best MSS. *Praenesti* 'at Praeneste,' a perfectly faultless reading, but which has been needlessly altered into *Praenestis*, or *Praeneste in*. The fate of this line is an amusing instance of the manner in which it has been attempted to force the text of classical authors into conformity with arbitrary rules of Syntax. The whole question will be found fully discussed in Key's *Grammar*, §§ 950—953, 990. Mr. Paley, however, hesitates to call *Praenesti*, in this passage, plainly, a dative. He prefers to call it the *locative* case, with which he thinks the ablative and dative are sometimes confounded, (see v. 8, 10). It is difficult to see any

necessity for supposing the existence of a distinct locative case within the range of the Latin language ; and it has been satisfactorily shown by Professor Key that from this locative idea, as the ground-meaning, the other significations of the dative case are most readily deduced. Mr. Paley shews some ground for his opinion, that Propertius uses the ablative with unusual freedom ; yet some of the instances to which he refers seem to us instances of the ordinary uses of the ablative, as expressing 'the point of time,' and 'the instrument or means' whether immediate or more remote ; as, for instance, *meo funere*, i, 17, 21 ; *tuo corpore*, iii. 18, 57 : *insultet mea morte*, in iv. 6, 24, where we might have expected *morti*, is as legitimate a variation as *cedentibus appellatione*, in Livy, iii. c. 34, where many editors insist on *appellationi*, against the authority of all the manuscripts. This reading in Livy is well supported by Propertius, iii. 26, 84—

'Anseris indocto carmine cessit olor.'

We are glad to find that Mr. Paley protests against, as unphilosophical, the common explanation,—if it can be called an explanation,—of these and similar passages, that they are instances of the 'ablative used for the dative.'

On iii. 23, 5—

'Hic equidem Phæbo visus mihi pulchrior ipso
Marmoreus tacita carmen hiare lyra ;'

Mr. Paley writes : 'A remarkable and unquestionable instance of the use of this word in a writer of the Augustan age, which tends to disprove its alleged derivation from *ego quidem*.' We were not a little surprised to read on, in allusion to another well known objection to this derivation from the quantity of the *ē*, 'It is not easy to assent to the opinion of Dr. Donaldson, Varron. p. 443, 'that the initial *ē* is long, and that it must, therefore, have been pronounced in verse *equ'em*, and that in Persius, i. 110, '*per me equidem sint omnia protinus alba*.' We must read *me quidem*, and pronounce 'it *per me qu'em*.' We had not met with this ingenious explanation and conjecture as Dr. Donaldson's before, but we well remember to have heard them both from the lips of Professor Key, twelve or thirteen years ago, in the class-rooms of University College ; and on turning to the *Alphabet* * of that distinguished philologist, in a treatise 'on the Metres of Terence and Plautus,' at p. 141, we find both the explanation and the emendation of Persius, i. 110, (and another of v. 45,) distinctly proposed, and fully vindicated. We have not the *Varro-nianus* of Dr. Donaldson at hand, but Mr. Paley's scrupulous references to the sources whence his criticisms are derived are sufficient guarantee that, had any hint been furnished in its pages that Dr. Donaldson was indebted to another for the suggestion, he would not have failed to state this to his readers. At all events, we conclude that Dr. Donaldson

* This work was published in 1844. The remarks on *quidem*, and its compounds *equidem*, *siquidem*, &c., first appeared in the *Journal of Education*, vol. ii. part 2, published as long since as 1831.

does not explicitly assign the theory, and the emendation founded on it, to Professor Key. Dr. Donaldson is a scholar of unquestioned ability; but it cannot but be that one whose researches extend into so many and such diverse fields as his have done, must often work with the materials collected by other men; and the greater the advantage derived from the labours of such men, the stronger is the obligation under which they lie to acknowledge their debt to the first investigators. This may not always be possible. It is sometimes difficult to say, whence came the first form of an elaborate hypothesis; but no such excuse can apply to a case like the present. It is certainly possible that two inquirers may, independently of each other, hit on a happy conjecture, or a hypothetical explanation of a word; but this is exceedingly unlikely when the conjecture and the theory are so intimately connected; and, we cannot but add, still less likely in the present instance, as Dr. Donaldson has before shown a very extensive acquaintance with the writings and investigations of Professor Key. Against these appropriations, whether on a larger or smaller scale, whether proceeding from carelessness, or from some still more exceptionable cause, we feel bound to protest, for the sake of English scholarship generally, and not less for the sake of the reputation of those who appropriate than of the fair fame of those who are thus laid under contribution. To return to the passage under consideration—we are disposed to acquiesce, doubtingly, in Mr. Paley's suggestion, that *hic equidem visus mihi Phæbus = hic equidem Phæbum videbam*, unless some happy conjecture, as in the two passages of Persius, shall be lighted on, by which the difficulty can be more successfully met.

We here take leave of this admirable edition of Propertius. We trust that its publication may draw the attention of English students more generally to the works of an author highly deserving of careful study.

A Visit to Mexico, by the West India Islands, Yucatan, and the United States. By W. P. ROBERTSON. 2 vols. 8vo. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1853.

Mr. Robertson visited Mexico on a mission in behalf of the Mexican bondholders in this country, and acquitted himself in his trust, it appears, to the satisfaction of the parties concerned. Of Mr. Robertson's competency so to do, we entertain no doubt. But his literary capabilities are not on a par with his commercial proficiency. He writes, indeed, with ease and freedom, and, in the main, sensibly, and was, we can readily believe, disposed to make himself agreeable in the succession of companionships which befel him both by sea and land. But his brain has not been a good sieve. He has not known how to retain the things worth retaining, and to let off the remainder. The important and the frivolous, the valuable and the worthless, come up alike in his pages, and the reader feels, by the time he has reached the end, that to acquaint himself with material that would have sufficed for one good volume, he has been obliged to read two. It is due to Mr. Robertson to say that he seems himself to have become aware, when

too late, that a little more winnowing would have been desirable, especially in his first volume, and it is to that volume that our remark chiefly applies. To those who know little of Mexico, and the other places described, these volumes will be full of instruction that may be relied upon; and to those who are tolerably informed concerning the people and the regions of South America, Mr. Robertson's account will possess value as having its place among the latest. The account of Yucatan is novel and interesting; and that of the mines in the district of Real del Monte, is, we believe, fuller and more satisfactory than will be found elsewhere. The parts also described as 'The City of Mexico,' and the 'Review of Mexico,' supply much recent information as to the parties, the politics, the religion, the general usages, and much beside, among the people of Mexico, and in the communities with whom the Mexicans have relationship and intercourse. Even here, the material given might have been given with more distinctness, and with better arrangement—but from the hands of Mr. Robertson, it seems, we must be content to get the material, without exacting anything very discriminating or analytical in his manner of presenting it. Mr. Robertson shows that England has a deep interest in the prosperity of these South American states, and becomes eloquent in support of the policy of seeking our future markets in such regions, rather than among the exhausted and despotic states of Europe.

C. Cornelii Taciti de Vita et Moribus Cn. Julii Agricolaë Liber.

Ad fidem Codicum denuo collatorum recensuit et commentariis enarravit FR. C. WEX. 8vo. Williams and Norgate. London. 1852.

C. Cornelii Taciti de Vita, &c. Recensuit FR. C. WEX. 12mo.

Williams and Norgate. London. 1852.

In this edition the text of the *Agricola* is for the first time placed on a satisfactory footing. Two MSS. of this treatise exist in the Vatican Library, numbered 3429 and 4498, and cited as Γ and Δ, and the margin of the former of these contains various readings, apparently derived from another manuscript source. On these really depends the text of the *Agricola*, yet their readings have not been, until recently, carefully examined. Previous editors have, for the most part, been driven to rely on the three editions of the *Agricola*, printed at Milan towards the end of the fifteenth century. Wex shows that the text of these Milan editions was really derived from the first of the Vatican manuscripts cited as Γ, but that that excellent MS. was most inadequately used, partly from a failure to understand the numerous marks of contraction employed in it, and partly from mere carelessness. From the former cause arose such errors as *et toti, locorumque, accedunt*, for *etiam totius, locorum quoque, accedunt*, which are written in Γ thus: *et toti, locorumq., accedunt*. Of these MSS. Wex has been able to obtain a most copious and careful collation, and on them principally is founded the very laborious and excellent edition before us. The text and commentary, critical and expla-

natory, are preceded by learned prolegomena, in which, after an account of the sources for the text, we have a full and interesting treatise on the principles on which the editor has proceeded in dealing with his materials. In this chapter, 'De emendanda librorum scriptura,' several grammatical questions of importance are incidentally raised and treated of: thus, on p. 39 a long and learned examination is entered into of the use of the indicative in the conditional clause of hypothetical sentences, a usage so characteristic of Tacitus. The editor shows that the difficulties which attend this construction are greater than they are sometimes imagined to be, and even if the views enunciated by him do not find general acceptance, he cannot fail, by his copious collection and careful classification of instances, to have thrown much light on what is one of the most obscure points of Latin grammar. We would remark, in passing, how strong an example the editor furnishes of the radical viciousness of the common nomenclature of the Latin tenses: after the admission, 'temporis autem, quod parum apto nomine *Imperfectum* nominatur,' he adds, 'neque minus frequens est plusquamperfecti, quod *Perfecti est Imperfectum* (!), in hoc genere usus.'

A curious and informing notice is given, in pp. 55—62, of the system of abbreviated writing adopted in the MS. F, and in other MSS.; and several obscure passages are emended by the editor, some conjecturally, by reference to this practice. In c. xiii. the MSS. have *D. Claudius auctoritate operis*, a reading which yields no sense, and Puteolanus, the editor of the Milan editions, substituted *auctor operis*, which is no real improvement: Wex conjectures that the more ancient copies had *auctorit'ati operis*, i. e., *auctor iterati operis*, an ingenious and probable emendation, yielding a most satisfactory meaning. He supports his conjecture by stating that the Vatican MSS. almost uniformly give *ad'rsa, univ'sarum, cel'a, ex'citus, &c.*, for *adversa, universarum, cetera, exercitus, &c.* Similarly, in c. xviii., one of the old MSS. has *uterentur*, the other *verterentur*; it cannot be doubted that *u'terentur* in an earlier MS., was the source of this confusion. This chapter, which extends to a considerable length, contains much useful matter both for the advanced scholar, and especially for the younger student, to whom it is of no slight importance to possess more knowledge of the contents, and of the common errors, of MSS. than can be derived from the lists of various readings appended to the text of our ordinary editions.

Another chapter of the prolegomena contains a very valuable investigation into the various invasions of this country by the Romans.

The editor regrets that he has been compelled to confine his labours to the restoration and interpretation of the text, complaining of the small value of recent English books of antiquarian research on the subject matter of the *Agricola*, and which he attributes to the undue estimate entertained in England of the merit of the work *De Situ Britannia*, attributed to Richard of Cirencester. This treatise, Wex asserts, not now for the first time, and maintains with weighty argu-

ments, to be an impudent forgery of Charles Bertram, by whom it was first published at Copenhagen in 1757, and who professed to have found it there in manuscript.

The second work, of which the title is given at the head of this notice, is a reprint, for schools, of the text of the larger edition.

History of the Byzantine Empire, from 716 to 1057. By GEORGE FINLAY. 8vo, pp. 542. Blackwood & Sons.

This volume appears at a juncture favourable to its being read, and its merits are such as to entitle it to attention at any time. Now that all eyes are turned towards Constantinople, the uncertainties of its future are naturally disposing men to look to its past. The talk in some quarters is, that the time has come in which the Turkish empire should be declared extinct, and the Greck empire should be restored, and raised to its old place. Whatever may be the fate of this notion, a work of the complexion before us, based on adequate learning, pervaded by philosophical intelligence and right feeling, and possessing the attraction of a clear, vigorous, and polished style, will be welcome to the student of history, and to not a few general readers, when the excitements of the moment have passed. Gibbon has long been our principal guide over this wide field of the past, but his pictures are more gorgeous than instructive, wanting throughout, as all great rhetorical performances are sure to be, in distinctness of information. No intelligent man, in search of knowledge on this subject, can open a page of this volume, still less look through its table of contents, without feeling that it is the kind of book that has been a desideratum with him. Mr. Finlay observes justly, that the history of the Byzantine empire divides itself into three periods, strongly marked by distinct characteristics—the period from the accession of Leo III. in 716, terminating with the reign of Michael III. in 867: the period from 867 to the deposition of Michael VI. in 1057: and the period from 1057 to the conquest of the Byzantine empire by the Crusaders in 1204. It is to the first two of these periods that the present volume is restricted—showing how the Iconoclasts became predominant in the church of the East, and orthodoxy was secured; how both the Roman law and the Christian religion were conserved for a while against the Saracens; and how the central power of the empire sought to become strong by the rigid subordination of all other power to its will. During the last two centuries of this interval, the Byzantine empire reached its highest point of external splendour, and internal prosperity. ‘The Saracens,’ says Mr. Finlay, ‘were pursued into the plains of Syria. Antioch and Edessa were reunited to the empire. The Bulgarian monarchy was conquered, and the Danube became again the northern frontier. The Sclavonians in Greece were almost exterminated. Byzantine commerce filled the whole Mediterranean, and legitimated the claim of the emperor of Constantinople to the title of autocrat of the Mediterranean Sea. But the real glory of this period consisted in the power of the law. Respect for the administration of justice pervaded society more generally than it had ever done at any preceding period

‘of the history of the world—a fact which our greatest historians have overlooked, though it is all-important in the history of human civilization.’

The Theory and Practice of Caste. By B. A. IRVING, Esq.

1st ed., pp. 182. Smith, Elder & Co. 1853.

The caste treated of in this seasonable and instructive essay is that of India, and the essay is the Le Bas prize essay for the present year. When Mr. Le Bas retired from the office of Principal in Haileybury College, after sustaining that office for thirty years, the men who had been educated in that institution during his presidency, testified their respect for his character by establishing a prize fund in Cambridge, in his name, securing a premium for a successful essay on some topic of literature every year. The essay before us consists of six chapters, under the following titles,—1. *Caste as it is in Theory, according to the Code of Menu—Caste as it prevails at the present day.* 2. *Effects of Caste on the Political, Military, and Civil Institutions of our Indian Empire.* 3. *Effects of Caste on the Social and Domestic Institutions of India.* 4. *Effects of Caste on the Moral and Religious Character of the Institutions of India.* 5. *Caste as it affects the Conversion of the Hindoos to Christianity.* 6. *Probable effects of Caste on the Future Destinies of India.* These titles are promising, and the information given under each has been selected from good sources. There are points on which some of our readers will feel disposed to dissent from the opinions of the author, but all must feel grateful to him for his facts. The book is in its substance a good book, and may be commended to all persons desirous of information on the subject to which it relates.

A Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, A.L.S. pp. 451. John Van Voorst 1853.

Mr. Gosse has an eye for nature, the knowledge which gives him an insight into nature, and a heart to respond without weariness to her mysteries, her wonders, and her beauties. In this beautifully illustrated volume there is not a little that will be new even to the accomplished naturalist; while to those who may have bestowed but little attention on the subject of natural history, it cannot fail to be to them as they read, a book of marvellous revelations. The object of the writer is not to publish a book on systematic zoology, or on mere zoology at all. His aim is rather to make his readers acquainted with nature, and with the denizens of nature, even the most humble and overlooked among them, as they come in his way. In defence of this mode of dealing with his subject he says:—

‘If it should be objected that—to treat of the facts which science reveals to us, in any other manner than that technical measured style, which aims not at conveying any pleasurable emotion beyond the mere acquisition of knowledge, and is therefore satisfied with being coldly correct,—is to degrade science below its proper dignity, I would modestly reply that I think otherwise. That the increase of knowledge is in itself a pleasure to a healthy mind is surely true; but is there not in our hearts a chord that thrills in response to the beautiful, the joyous, the perfect, in nature? I aim to convey to my reader, to *reflect*, as it were, the complacency which is produced in my own mind by the contemplation of the excellence impressed on everything which God has created.’—*Preface.*

Scenes in other Lands, with their Associations. By JOHN STOUGHTON. 12mo. Jackson & Walford. 1853.

Mr. Stoughton, in common with Dr. Forbes, gets his ramble, and publishes a book. What we have said before we might here say again. But men who have done something in authorship have their readers; and these 'Scenes in Other Lands' will convey both pleasure and instruction to not a few who would otherwise have known less of the places described, and have been less acquainted with the historical associations which give them interest. It is the province of literature to elevate the public taste, but even literature must stoop to conquer. Our most gifted men are writing every day, not exactly as they would choose to write, but as they know they must write if they are to be read. Mr. Stoughton aims to interest his readers that he may instruct them, and the volume before us is well adapted to its purpose, both in its style and substance. It is a book full of good sense and good feeling, and by the majority of readers it will be read with a measure of delight rarely imparted by books of much higher pretensions. The 'Other Lands' embraced in Mr. Stoughton's travels are the lands of the Swiss and the Lombard; and the space between Geneva and Verona furnishes scenes and memories enough to dispose a man to give some utterance to his thoughts and impressions concerning them. Beautiful sights, and the names of great men, great for good or evil, meet you at almost every halting-place.

The Administration of the East India Company; a History of Indian Progress. By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE. 8vo. pp. 712.

The purpose of this volume of seven hundred pages is to report what may be reported as favourable to the claims of the East India Company. But in looking to what the Company has done, it behoves us also to look to what it *might* have done, and has failed to do. In judging also of 'Indian Progress,' we feel bound to distinguish between that portion of progress which has resulted apparently from the unprompted wisdom and humanity of the directors, and that which has been forced upon those gentlemen from without—between what has been done, moreover, by their means, and what has been done by other means, not only independently of them, but often in defiance of them. In the service of the Company there are, no doubt, many noble-minded men, and far be it from us to attempt to detract from their honourable services—but the fact is now patent to every one, and can never be ignored again, that the government in Leadenhall-street is an anomaly among the institutions of this country, and that its rule by its Venetian system of favouritism, secrecy, and arbitrariness, must ere long come to an end. It is not in human nature that rulers so conditioned should rule humanely or justly.

We may couple with this reference to Mr. Kaye's volume, mention of the learned treatise on 'The Land Tax of India, according to the Moohunmadan Law,' (Smith, Elder, & Co.) a work written, like that of Mr. Kaye, by an admirer of the Company, but a work, nevertheless, with which the statesman and the politician would do well to make themselves acquainted.

↓ *Cyclopædia Bibliographica, Part I. to VIII.* Royal 8vo. Darling, 1852—1853.

The idea of this work is a good one; and if it be completed as it has been commenced, it will be a book of great utility to students. In its full title it is described as 'A Library Manual of Theological and General Literature, and a Guide for Authors, Preachers, Students, and Literary Men, Analytical, Bibliographical, and Biographical.' Under the names of Authors, it gives you, for the most part, some notice of their lives, and a full account of their writings. In a work so comprehensive it may not be difficult to detect imperfections or inaccuracies, but in our references to it we have been highly gratified on finding so much reason to think that these labours—for labours truly they are—have been committed to competent hands.

Longer Exercises in Latin Prose Composition, chiefly translated from the writings of modern Latinists: with an Introduction and Notes. By J. W. DONALDSON, D.D., Head Master of Bury School, and formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. London: J. W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1853.

Latine Grammaticæ Rudimenta: extracted from the complete Latin Grammar. By J. W. DONALDSON, D.D., Head Master of Bury School. London: J. W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1853.

The first of these works will be found useful by students who wish to cultivate the habit of writing Latin for its own sake, and not simply as a means of increasing their acquaintance with the niceties of Latin authors.

The Grammar is so far a step in the right direction, as it partially adopts, in the declension of nouns and the conjugation of verbs, what has been called the crude-form system. Yet this is so imperfectly done in the case of substantives, that the beginner is in scarcely less danger of having his conceptions confused than under the system pursued in the older grammars. Had Dr. Donaldson been acquainted with a 'Latin Grammar on the System of Crude Forms,*' by Professor Key, he would have seen how this principle, the partial adoption of which by himself rather increases than lessens the beginner's great difficulty, can be made to comprehend, in a harmonious system, all Latin nouns.

We should have been glad to stop here; but the Introduction to the 'Longer Exercises' contains instances of reckless attack on scholars who have chanced to incur Dr. Donaldson's displeasure, which must not pass unnoticed. On page xxvii. we read:—

'Of all the absurdities which have been written on the subject of *immo*,† the

* Dr. Donaldson takes especial care to inform his readers (*Longer Exercises*, p. xli.) that he has not seen this book. Had he had the good fortune to have done so, he would not have written, in the preface of his smaller grammar, 'I do not know any other elementary work which completely enumerates and classifies all the pronouns and numerals.' He would have found a still more complete enumeration of them on pp. 35—39, 40—50, of Key's *Larger Grammar*.

† We agree with Dr. Donaldson's derivation of *immo*, rather than with Mr. Long's, though not at all with his explanation of *imus* as a mutilation of *infimus*.

most gratuitous is that which is published by Mr. George Long, in the *Classical Museum*, No. ix. pp. 291, *sqq.* And it deserves special exposure, because it proceeds from a man of ability, who, after having spent many intervening years in the useful, but miscellaneous and distracting labour of editing the Penny Cyclopædia, or in endeavouring, *invita Minerva*, to appropriate and naturalize the juristic system of Savigny, has returned at the eleventh hour to the Latin language, which he had never properly learned, or had entirely forgotten,' &c.

We need not stop to inquire what our readers think of the good taste of this passage, for Dr. Donaldson has, fortunately, endeavoured to justify his abuse in a foot-note, in which he asserts that Mr. Long 'does not understand the first principles of word-building,' because he holds *urcesso, facesso*, &c., to be secondary forms from *arcio*, *facio*, &c., and does not recognise them to be compounds of *sino*! 'Now all derivations in *-sso*, or rather *-isso*,' argues Dr. Donaldson, 'are of the first conjugation; these are of the fourth or consonant form, and the perfect *-sivi* shows that they involve *sino*.' We leave the reader to judge of the logic of the first of these reasons; for the second, we might as well argue from the perfect of *cupio*, that it is a compound of *co*. Dr. Donaldson then asserts, that 'Mr. Long cannot translate a piece of Latin prose without mistaking the meaning;' and in proof, he quotes a translation by Mr. Long, (of course a free translation,) in his article 'Tacitus,' in Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography*, of a passage of Pliny. He then gives a translation of his own, which differs from Mr. Long's in two points, one of which is unimportant in a paraphrase, and the other turns upon a well known ambiguity of the Latin language, in which we certainly think that Mr. Long has here decided more correctly than Dr. Donaldson. In spite of the characteristic comment that 'no one, who had more than a schoolboy knowledge of Latin, would give such a bald version,' as that which he quotes, we do not think that Mr. Long's high reputation for accurate scholarship is in much peril, if such charges as these (the third adduced is even more frivolous,) are the worst that Dr. Donaldson can bring against it.

The second example we find in p. 41. Dr. Donaldson is speaking of bad etymologies: he says,—

'The worst which occurs to me at this moment is due to a Mr. Key, who has furnished the *London Philological Society* with many derivations of a distressing—or ludicrous—character. I learn from the *Classical Museum* (No. xix., p. 65), for I have not seen his book, that he has published a *Latin Grammar*, in which *discors* is derived from *dis* and *corda* (*sic*), 'a string,' and made to signify 'of a different note.'

Without being prepared to defend this derivation, we would ask, Does Dr. Donaldson really suppose that *corda* was so spelt in ignorance? Does he not perceive that this very spelling was designed to signify that the word is not a Greek word in the sense in which he uses that term? Is he so sure that *καρδία* and *χορδή* are not connected words? And has he never heard of compounds which retain the primitive meaning of a root, when that meaning has almost disappeared from the simple?

Would the reader believe that the Mr. Long, 'who conceals his want

of knowledge under an affectation of bluntness and simplicity,' is the scholar to whom the first edition of the *New Cratylus* was dedicated 'as a memorial of regard and esteem from his sometime pupil?' Or, that the Mr. Key, whose very name we are led to suppose that Dr. Donaldson has recently heard for the first time, is the Professor T. H. Key, to whose 'excellent article' in the *Journal of Education*, the readers of the first edition of the *Varronianus* were referred? They will have no difficulty in accounting for this startling change of tone who are acquainted with a certain controversy waged, some years since, between Dr. Donaldson and Professor Key, and in the course of which appeared a letter from Mr. Long, characterized by a 'bluntness and simplicity' which were, we doubt not, most disagreeable to Dr. Donaldson.

Results of the System of Separate Confinement, as administered in Pentonville Prison. By JOHN S. BURT, B.A., Assistant Chaplain. 8vo. Longman.

Chapters on Prisons and Prisoners. By JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Chaplain of Pentonville Prison. 8vo. Longman. Second Edition.

Juvenile Delinquents, their Condition and Treatment. By MARY CARPENTER. Fcp. W. & F. C. Cash. 1853.

We place these works together, obviously because they relate to the same subject—the treatment of our criminals. Mr. Burt's volume gives the mental, moral, physical, economical, and industrial results of the separate confinement system in the Pentonville Prison. On all these points, the conclusions at which he arrives are decidedly in favour of 'rigorous and protracted separation.' It is certain that the system is becoming general throughout Europe, and that its revival in Europe is in great part the result of the success with which it has been acted upon in the United States. Mr. Burt is strongly opposed to what is called the mixed system, which restricts the separate confinement of the criminal to twelve months, and admits him to associated employment, and to a place in public works. In Pentonville prison a change has taken place of late in the latter direction, of which Mr. Burt says—

'It has been shown from the results of actual experience—first, that no excess of insanity, or excess of sickness or mortality, no excess of expenditure, required the relaxation of the original discipline, or the limitation of the term of confinement to twelve months; and secondly, that those changes have been followed by an increase of every evil which they were designed to lessen. The evidence is, upon every point, in favour of a return to the original system, to an extent which, I believe, will exceed the expectations of the most decided advocates of that system.'—p. 246.

The only alleviations which Mr. Burt would allow to the rigour of isolation, are those which are necessary to health, and those which conduce to reformation. But the separate system itself, it must be remembered, is a mitigation of the system of complete solitude. It cedes to the prisoner intercourse with superior officers, and with those interested in his instruction and reformation. The book is full of material with which those practically concerned in such questions should make themselves acquainted.

Mr. Kingsmill's volume takes in a wider range. It treats of the interest which society has in the measures taken to diminish crime; on the causes and character of crime in England; on the punishment of crime; on prison life; and on the means by which crime may be prevented. The daily average of prisoners in England and Wales is about 18,000, supported at the cost of 20*l.* each per annum. It was ascertained in Liverpool, in 1847, that fourteen criminal children cost the country sixty guineas each upon the average, exclusive of the subsequent expense of transportation, in the case of the greater part. These facts give some idea of the *costs* of criminal *prosecutions*, but beyond this is the *loss* to society in plundered property. The prisoners annually convicted of theft are about 3000, whose plunder has been estimated at a quarter of a million annually. But these 3000 are not supposed to be more than a thirtieth part of those who live by such means; so that each generation of thieves among us costs us some twenty-four millions sterling, in the loss of property, over and above the entire expense of our police and prison establishments. Among the causes which contribute to this prevalence of crime, next to the ordinary drinking habits of our people, a conspicuous place must be assigned to the licensed places of amusement, pleasure-gardens, low concert-rooms, night saloons, and the theatres. Opinion in this country and in America has pronounced against our theatres, as being, to a great extent, the *purloins* of vice; but experiment has demonstrated, that so surely as they cease to be such, they cease to exist. The snares laid in the other places mentioned, by women, by gamblers, and by inducements to intoxication, are such as do not admit of full description. The result is, the man *must have money*, and he learns to get it as he *may*. The following account of doings in Manchester, by a portion of the class thus trained, was supplied by a convict, of much experience in his profession, not more than two years since. It shows how things are done when the male and female travel together to assist themselves from the property of their neighbours:—

'The women now *travelling* look so maidenlified and comely in their person, that no human being would suspect their being pickpockets. Their attire is generally of the best, but it is not so with all. Some of the female *wires* are dressed in the first style. There are three of them attending the shops where the most ladies go to; one woman acts as servant, while the *wire* acts mistress. When they go into one of these shops, as any other lady might do, they are on the watch to see when purses are pulled out, and the '*mistress*' gets close to a lady who has shown a purse, *wires* her of it, and then contrives to give it to the servant, who goes away, while the mistress remains in the shop, and, if she is clever, gets another purse before leaving it. There are now in Manchester three of the cleverest lady-*wires* travelling:—one from Birmingham, one from Leeds, and one from Liverpool. The oldest of these three is about twenty-four, and the youngest about sixteen. This youngest keeps a young man, who is dressed like any gentleman, with his gold watch, and curb chain attached to it; and she dressed so, that any magistrate who saw her would say she never could be anything of the sort; only her speech instantly condemns her. Last summer, at Birkenhead and Chester Railway stations, one or two of these ladylike *wires* attended regularly. They frequent, also, private sales in town and country. One may see them with books in their hands, like other ladies, and giving now and then a bid for an article, but they never come away with anything *bought* at the sales. They look into newspapers for intelli-

gence about sales, and also about concerts, which they attend. I knew one woman and her man who got more money than any three women travelling. They had their own horse and gig, riding about from fair to fair. Not long after coming out of Wakefield, where she had been twelve months, both she and her man got transported three years ago at Derby. There is now in Manchester and Liverpool about fifty or sixty of these women *wives*, one day dressed up in their best, another day quite plain, to escape any information that may have been given.'—pp. 8, 9.

But the villany which men learn in the haunts of the dissipated and the lawless, is far exceeded by what is almost forced upon them in our common gaols—where the young, committed, it may be, for a first offence, are often mixed indiscriminately, by day and by night, with a majority who have become hardened in every vice. The hell-pits which some of the cells thus occupied present, are too horrible to admit of full description. Suffice it to say, that the most atrocious criminal—even when a murderer, if a man of any education or talent—is commonly accounted the hero for the time, and rules the pandemonium as his own.

Mr. Kingsmill's volume gives the arguments in favour of the associated system of labour, as succeeding the separate system, and, on this account, may be consulted with advantage along with that of Mr. Burt.

But we must not forget the volume by Miss Carpenter. Our authoress complains, in her preface, that so many thousands should be eagerly contributed for the benefit of heathen children at a distance, by not a few who have scarcely bestowed one sympathizing thought on the condition of the young heathens who are as truly perishing, both for this world and the next, in the lanes and courts near their own dwelling—and the complaint is not without some reason. The following is Miss Carpenter's summary of the first half of her volume:—

'In the foregoing chapters, some faint idea has been given of the moral disease with which we are attempting to grapple. We have endeavoured, in the youthful patients before us, to point out the symptoms of their morbid condition, which, in some, is merely accidental, the effects of external circumstances which may be removed; in others of a long habit of vice, and a total absence of all regenerating principles; in others, again, it has borne the stamp of a deep-rooted and hereditary malady. We have looked into the homes of these children, and beheld there, not wretched poverty, striving in vain to satisfy the children's cravings with a morsel of bread,—not ill-paid industry, begging only for liberty to work,—not fathers and mothers living in the fear of God, and striving, if they could bestow on their offspring no other gift, to give them such knowledge as would guide them here and hereafter; but we have seen, in some cases, homes where the weekly earnings of the families might supply them with every needful comfort, in most a condition above actual poverty, but where vicious indulgence, the gratification of the lowest animal tastes, hardened the heart against all good and holy influences,—stifled the voice of conscience,—deadened all natural affections; we have encountered those who would not work, but who lived unblushingly in the face of society as 'professed thieves,' acknowledged vagabonds by calling, travellers on the highway that leadeth to destruction,—and these were the parents of children! We have beheld them rejecting or neglecting proffered means of educating the young beings whom they had brought into the world, and leaving them to grow up as wicked as themselves.'—pp. 161, 162.

Such is the actual state of things, shown by the most credible testimony, in many forms, largely by the confessions of delinquents themselves, when their depredations have been brought to a period. One

material fact eliminated by these details is, that juvenile delinquency does not proceed in the main from necessary poverty, or from a want of the means of honest employment, but from vicious causes, and causes chargeable, for the greater part, upon the parents. Many of these young offenders spend much the greater part of their time in our different prisons, and often continue to levy their exactions on the community for a series of years before they reach the point of transportation. Our prison authorities who aim to secure the young in crime against contamination from the older by separate confinement, do well; and those who place them under mental and industrial training while undergoing their period of confinement, have aimed to do better; but the success of such experiments has been, at best, but partial, and the disease has still to be met by some more adequate remedy. Miss Carpenter urges, in consonance with principles acted upon in the United States, and in many states of the Continent, that our present system of commitment in the case of juvenile offenders should be entirely abandoned; that such offenders, in place of being sent to our gaols, should be sent to reformatory asylums, where other influences beside fear should be employed for their restoration. The remaining half of Miss Carpenter's volume is occupied in exhibiting the practical development of this scheme as carried out by those who have most successfully attempted it. We shall possibly return to this subject ere long, but our space at present does not permit us to do more than so far to indicate the contents of the treatise before us. It relates to a subject which *must* engage more of the public attention; and even our legislators, who, we regret to say, have generally to be *moved* to almost every step in the right direction, are beginning to feel their way to something better.

The Imperial Dictionary, English, Technological, and Scientific, adapted to the present state of Literature and Art. Illustrated by above Two Thousand Engravings on Wood. Edited by JOHN OGILVIE, LL.D. 2 vols. quarto. pp. 2322. Blackie & Son, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and London.

Johnson, Richardson, Webster—these are the three great lights in the firmament of English dictionaries. The works are each original, and severally mark an epoch in lexicographical art. Richardson's, though a work of real merit, and of special value in its vast collection of historical instances illustrative of the meaning of words, is somewhat peculiar in its construction, and not, on that account, very fit to form the basis of a new work. Johnson and Webster, on the contrary, readily adapt themselves to the additions and improvements which an ever-advancing civilization suggests and requires. Accordingly, both have appeared in several editions. Johnson, already improved and enlarged by Todd, is now undergoing revision at the hands of that eminent philologist, Dr. Latham; and in *The Imperial Dictionary*, Dr. Ogilvie has performed the same office for Webster. If we expect much from Dr. Latham's labours, we possess much in the results of Dr. Ogilvie's; and though we by no means wish to discourage attempts

at further improvements, we must, in honesty, say that Dr. Ogilvie has not only produced the best English dictionary that exists, but, so far as the actual state of knowledge permitted, has made some approach toward perfection.

As will appear from what has been said, *The Imperial Dictionary*, while it avails itself generally of the lexicographical labours of others, has specially for its basis the American Dictionary of Webster. In the preparation of his work, Dr. Ogilvie took special pains to correct what was wrong, and supply what was wanting in Webster, in order to adapt the new work to the present state of literature, science, and art. Accordingly, in a labour extending over a period of ten years, Dr. Ogilvie subjected the pages of Webster to a careful examination, made numerous alterations and emendations, rewrote a vast number of articles, enlarged many of Webster's explanations of important terms, and gave new and more correct definitions of others, adding new senses to old words where they were found wanting, and introducing a multitude of new words and terms, especially in the scientific and technological departments; so that to Webster's addition of 12,000 words to Todd's Johnson's vocabulary of 58,000 words, a further addition has been made of at least 15,000 words, producing a total of above 85,000 terms here explained and illustrated. Number, however, is not the only point to be regarded. It is possible to heap together words, called English, and used, perhaps, by some authority, greater or less, and thereby to do nothing else than confound with the wheat those tares which the lexicographer ought most carefully to separate, and cast away. In a point of this nature purity is to be regarded no less than comprehensiveness. Under this conviction the editor of the *Imperial Dictionary* has aimed to select his terms, and to form his vocabulary, so as to ensure that the work shall contain all purely English words.

If, however, we state what have been the specific objects of the editor of this very useful work, we may say that he has undertaken, 1, to comprehend all the words contained in Johnson's *Dictionary*, with the additions of Todd and Webster, and words selected from the other standard dictionaries and encyclopedias, together with many thousand words and terms in modern use, not included in any former English dictionary; 2, to exhibit the etymologies of English words, deduced from an examination and comparison of words of corresponding elements in the principal languages of Europe and Asia; 3, to render the pronunciation of words easy and obvious by accentuation, by marking the sounds of the accented vowels when necessary, by writing the word a second time in different letters when the pronunciation is attended with any difficulty, or by general rules; 4, to give accurate and discriminating definitions of the words, illustrated by examples of their use, selected from the best authors, or by familiar phrases of undoubted authority; 5, to give explanations of Scripture terms and phrases, and, when necessary, to cite passages from our common version, not only to illus-

trate the scriptural or theological sense, but even the ordinary significations of the words; 6, to give accurate definition and explanations of technical and scientific terms, including those of recent origin; 7, to distinguish words that are obsolete, obsolescent, unusual, partially authorized, colloquial, local, low, vulgar, care being taken to retain those words which, though now obsolete, occur in our old English authors of celebrity; 8, to introduce such foreign words and terms as are frequently met with in English authors, together with some of the more expressive words of the Scottish language; 9, by the assistance of diagrams and engravings on words, to furnish clearer ideas of various subjects and objects, and of the signification of various terms, than could be conveyed by mere verbal description.

With regard to the execution of this scheme we can make a favourable report. To the illustrations in wood-engraving, which are generally good, we attach special importance. The etymology of the work, though not embracing the results of the most recent German scholarship, is yet commendable, and superior to that of any similar preceding work; and the definitions are generally accurate and neat. We scarcely need add, that the work has our cordial commendation.

Geheime Geschichten und Räthselhafte Menschen, &c. ('*Secret Histories and Extraordinary Men.*') By FREDERICK BÜLAU. 4 vols., small 8vo. 1850—1852. Nutt, 270, Strand, London.

A work bearing the title of *Secret Histories and Extraordinary Men*, issuing from the English press, would be condemned by the well-read as a mere compilation of ordinary wonders. Such is by no means the character of Herr Bülau's volumes, which give the results of most careful and minute inquiry, and that too in sources of information which are in no way easy of access. It is true that these volumes bring forward names which are not unknown to the student of history; but here the subject is handled so as to receive fresh illustration; most, however, of these narratives are no less true than strange, the materials for them being drawn from local histories, family traditions, or the hidden treasures of public libraries. The general character of the matter here offered to the reader will be best understood if we transcribe the subjects of some of the principal chapters. In volume I. then we find essays on The Revolution in the Russian Throne in 1762—The Revolution in the Russian Throne in 1801—The Princess Orsini—The Secret Diplomacy of Louis XV. and the Chevalier D'Eon—Scenes from the Disturbances among the Saxon Peasants in 1790—The Superstition of the Eighteenth Century—Cagliostro—Count Bonneval, a representative of the Frivolity of the Eighteenth Century—Lord Lovat. Among the contents of the second volume are—A Pretender in the Sixteenth Century—A Pretender in the Nineteenth Century—Ferdinand VI. and Charles III., Kings of Spain—Menzel and Siepmann, a contribution to the History of State and Post-office Secrets in the Eighteenth Century—Conspiracy at Malta. The third volume, among other subjects, treats of—The Natural Children of the last of the Stuarts—The Fate of the Writings

of Princes—Lord Peterborough—The Duke of Ormond—Frederic Augustus I., King of Saxony, in Exile—The Capitulation of Paris—John Lilburne. The chief piece in the fourth volume bears the title of 'The Mysteries of the Castle of Eishausen,' other subjects are—The Pretended Emperor's Daughter—A Soothsayer—Envoys from the East—The False Queen—Castlereagh and Wellington.

A deep interest belongs to many of these narratives. They, however, are too long for transference to our crowded pages. At the risk of leading our readers into the error of supposing the work a collection of anecdotes, we translate one or two of the shorter pieces :

'The Russell family reached their elevation in the following manner:—John Russell, a small Dorsetshire squire, living in the vicinity of Bridport, became acquainted with the father of the Emperor Charles V., when the latter had been driven into Weymouth by a storm. The royal personage was pleased with the companionable qualities of the worthy squire, and took him in his suite to court. In 1539, the squire was made Baron Russell of Cheyneys. In 1540, he received as a gift from Henry VIII. the Abbey of Tavistock. By the bounty of Edward VI. he became the proprietor of Woburn Monastery. Next came the earldom of Bedford. Under Charles II. the fifth earl was made a duke. His son's head, however, fell on the scaffold. Their descendant, Lord John Russell, has long been the chief governor of England.'—Vol. iii. p. 50.

'The descendants of the great Protector, Cromwell, in part experienced very unusual fates. His eldest son and successor, the soft and easy Richard, died in his 88th year, on the 13th of July, 1712, at Cheshunt, where he was left undisturbed by the Stuarts, on whose throne he for a short time sat. By his wife, Dorothy, daughter of Richard Major, Esq., of Hunsley, in Hampshire, he had three daughters, of whom Elizabeth remained unmarried, the second married a Mr. Gibson, and the third John Mortimer, Esq., but neither left any heir. Accordingly this branch of the family soon became extinct. The gifted son of the Protector, the brilliant and luxurious Henry, lived, after the restoration, at Spinney Abbey, in Cambridgeshire. He died in 1673. By his wife, Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Sir Francis Russell, Baronet, of Chippenham, he had five sons and one daughter. Of the sons, four died without leaving a successor. But the second son, Henry, who was a major in the British army, and died in 1711, married Hannah, the daughter of a merchant, by name Benjamin Hewling. Of this marriage there was born a son, who was named Thomas. This person, the great-grandson of the Protector, pursued the business of a confectioner in London, and died October 2, 1748. His eldest daughter, Anna, became the wife of John Field, who also lived in the metropolis. Of their nine children, four sons and five daughters, one son became a servant in the Mint, and a daughter married a clergyman. Oliver, the son of Thomas just mentioned, became a barrister, and survived till the year 1821. His daughter, Elizabeth Oliveria, born in 1777, married in 1801 Thomas Artemidorius Russell, Esq. Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry Cromwell, married William Russell, Esq., of Frodsham Abbey, and bore him seven sons and six daughters. Most of these appear to have died while young. However, one son, Francis by name, born in 1691, had offspring who remained in the higher ranks of society. His son, Thomas, was an officer in the army, and his daughter, Rebecca, married for her first husband Jacob Harley, Esq., and for her second, William Dyer, Esq., of Ilford, in Essex. On the other hand, a daughter of that Elizabeth Russell, also called Elizabeth, married Robert D'Aye de Rohan, who died in a workhouse. Margaret Russell married a man of low condition. Another sister was the wife of Mr. Nelson, of Wildenhall, and their son was a jeweller; their daughter married Mr. Redderock, and on becoming a widow kept a private school. These were the descendants of Cromwell's sons.

'Cromwell's daughters were, 1., Bridget, who married, 1., General Henry Ireton; 2., General Charles Fleetwood. By her first husband she had Henry, who died

without issue; Elizabeth, who married Thomas Pothill, Esq., of Olstead, in Kent; Jane, who married Richard Loyd, Esq.; Bridget, the image of her grandfather, who married Thomas Bendyshe, of Southtenon, in Sussex; and lastly, Mrs. Caxton: II. Elizabeth, who had a truly royal soul; she married John Claypole, Esq., and died in her 29th year: III. Mary, who married Thomas Viscount Fauconberry: IV. Francisca, who married Robert Rich, grandson of the Earl of Warwick; and, after his death, Sir John Russell, baronet, of Chippenham, by whom she had a numerous offspring. Thus the lot of the female descendants of Cromwell was, as a whole, much more splendid than that of the males. The intermarriages between the family of Cromwell and the family of Russell deserve attention.—Vol. iii. pp. 499—501.

THEOLOGY, ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, ETC.

A Manual of Buddhism. By R. SPENCE HARDY. 8vo, pp. 520. London. Partridge & Oakey.

This is a book of erudition and research, furnishing large material for philosophical reflection. Its character will preclude it from extensive popularity, but it is a valuable contribution to our Anglo-Asiatic literature. The subject is interesting and important, not because of any intrinsic worth which Buddhism possesses, or any valuable truth it inculcates, but because of the immense power which it wields. It is one of the mightiest religious systems in the world. Driven by persecution from central India, it has appeared to find elements of strength in its weakness, the very dispersion of its followers only contributing the more effectually to the diffusion of its doctrines. It has taken almost entire possession of the further Asiatic peninsula, and grows luxuriantly in the snows of Thibet, and among the spices of Ceylon—its votaries are to be found in the teeming cities of China, and have even penetrated through the barriers raised by the exclusive policy of Japan. It has been calculated that two-thirds of the people of Asia acknowledge its power, and it may be safely asserted that there is no creed which can boast of such a number of disciples, or so wide a range of territory. However puerile, then, may be its dogmas, and however wild and absurd its traditions, it is not to be treated with contempt. With all its monstrosities, it has been, and is, a religion to a large portion of the human race, and is exercising an almost incalculable influence, for evil or for good, upon their destinies. It affords, therefore, a subject well worthy of careful thought, and Mr. Hardy has done good service by furnishing us with data by which we may judge of the real nature of its teachings.

Our author has entered upon his task *con amore*, and is well qualified for its performance. Not only is he gifted with considerable powers of philosophic observation, and warmly interested in his theme, but he has, in consequence of his long residence in one of the principal seats of Buddhist worship, by his intimate acquaintance with the language in which the greater part of its literature is contained, and by his daily converse with its priests, enjoyed opportunities of acquiring information accessible to few. These advantages he seems to have

cultivated with all diligence, and the result is a work, embodying a complete and faithful account of its legendary lore, its cosmogonic speculations, and its ethical precepts. In a former work, Mr. Hardy has fully described the ritual of Buddhism and its priesthood—here his object is to expound the principles on which it rests. The two books together contain a complete epitome of all that is necessary to be known relating to the internal economy of this extraordinary system.

We regret that Mr. Hardy should have confined himself almost exclusively to a mere translation of Singalese MSS. His wish (as he states in his preface) has been to present an authority, not to pronounce an opinion. In this design he has certainly succeeded, for his book must unquestionably rank as a standard work on the subject. Still, we think it would not have lost in this respect, and would have gained materially in others, if he had not adhered so rigidly to the law which he has laid down. There are many points of interest in connexion with Buddhism that are obscure and subject to controversy. Thus, as to its relation to Brahminism, the opinions of different writers are wide as the poles asunder, some telling us that the latter was the original creed, and Buddhism a heresy grafted upon it; while, by others, their relative positions are directly reversed. So, too, in regard to the influence of the system upon the moral character of the people under its sway, we have a similar diversity of statement, one class of writers representing its disciples as sunk in utter depravity, and another extolling them for their many virtues. Mr. Hardy has avoided these and similar questions, and has thus, in our judgment, detracted from the completeness of his manual. An introductory chapter, embracing a brief historic *résumé* of Buddhism, its early conflicts and successes, the mode of its propagation, and the nature of its triumphs—an accurate account of its present condition—an intelligent analysis of the causes which have contributed to its remarkable diffusion, and an impartial estimate of the results by which it has been attended, would have rendered the work both more satisfactory and more popular. We trust that, at some future time, our author may do as much for the external history of the creed, as he has here accomplished in respect to the development of its great dogmas. He has taught clearly what Buddhism *is*; we desire now to learn what it has done, and how it has done it.

The principal part of the volume is devoted to a narration of the deeds ascribed by Singalee writers to Gotama Budha, from whom Buddhism received the form under which it at present appears. His whole life is so enveloped in a mist of extravagant legend that it is impossible to separate the historical from that which is purely mythical. From the indistinct hints, however, that are scattered through these traditions, we learn that he was a prince of illustrious lineage, who devoted himself to a life of asceticism; that his ascetic habits, so congenial to Eastern ideas, secured for him great favour and power; and ultimately conducted him to the Budhaship; and that he employed the

influence of his exalted station to reform the popular creed, and purify the morals of the people. These great points of his history are tolerably clear, but all its details are involved in obscurity, so effectually have his followers succeeded in obliterating the memory of his real achievements, by mixing them up with the most extravagant fictions. In accordance with the Oriental idea of the transmigration of souls, we are told that he made no less than five hundred and fifty appearances on earth in different forms, varying from an ascetic down to a frog, the desire for the Budhaship increasing in its intensity at each successive change. In the lengthened period during which these transformations took place he was a Bodhisat, or candidate for the Budhaship; and during the protracted trial thus imposed upon him, were developed all sorts of conceivable or inconceivable powers and virtues. At length the period for an enjoyment of the desired honour arrives; and now the legend, sufficiently wild before, revels in the marvellous.

Of the teachings of Gotama himself it is difficult to speak, so hard is it to separate his doctrines from the innovations that have been subsequently introduced. Mr. Hardy does not attempt to discriminate here, but is content with describing the system as it is. Its great principle is, that every kind of being is marked by 'unpermanency, unreality, and misery.' 'The Spartan prayer,' says Mr. Hardy, 'was, 'Give us what is good, and what is beautiful;' and Coleridge says, 'Poetry has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that surrounds me.' But the Buddhist seeks to realize the truth of a more ancient maxim, 'All is vanity and vexation.' The essential properties of existence are enumerated, in order to convince us that there is no self or soul. We are to contemplate the unreality of our being that we may learn to despise it, and place ourselves in such a position that we may live above its agitations, and secure its cessation.' This is the maxim which lies at the foundation of Buddhist speculations as to human duty and happiness. Starting from such a point, it is easy to see how they arrive at the conclusion, that an ascetic life is the highest style of human virtue—and Nirwána a state of utter unconsciousness—the most perfect happiness to which man could attain. To this exalted state four paths conduct, which the Budha alone has the power to reveal—the Pase Budhas, the next order of being, may find them for themselves, but cannot reveal them to others. These paths are to be entered only by different kinds of abstinence; he whose abstinence is the most entire finding the shortest path to Nirwána. We know not that it is possible to present a more sad spectacle of humanity than this; thus feeling, existence itself, so rich with good, becomes a burden and a woe—men die to all aspirations after a future and glorious state of being, and desire only to discover the path by which they may most speedily attain to utter unconsciousness. How emphatic a corroboration is here of the Apostle's declaration, that 'the Creation groaneth and travaileth together in bondage until now!' How

manifest the need for One who should come in to preach deliverance and peace!

The theology of Buddhism, as might be expected, is imperfect and unsatisfactory. It tells of a universe of boundless extent and unmeasured duration; but it seems to have no conception of a presiding mind, that first called it into being, and that has conducted it through those successive eras of destruction and reproduction of which it speaks. It gives no intelligible account of Creation at all, simply telling us that, at first, there was Awidya, a term closely resembling the chaos of the Greeks. Of the origin of that chaos, or of the power by which it was reduced to beauty and order, we learn nothing. Indeed, in the essential principles of Buddhism there seems to be no room for any superior beings, whether God, or angel, or devil; and the crowds of demons and demi-gods who are introduced, as peopling the lokas, would seem to be the additions of later hands than those of Gotama.

The moral code of Buddhism has little in it that is absolutely repulsive; but, on the other hand, there is little that is original, and still less of the generous and beautiful. Its precepts appeal entirely to man's selfishness, and exhibit only the lowest ideal of virtue. We lay down the volume only more strongly convinced than ever, that humanity needs a revelation above its own thoughts and instincts—these systems give us the enigma, they do not give us the solution—the disease, they do not give us the remedy.

Histoire de Réfugés Protestants de France, &c. 'History of the French Protestant Refugees, from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes down to our own days.' By M. CH. WEISS, Professor of History in the Lycée Bonaparte. 2 vols. small 8vo, pp. 900. Paris: Charpentier. London: Nutt, 270, Strand.

Among the works which have been issued, owing to the revived interest felt for their religion by the Protestants of France, this, by M. Weiss, may be reckoned among the most important and the most interesting. Indeed, these volumes are full of instruction, and frequently possess a dramatic interest. The author traces the men whom the bigotry of Louis XIV. and his courtisans drove from their hearths and their native land, into the several places of their exile, and describes the establishment of their colonies in Germany, in England, in Holland, in Switzerland, in America, and even in Denmark, Sweden, and Russia; speaking of the edicts of the governments of those countries in their favour, the services which they rendered to the nations by whom they were welcomed, as much in relation to politics as to agriculture, industry, commerce, literature, and religion; and showing the extent to which they contributed to the greatness, the riches, and the liberties of those lands; and, finally, their successive fusion with the natives; as well as the actual condition of their descendants. Not a slight task was it to collect the scattered materials which enter into the work. For that purpose its accomplished author visited England, Switzerland, and Holland; consulted the

public archives, as well as the records of churches founded by the emigrants, and made inquiries in the most considerable families which have sprung from so honourable a root. While M. Weiss has produced a book of great and permanent value, the accuracy of which is generally incontestable, he yet, aiming at a more thorough completeness, as well as a more minute correctness, solicits not only criticisms, but family and other documents, with a view to the employment of them in another edition. Heartily commending the work to our readers, we bespeak their attention to the author's request, not doubting that, in our own country, there are other families of deserved repute beside the Romillys, the Laboucheres, and others here referred to, that at once deserve historical commemoration, and possess important historical documents. We take it for certain that these volumes will shortly appear in an English dress, but we know not why their appearance here should prevent the publication of an independent work, descriptive of the movement as it settled and displayed itself on the soil of England.* There is a necessity for the corrective process, towards which the author invites assistance. It is impossible that, in a work of such compass, the materials for which had to be collected from so many quarters, perfect accuracy, as well as fulness, should at once have been attained.

The style is perspicuous, flowing, always neat, and sometimes elegant; the simple and inartificial overflowings of a mind full of the subject, and earnest in its development. Take, as a specimen, a few words from the concluding chapter:—

‘Of the great French religious emigration, there remains at the present day only a small number of churches scattered abroad at a distance, and which still speak the language of their founders. The greater number of the exiled families have long since disappeared. Those which subsist will soon, in their turn, be mingled with the foreign races which surround them, and of which the incessant action insensibly alters their national idiom, and transforms even their names, as if to efface their last regrets with that last sign of their origin. Without doubt, before the end of the century, they will no longer preserve any recollection of the country which their ancestors bewailed so much. In seeing their scattered communities thus dissolved, one may regret that there did not at the first appear a chief, of a family sufficiently illustrious, and of an authority sufficiently great, to rally all the proscribed under one banner. Realizing the idea of Coligny, he might have led them to America, and founded there a vast colony. He would have found under his hand all the elements of a society, numerous, energetic, full of the future;—generals, soldiers, sailors, preachers, men of science, manufacturers, artisans, commercial men, labourers, and even capitalists, to facilitate their first establishment. Was more needful to establish in the new world a flourishing French Protestant cause, and, probably, to lay there the foundations of a powerful empire? Providence decided otherwise. The fugitives dispersed over the whole world were, without being aware thereof, to become the mysterious agents of his will. They were destined, especially in America, to temper Puritan fanaticism, to impregnate the germs and favour the growth of that spirit of independence regulated by law, the magnificent results of which are at present offered to us by the United States: in Europe to develop for Prussia, to augment for Holland and England the elements of power

* Probably Burn's *History of the Foreign Protestant Refugees*, London, 1846, referred to by Mons. Weiss, may be such a work.

and prosperity which those countries contain; whose actual greatness is, in some respects, their work.'—Vol. ii. pp. 317, 318.

Memorials of Early Christianity. By JAMES G. MIALL. 12mo, pp. 372. Arthur Hall & Co. 1853.

Mr. Miall's former volume, entitled *Footsteps of our Forefathers*, presents some of the main features in the history of Protestant non-conformity in England, in a manner highly creditable to his intelligence and taste as a scholar, and to his principles and candour as a Christian. In the volume before us he conducts his readers into the earlier fields of Christian history, and avails himself of much of the light brought to this subject by recent investigations. The ecclesiastical learning of this country for more than two centuries past, has been employed, for the most part, in attempts to show precedents in the early church for the usages and opinions which have been retained in the Church of England since the Reformation. The ecclesiastical historians of Germany have not committed themselves to their labours under any such foregone conclusion, and, as the result, they have done much towards bringing the real case, and the whole case, as to the creed and custom of the earlier Christians before us. We regret that Mr. Miall does not appear to be acquainted with the early history of the Church of Rome by our learned countryman Mr. Shepherd; nor with his *Letters to Maitland*, exposing the forgeries which have passed unquestioned for so long a time as writings of Cyprian. The thanks of all lovers of Christian and historical truth are due to that gentleman, for the learning, the admirable discrimination, and the manly integrity, he has brought to these inquiries. But though Mr. Miall's book would have been a better book—a book more satisfactory to himself and to the more intelligent of his readers, had he consulted the publications adverted to, he is entitled to much praise for the knowledge, the ability, and the enlightened Christian feeling observable throughout the work he has here given to the public.

Notes, Critical and Explanatory, on the Prophecies of Jonah and Hosea. By the Rev. WILLIAM DRAKE, M.A. Macmillan & Co. Cambridge. 1853. Pp. 180.

We may divide those who study Hebrew into three classes;—first of all those who are comparatively beginners, who have but just acquired some moderate skill in eliminating roots—in extricating the kernel of a Hebrew word from the bristling husk of prefixes and affixes, and who still sigh amidst the sameness of the oriental radicals for those marked and decisive distinctions whose variety so aids the memory in the developed and elaborate languages of Greece and Rome. At the second stage the tyro has become the student; in the third he is the scholar, who pursues his researches throughout those voluminous tomes with which the scholarship of fathers and of moderns has combined to overwhelm him. The notes of Mr. Drake are designed to assist the second class, for whom little has yet been done to facilitate their path of transition to the higher grade. These annotations, therefore, occupy, for the Hebrew student, somewhat the same place with

those of Arnold to Thucydides, except that Mr. Drake, having far less expanse of text to explain, can afford to be more patient, minute, and copious in the assistance he renders. It is a farther advantage, that Mr. Drake has so compressed his information, so judiciously concentrated his efforts on the direct elucidation of his text, that readers who may have little or no acquaintance with Hebrew will consult the work with great advantage. The peculiar force of expressions in the original—the more delicate shades of meaning, are clearly indicated, and illustrated by parallel phrases (far more numerous than might at first be thought) in classical literature, while the light which modern travel and research have thrown on the sacred record by extending our acquaintance with the usages and history of the East, is carefully collected, and all this, in a moderate space, near to our hand, so that time, patience, and energy need not be wasted by persons who have little of those commodities to spare in a laborious search, which presents us, like Falstaff's bill, with a mere 'ha'penny worth of bread' to an 'intolerable deal' of erudite sack. So ably has Mr. Drake executed his task, that he will be encouraged, we trust, to take up one or more books of the Old Testament in the same manner, and furnish us with more annotations of like excellent quality.

The Preacher and the King; or, Bourdaloue in the Court of Louis XIV., being an account of the Pulpit Eloquence of that distinguished era. Translated from the French of L. BUNGENER. Paris. Twelfth edition; with an Introduction by the Rev. GEORGE POTTS, D.D., Pastor of the University Place Presbyterian Church, New York. One volume, pp. 338, small 8vo. London: Trübner & Co.

The paraphrastic title which has been prefixed to this,—an excellent translation of an excellent book,—does not convey an exact impression of the object and tendency of the original, which its author designates, *A Sermon before Louis XIV.* The full aim and purpose of Mons. Bungener can be known only when this 'One Sermon' is taken in connexion with a second publication, which is entitled, *Trois Sermons* (three sermons), which deserves, and will in time command, a degree of success equal to that of its predecessor. The two works form a continuous picture of the courts and the times of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., regarded from a religious point of view. Having this character, the two works present a series of the most painful scenes, depicting the profligacy of the *Grand Monarque*, the corruption of his courtiers, the degradation of his dignified clergy, and the prostitution of the pulpit; and when Louis XV. is master of the revels, showing the frightful unnaturalness and degeneracy into which all around the sovereign had sunk, together with the pretentious, yet superficial philosophy, which seized and swayed all heads, emptied and perverted all hearts—the ministers of religion, high in position, even more than the nobility and the tradesmen. The picture, indeed, is extended into a third work, *Voltaire et son temps* (1851), 'Voltaire and his Age,' which brings the dark catalogue of personal and social

- crimes down to the verge of the first French Revolution, and shows, if anything can show, how desperate and how dreadful is the condition of a people with whom Romanism has usurped the place of the Gospel, and begotten infidelity, vice, disorder, and anarchy. Mons. Bungener, intimately acquainted with his subject, holds a graphic pen, and possesses a creative and moulding imagination, so that he has produced in partly a fictitious and partly an historical form, a captivating as well as instructive gallery of portraits illustrative of a period which, for grandeur and darkness, finds a parallel only in the post-Augustan empire of Rome.

While however, in his *One Sermon* (somewhat strangely metamorphosed into 'The Preacher and the King'), the writer paints an age, and, in order to paint the age, paints it chiefly in its religious aspects—for in the court of Louis XIV. religion and licentiousness combined to engross honour as well as dominion—he gives specific attention to that which was accounted, of all the glories of the age, the highest—namely, the eloquence of the pulpit. Hence the volume very much wears the character of a criticism on pulpit oratory, and certainly contains many passages equally true, useful, and impressive, and not a few that are also beautiful, respecting the qualities of a good sermon, and the essentials of a good delivery. It is true, that few English divines will rise from the perusal of the volume without deeply feeling that the pulpit eloquence of the French school has been hugely overrated, and that, at any rate, it can give little direct instruction and aid to those who have to proclaim the Gospel to English auditors. Nevertheless, the author has known how to treat the art of which he discourses in its essential principles and general relations; and consequently, he has said much that is of universal application; and writing, as he does, in an earnest as well as a wise spirit, he has rendered it impossible for any docile and susceptible mind, engaged in the work of the ministry, not to feel, after perusing the volume, a desire to throw into his pulpit services not only more heart, but also more intellect, and the results of more reading, more reflection, more prayer. Having such a tendency, the work may be safely recommended to divinity students, and would afford most valuable assistance to professors of the pastoral care. Without attempting to sketch the form which the fictitious narrative pursues, we may report that, by its means, the author brings on the stage Fenelon, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, as well as the Protestant Claude, and makes these, the chief authorities on French pulpit oratory, discuss the great questions which relate to their art, as preachers of the Word of God. Of the execution, some idea may be formed from these words:—

• The characteristic which has always most impressed me (Claude is the speaker) in the style of the Bible, as if not the most striking, at least the most constant, is its simplicity. I do not speak of the simplicity of its narratives—everybody agrees that nowhere is to be found more artlessness, more grace—in regard to these qualities the same commendation applies to the whole Bible. But look in particular at the instructions of the Saviour. All those ideas, which so many profound thinkers, when they happened accidentally to stumble upon one, could not express

save in learned terms, in pompous phrases, are expressed by the Gospel with an ease, a naturalness, a candour, which it is impossible sufficiently to admire. Thus even those things which it was allowed to man to discover and comprehend, never became really popular until after Jesus Christ. Others, which the genius of man had sought for in vain, do not appear more difficult or more profound; this is, indeed, one of the reasons why revelation has sometimes been doubted. The simplicity of manner so well concealed the divinity of the matter that people easily deceived themselves into thinking that they were equally capable of saying and conceiving as much. However that may be, when called to give these grand ideas as the foundation for all his discourses, it is in the Bible that the preacher will best learn to adapt them to the capacity of all. I do not only mean by this [mean by this only] that he shall express them so as to be understood by all his hearers—I mean to say that he should be simple even with those whose more cultivated intelligence might seem to authorize him not to be so. Jesus Christ was no less so with the doctors than with the people. But the most wonderful thing about the simplicity of the Scriptures is the ease with which it allies itself with the sublimest ideas, the most magnificent images. And here, again, is something by which you will recognise the man who is truly inspired by them. He will be grand without intending it, vigorous without effort; he will affect the imagination without fatiguing the mind. The hearer will be astonished to find himself so high, and to have had so little difficulty in mounting.'—pp. 260—262.

The Reformation in England. By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

8vo, pp. 705.

This is the fifth and concluding volume of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century. Of course the old sources of information concerning the Reformation period in our history have been accessible to the distinguished foreigner who here gives us his judgment concerning this interesting section in our annals. But the historian has availed himself of new as well as of old authorities. The most recent publications issued by our State Paper Commission have been liberally placed at his service. The novelty of the book arises in part from this fact; in part also from the ease with which the writer links the proceedings of the continental Protestants with the vicissitudes of the same cause in England; and partly from that clear, pictorial, dramatic style of description, so different from the stately dullness with which most histories are written, which has characterized his history from the beginning. We scarcely need say, that a history of the English Reformation in a single volume, can be little more than an outline of its great subject; but this outline is presented with great truthfulness and force, and the points selected being the great points, there is a degree of fulness and satisfactoriness in the narrative which we hardly expected to see realized within such limits.

Der Geschichte der Heiligen Schriften Neuen Testaments, &c. (An Attempt toward a History of the Sacred Scriptures of the New Testament.) By EDWARD REUSS. Second revised and enlarged Edition. One vol. 8vo, pp. 536. 1853. London: Nutt, 270, Strand.

The reappearance, after a period of ten years, of this work by Professor Reuss, of the University of Strasburg, is a proof of its intrinsic merit, for with all the interest which theological criticism still excites in Germany, it is not easy for a volume to make its way a second time into the printer's hands, so thickly filled with productions

is every branch of literature, and not least the theological. In one not very large octavo volume, the learned author has compressed matter which ordinarily occupies two, three, or even four volumes of a similar size. The book therefore is an outline of the vast subject of which it treats. Being greatly compressed, the matter, though it embraces every essential point, may, to the uninitiated, appear deficient sometimes, and is certainly not always so patent to the understanding as might be wished, at least for students. Nevertheless the book offers an excellent summary, and as it is the most recently published work of the kind, conducts the biblical scholar from the autographs of the apostles down to the last critical edition of the Greek New Testament. If the work contains, at least in regard to detail, less than works which bear the name of Introduction, it also contains more in substance, for it treats of the use and the spread in translations of the New Testament writings, and so sets forth the different systems of exegesis or interpretation which have prevailed from the earliest to the present day. The distinguishing peculiarity, and a high merit of the *Attempt*—as the writer modestly terms his work—is, that it views the materials in a purely historical light, simply expounding, and recounting facts, apart from any apologetic effort. In perusing its pages, consequently, the student has before him the simple unvarnished facts, the value of which he can estimate, and the application of which he can make for himself. Of course, we say not a word against works of this nature, composed expressly in defence of Christianity; but we think that History and Apology should, at any rate in some works, be kept apart and handled separately.

Dividing his subject into five sections or books, Professor Reuss successively treats of—1. The history of the rise of the New Testament writings. 2. The history of their collection (the Canon). 3. The history of their preservation (the Text). 4. The history of their diffusion (the Translations). 5. The history of their use (Exegesis).

A History of the Israelitish Nation from their Origin to their Dispersion at the Destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. By ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D.D., late Professor in the Theological Seminary of Princeton, N. J. One volume, crown 8vo, pp. 620. London: Trübner & Co.

The work contains, in the form of a simple narrative, based on the biblical writings and the works of Josephus, a continuous account, accompanied by occasional reflections, of the history of the Hebrew people, as conceived in the Scripture: that is, contemplated in their *origines*, and so deduced from the creation of the world, and brought down to the capture and destruction of Jerusalem, which involved the overthrow of the Jewish Church and State, as preparatory of, and introductory to, the kingdom of God, of which the Lord Jesus is the head. Consequently, the narrative extends over the lengthened period of more than four thousand years. Of that period it gives a consecutive history, so far as such history comes out of the fortunes of one nation, and that the nation whom God chose wherein to exhibit

in miniature his government of the world. The book has a value not only in narrating, in for the most part different yet simple terms, the varied and consecutive stories set forth in the Bible, but also in supplementing its narratives, particularly in the long and very important period which intervened between the last prophet and the harbinger of the Messiah, as well as in the days preceding, during, and immediately succeeding, the public ministry of the Lord. Here then is offered to the student of the Bible a continuous history, on which he may weave together the biblical narratives, while it completes the biblical history, and withal serves as a running comment, and consecutive illustration, of the facts connected with the history of the old covenant, and the promulgation of the new. Holding, as we do, that an intimate acquaintance with 'the lively oracles of God,' is the basis of all true and beneficial religious knowledge, whether in ministers or laymen, we can conscientiously recommend the study of this work; and as no similar work has, in one volume, been produced (so far as we know) by an English pen, we can also express our satisfaction that the publishers, whose names stand above, have introduced the volume into this country, and made it accessible to our students of the Bible.

While, however, we speak of the work in favourable terms, we must inform the reader that it has no pretension to learned research or critical accuracy. The reputed author seems to have taken things on the surface, being alike ignorant of German scholarship, and free from German heresy.

The Philosophy of Atheism Examined and Compared with Christianity. By the Rev. B. GODWIN, D.D. 12mo. Arthur Hall & Co.

Dr. Godwin has done a good work by the delivery and the publication of these very able lectures—and there are many, we trust, on whom his example will not be lost.

Religion and Business. By A. G. MORRIS. Fcap., pp. 156. Ward & Co.

Mr. Binney's *As to being Wise for Both Worlds* has not come to our hand, but it is a book, we presume, which aims at the object Mr. Morris has in view in the volume before us—viz., to show that the work of life, in all its departments, should be a *Christian* work, regulated by Christian principles, and to Christian ends. There is nothing new in this idea. It is as old as Christianity, and the Church has never lost sight of it more than in part. It is just so much nonsense to talk of Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Maurice as having given us this higher notion concerning the work of life. It is very true that the Methodist style of preaching, which became so prevalent in this country a generation or more since, put much discountenance on the adequate discussion of the principles which belong to this view of religion. Sensible men, however, have always been in the main right on this subject, and we are happy to see the number of such men daily increasing. Mr. Morris's book is quite the sort of book we expected from his pen—full of the right thoughts, clearly expressed; the style,

indeed, is more elegant than idiomatic, more philosophical than popular, which we regret. Mr. Morris's power would be greater, if his language were less bookish.

Ancient Christianity Exemplified in the Private, Domestic, Social, and Civil Life of the Primitive Christians, and in the Original Institutions, Offices, Ordinances, and Rites of the Church. By LYMAN COLEMAN. One vol. 8vo, pp. 645. Trübner and Co. London. 1852.

Our brethren of the United States have profited more by German industry and learning than we Englishmen. We have men among us who get reputation by using up materials collected by the toil of our German neighbours, but the class is more limited with us than on the other side the Atlantic. Mr. Coleman has gone to the best sources of information, and produced a work alike instructive and reliable, relating to a subject with which every intelligent Christian, and especially students for the ministry, ought to make themselves familiar; the rather that of late there has been a tendency to move important questions from the high court of Holy Scripture into the inferior court of antiquity. Besides treating of all subjects which ordinarily enter into the general class of Christian antiquities, this volume contains an account of the rites of the Armenian Church, also a sketch of the Nestorian Church, and a chapter on the Sacred Seasons of the New England Puritans, together with a detailed index of authorities, and index of councils, a chronological index, and a general index; the whole forming a complete and very useful book.

Infidelity: its Aspects, Causes, and Agencies. By the Rev. THOMAS PEARSON. 8vo, pp. 608. Partridge & Co. 1853.

This essay obtained the prize offered by the Evangelical Alliance. It consists of three parts;—the first on 'Infidelity in its various Aspects;' the second on 'Infidelity in its various Causes;' and the third on 'Infidelity in its various Agencies.' The book presents a good analysis of the subject, laying bare the sources of scepticism, and meeting its various speculations with much fitting and cogent reasoning.

The Brand of St. Dominic. By the Rev. W. M. RULE. Fcp. pp. 280.

Celebrated Jesuits. By the Rev. W. M. RULE. 2 vols. 12mo. Mason. 1853.

The first of these volumes is occupied with a concise history of the origin and laws of the Inquisition, and with a narrative of the iniquitous proceedings of the agents of that tribunal in the different parts of the world where it has obtained a footing. The two remaining volumes are intended to illustrate the maxims of the Jesuits, as indicated in the lives of some famous men of that order. The first volume is a faithful manual on the painful—the terrible subject to which it relates; and the conception of the work on the Jesuits is felicitous, and well carried out. The Jesuit lives embraced are those of Xavier, Laynez, Garnet, Bellarmine, Schall, and Gruber.

An Exposition of the Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Galatians. *

By JOHN BROWN, D.D. 8vo. pp. 451. Oliphant. 1853.

The Judaic and the Christian are linked more thoroughly together in the Epistle to the Galatians than in any other portion of the New Testament. In this volume, Dr. Brown brings the ripeness of his age and scholarship to an examination of the exposition here given of the characteristics of the two dispensations. It is a field of criticism beset with more difficulty than any of those on which Dr. Brown has hitherto entered, and one in which his services will be appreciated in an eminent degree by the Biblical student. The substance of this volume, we are told, has been in the hands of the author more than three times the Horatian period before the time of its publication—our hurried and impatient age has little authorship of this kind left to it.

Sermons on the Christian Life. By the Rev. CHARLES BRADLEY. 8vo. Hamilton. 1853.

These are beautiful discourses—everywhere simple, but everywhere rich alike in thought and feeling.

A Selection from the Correspondence of the late Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.

This correspondence, together with the works of the extraordinary man whose history it brings so vividly before us, will be as a fountain of wholesome influence to the Scottish mind, and, indeed, to the mind of Englishmen so long as Scotland and England shall possess a literature. It is well that the correspondence should be given with fulness in the present form of publication, but we anticipate for it a greater usefulness when selections shall come to be made from it.

A Compendium of Ecclesiastical History. By Dr. JOHN GIESELER. 8vo. Clarke. This third volume of Gieseler brings the translation of his valuable history to the commencement of the fourteenth century.—*The Christian Doctrine of Sin.* By Dr. JULIUS MÜLLER. 8vo. Clarke. The translation of Müller's profound treatise is completed in this second volume.—*Papal Rome: its Temper and its Teachings.* Feap. Tract Society.

This sensible essay treats of the temper and teachings of Rome as embodied in Absolutism, Priestism, Demonology, and Asceticism, and exhibits all these features of the system as foreshadowed by prophecy.—*The Million-Peopled City.* By JOHN GARWOOD, M.A. 12mo. Wertheim. A book full of facts, showing the need of physical, moral, and religious improvement among certain portions of the population of London, and pointing to the means by which such improvement may be effected.—*Infidelity, its Cause and Cure.* By the Rev. DAVID NELSON. 12mo. Routledge. A good book, but Mr. Routledge should not publish a reprint from the American press without saying that it is so.—*Missions urged upon the State on the grounds both of Duty and Policy.* By Rev. C. K. ROBINSON, M.D. 12mo. Macmillan. A Cambridge Prize Essay. The writer says excellent things in support of missions; but we scarcely need say, that he is, in our judgment, wrong in calling upon the civil power, as

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